16

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 31 · 1964 25c

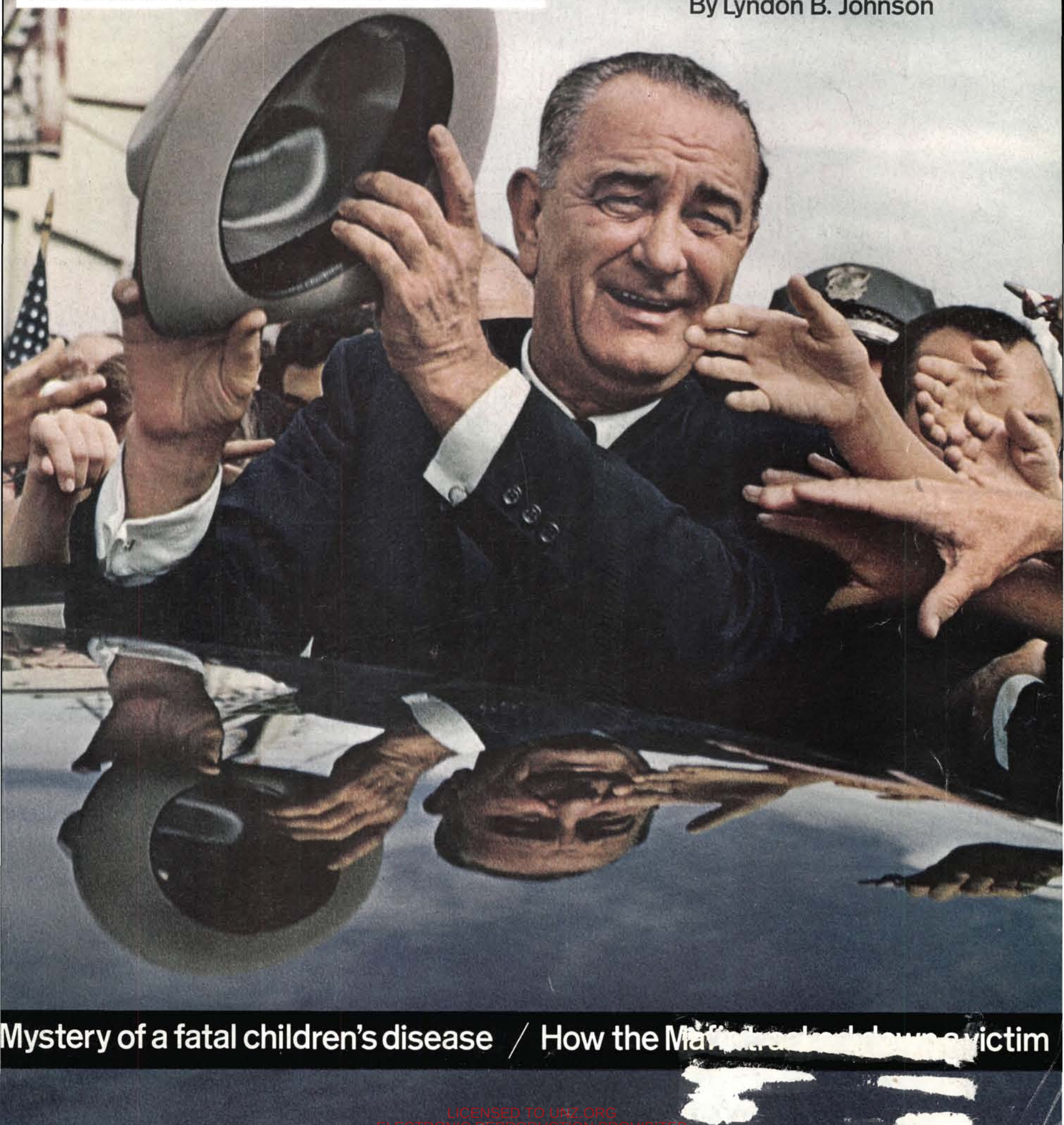
PRE-ELECTION SPECIAL

L.B.J.

His whirlwind campaign

"THE GREAT SOCIETY"

By Lyndon B. Johnson



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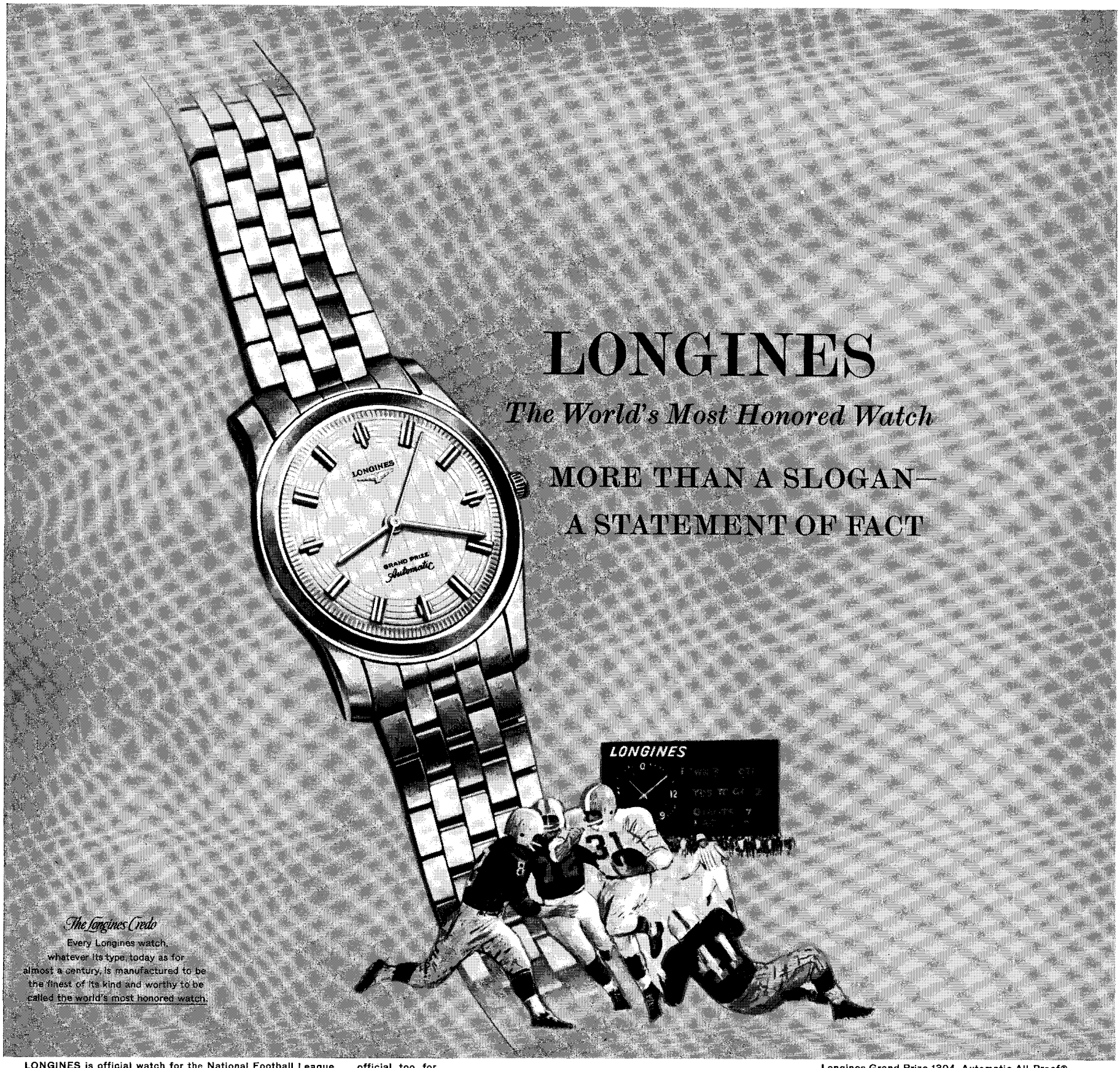

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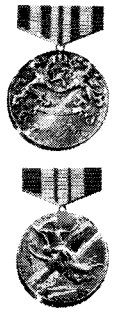

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POST

OCTOBER 31 1964 237th YEAR. ISSUE NO. 38

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The Johnson touch . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* **21**

The President's gleaming jet swoops out of the sky and rolls gently to a halt in front of the wildly roaring crowd. After a little wave and a shy smile, Lyndon Baines Johnson ambles down the steps, acknowledges the local dignitaries, and then nestles up to the people, grasping hands, winking knowingly, uttering folksy phrases—warming them, receiving their love. Editor-at-large Harold H. Martin here follows the President to find out just how the Johnson charm continues to woo the throngs who come to see and hear him. In an accompanying article, the President himself writes about his hopes for the future of our country.

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The authors. Editor-at-large **Harold H. Martin** flew with President Johnson on two campaign trips and found the pace truly hectic—in one 32-hour period he did not even have time to take off his shirt . . . . **Barry Gottehrer** has had much experience as a critic of journalists and journalism; he formerly was editor of *Newsweek*'s "Press" section, and currently is on special assignment for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . Editor-at-large **Bill Davidson's** account of the Mafia's search for a member who has violated its rules is his third *Post* article on crime in America. . . . A Southeast Asia correspondent who has been analyzing the intricacies of Oriental politics for several years, contributing writer **Stanley Karnow** reveals the complicated story of how Thailand's late Prime Minister Sarit Thanarat amassed a $140 million fortune during his six-year rule. . . . In giving his final estimation of how the presidential campaign has affected both the Republican and Democratic parties, and what it has done to the reputation of the United States, *Post* Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** relies on his long experience as an observer of political conventions, campaigns and elections. He has traveled extensively with both presidential candidates, and he worked with Oliver Quayle long before the latter became President Johnson's personal pollster.

The cover photograph, taken by **Larry Fried,** shows President Lyndon Johnson being mobbed by citizens of El Paso, Tex., during his trip there to meet with President Adolfo López Mateos of Mexico.

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Letters

L.B.J. Country

One could not help but see Texas as it is in L.B.J. COUNTRY by Bill Porterfield [October 3]—a quiet, peaceful place where people call it as they see it and try to impress no one. Your story has given me a better understanding of the kind of man our President is. His speech, his actions, his disposition all seem to fit into place after traveling through L.B.J. country.

JOAN CASTRO
Tacoma, Wash.

• Why blame the poor folks of Johnson City for having a *dud* raised there?

MRS. C. M. HARRELL
Visalia, Calif.

• Mr. Porterfield paints an incomplete picture of the L.B.J. country. In Fredericksburg, Gillespie County, we are a Christian community having the choice of 25 churches. We have just dedicated a $722,000 high school, a dream come true, made possible by a bond issue to be paid by the townspeople, farmers and ranchers. Our farmland is fertile, and much of our ranchland is the best in Texas.

MRS. WERNER HENKE
Fredericksburg, Tex.

• I have been through Johnson City, but was lucky enough to have been there at 4:00 A.M., and the heat did not make me take leave of my senses as it appears to have done to Bill Porterfield. I do not recollect a sugar maple in among the pecan trees, but surely there must be one, for this is the only place he could have gotten such sticky, sweet material.

STEPHEN C. HAHN
Manhattan, Kans.

• Lyndon Johnson's Texas—wonderful! A little sophisticated propaganda, but who could resist it?

HELEN EMERSON KING
Atlanta, Ga.

• As a native of the Texas hills, I'm proud as a pup of your L.B.J. COUNTRY. I could hear again the fiddling of Blanco County's old Judge Crider; the jokes that Sam Johnson, Lyndon's jovial dad, used to crack on the floor of the state legislature; the ring of axes against the cedar trees. You've found a top hand in writer Bill Porterfield.

HAROLD PREECE
New York, N.Y.

Welcome?

I am so grateful you have brought to the American people the great desire President Kennedy had to change the immigration-quota law [WITH CLEAN HANDS AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE by John F. Kennedy, October 3]. I have been in America for eight years, and yet I have no hope of ever becoming a resident. My father has been enlisted in the Spanish quota since 1949, but the possibility is that he will never be able to live here.

GLADYS GARCIA
Baton Rouge, La.

• In reference to your editorial OUR IMMIGRANT HERITAGE [October 3]: With so many millions out of work that the Administration finds it necessary to adopt an antipoverty program; with our cities bursting into suburbia because of overcrowded conditions; with our highways choked by traffic; with our colleges and schools overcrowded; with an explosive increase of the progeny of millions of immigrants who have come to our shores over the last 100 years—why do we need more immigrants?

ALLAN BROWN
Manchester, Vt.

• Immigration is a bugaboo issue, easily exploited by alarmists. It is understandably frightening to hear a candidate charge that proponents of the immigration bill want "to open the floodgates for virtually any and all who would wish to come and find work in this country."

For a national magazine of wide circulation and respectability to set the record straight on such an issue is a public service of the first magnitude.

SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS
Washington, D.C.

• OUR IMMIGRANT HERITAGE reflected my exact thoughts the night Senator Dirksen made his nomination speech for Senator Goldwater, during which he stated several times that Goldwater was a grandson of an immigrant peddler. If our country had reflected Congressman Miller's views on immigration at the time that Senator Goldwater's grandpa wanted to come to the good old U.S.A., Barry Goldwater probably would have been born in Poland.

LEWIS GOODKIN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

• Reading John F. Kennedy's WITH CLEAN HANDS AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE only served to heighten the feeling of frustration I have suffered since November 22 of last year. That was one of the finest minds ever to be shattered by an assassin's bullet, and one of the most compassionate hearts ever to be stilled.

MRS. LILA DAVIES
Ventura, Calif.

Reading habits

The most childish thing I've ever heard of is the way people cancel magazine subscriptions because they disagree with certain articles. If I stopped reading every paper and magazine I read because some time or another I've disagreed with some article, I'd be reduced to reading labels on cereal packages, and I sometimes don't always agree with those!

EDITH MERRYMAN
Niceville, Fla.

• I am a compulsive reader. I read everything: cereal boxes, medicine-bottle labels, road signs, cigarette packages. So, compulsively, each week I read the *Post* fiction. A distinct picture emerges in my mind of the staff in beards, berets and black turtlenecks, sitting on the floor of a windowless room and proclaiming to unhearing ears the ultimate depravity of mankind, throwing away every manuscript containing an old-fashioned story, or with the word "hope" instead of "despair," "love" instead of "sex," "living" instead of "dying."

MILDRED W. GARDNER
Somerville, Mass.

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Irene's a real worker.
Been with us for years.
Covers about 54,000 miles a year.
Sometimes works 24 hours a day...
for about $1.51 an hour.
Pull her weight?
You bet... about 3 times that much.
We had thought of giving her a gold watch,
but time doesn't mean much to her.
What do you do with a gal like this?
Hire her.

Dodge toughness doesn't cost any more. Why settle for less?

Dodge Builds Tough Trucks

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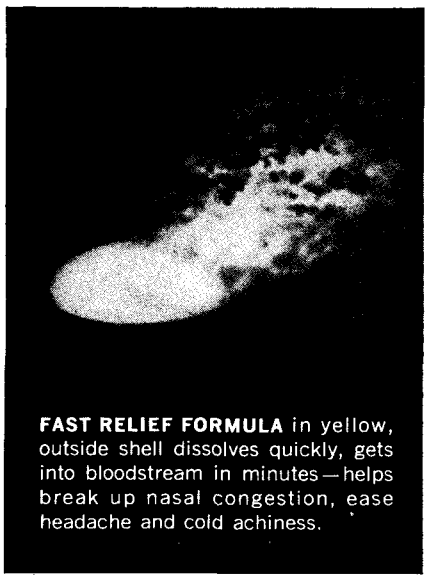
Discover the "twin formula" head cold tablet

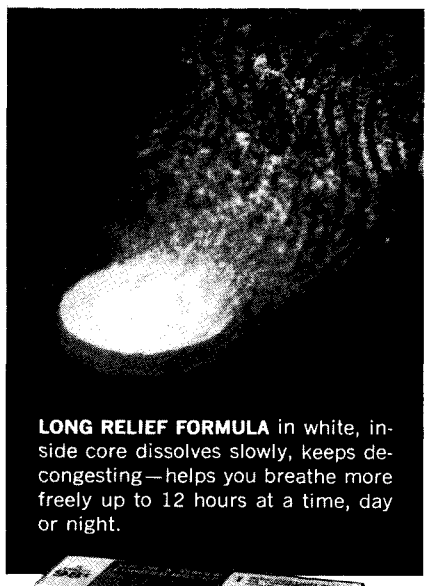
it can change all your ideas on what to take for head cold relief

Tri-Span, from Vicks, is unlike any leading decongestant tablet or capsule you've ever tried till now. It's the first 12-hour non-prescription head cold tablet with "Twin Formulas"—not one but *two* separate formulas in each tablet.

Why two? So one can give you fast relief, the other long relief. Tri-Span not only helps decongest up to 12 hours at a stretch, it starts relieving in just minutes. And it gives fast relief of headache and cold achiness, too. This winter, try Tri-Span.



FAST RELIEF FORMULA in yellow, outside shell dissolves quickly, gets into bloodstream in minutes—helps break up nasal congestion, ease headache and cold achiness.



LONG RELIEF FORMULA in white, inside core dissolves slowly, keeps decongesting—helps you breathe more freely up to 12 hours at a time, day or night.

When you know you're catching a cold, take two Tri-Span. Feel relief start in minutes . . . last up to 12 hours.

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Letters

Olympic battle

Roger Kahn had best get ready for a landslide of criticism for suggesting LET'S PULL OUT OF THE OLYMPICS [October 10]. But I, for one, agree with him. When I was competing in Paris, I found one good international friend, a Hollander. For the rest, it was bristle and growl. Now that the Russians and their satellites are using the games for professionally subsidized propaganda, the situation is obviously many times worse. We should not continue to toss our fine athletes into an arena where ethics no longer exist.

BURKE BOYCE
U.S.A. Olympic Fencing Team, 1924
Vails Gate, N.Y.

• The work of Baron de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympic Games, was a work of peace, but this must be understood: Peace is not the major aim of the Olympic Games. "Peace," de Coubertin hoped, "would be furthered by the Olympic Games . . . but a better world could be brought about only by better individuals, and better individuals could only be developed by the give and take, the buffeting and battering, the stress and strain of fierce competition."

KENNETH A. HILL
Superintendent of Recreation
Santa Rosa, Calif.

• I would like to answer Roger Kahn's question, "To what purpose, then, do we continue to compete?" He must not be an athlete. I am. And in my heart there is a very deep and long-lasting desire to compete on a U.S. Olympic team—and there are millions of other amateur athletes who feel the same way. Physical expression can be just as beautiful, vibrant and soul-inspired as any nonathletic act.

SUE MULLET
Seattle, Wash.

Pheidippides

The article about Buddy Edelen and the marathon race [PAINFUL PATH TO GLORY by Leonard Shecter, October 3] leaves out pertinent information about the runner, "whose name is now forgotten" (whose name is Pheidippides, by the way), who ran from the Battle of Marathon to Athens. Incidentally, he ran from Athens to Sparta before the battle to ask the Spartans for aid. He raced back to Athens and then to Marathon, where he took part in the battle. It was after the battle that he ran to Athens with news of the victory. He thus ran for three days almost continuously, a distance of about 225 miles, before he keeled over. If Edelen still believes that Pheidippides "could not have been trained properly," more power to him.

HENRY G. BAKER JR.
Cincinnati, Ohio

• *It makes a good story. But, unfortunately, it is only a legend that has never been confirmed. The* New Century Cyclopedia of Names *tells it this way: "When the Persians landed at Marathon, Pheidippides was sent as a courier from Athens to Sparta. . . . According to Herodotus, he covered the distance of about 150 miles in two days. Pheidippides is sometimes confused with the runner, whose name is not preserved, who brought to Athens the news of the Greek victory at Marathon."—Ed.*

COMING SOON... in The Post

Why we are stronger than Russia
By Defense Secretary **Robert S. McNamara**

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV
A journey back through his life: His land, his people

THE MAGICAL WORLD OF WALT DISNEY
PLUS
"How Mary Poppins discovered me"
by the author of the beloved children's classic

The Negro movement cannot be stopped
By Nobel Prize Winner **MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.**

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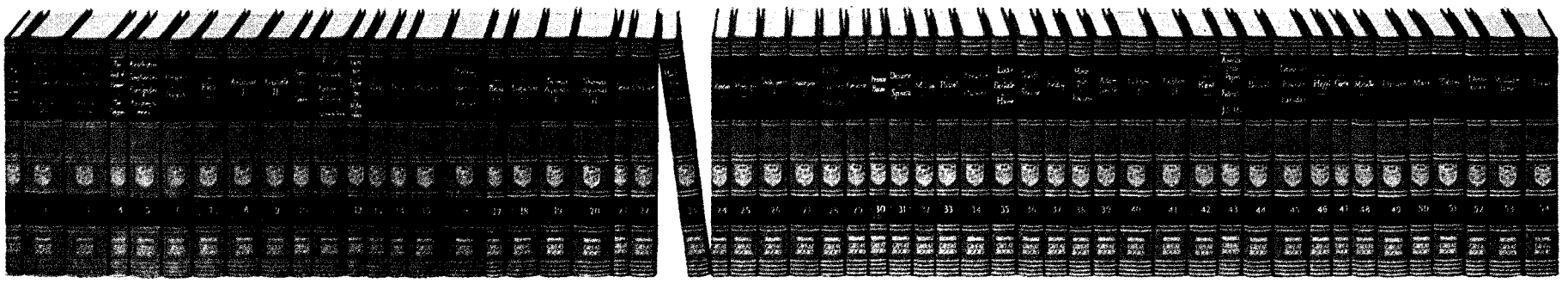
For people who are not ashamed of having brains.



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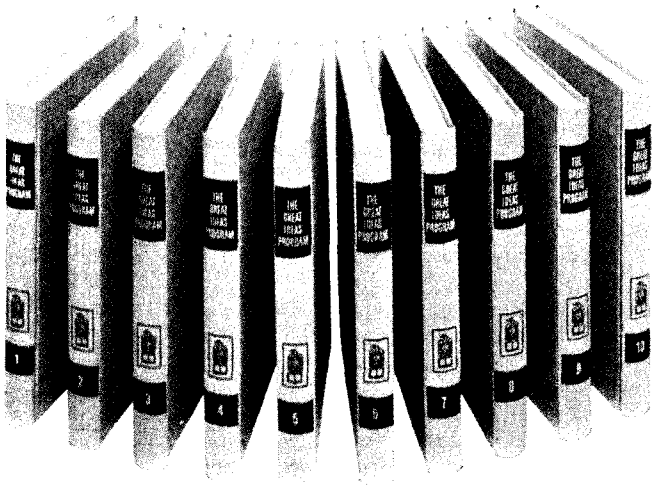

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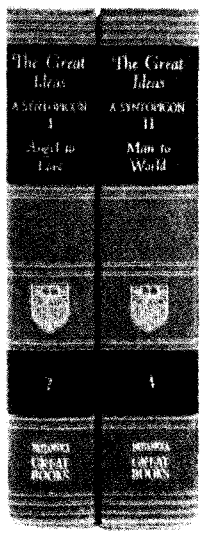

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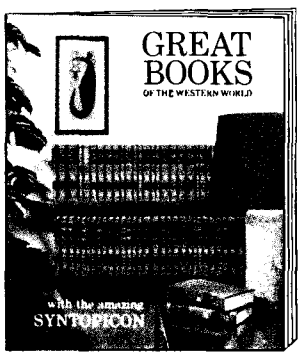

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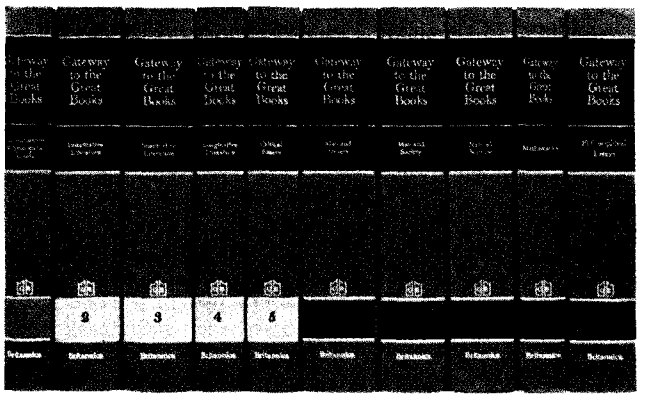

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Speaking Out

IN DEFENSE OF NAKED LADIES

Insulted and threatened by hysterical males, the underdressed woman deserves the offer of kind words, small lies and maybe a towel.

With his biting and irreverent columns for the New York Times, Russell Baker has established himself as one of America's leading satirists. His newest book, "No Cause for Panic," is a collection of these columns. He is a member of the Times' Washington bureau.

By Russell Baker

Something depressing is happening to men. They are beginning to act like women.

The mayor of St. Tropez is a case in point. This past summer rumor whirled across the Riviera that women might appear on the beaches wearing topless bathing suits. The French mayor reacted with classic feminine fury. If any seminaked ladies were reported by the sea, he pledged, he would have the wretches hunted down by helicopter.

There are a number of steps a man may honorably take upon hearing that there is an underdressed woman in the vicinity, but hunting her down, whether by helicopter, bloodhound or radar, is not among them. This is the vengeful solution that comes naturally to other women—overdressed women who have been handled cruelly by time or nature, expensively dressed women whose husbands or lovers may be roaming out-of-doors at the time of the sighting.

The proper conduct for a man, however, is to approach the lady and ask if she would like to take his hand or perhaps borrow his shirt. He will then lead her gently to shelter where the reason for her plight can be calmly inquired into without interruption by helicopters. A naked lady is a fragile and vulnerable thing, particularly on a public beach, and any man with masculine instincts intact knows that she needs to be smiled at and comforted with small lies, or she will burst into tears.

A man who responds to such a creature by threatening her with Hellfire and 30 days in jail or by telling her that she has bad taste and looks absurd is either a bounder or a man so far gone toward the feminine temperament that he is unfit for the stag bar. And yet, throughout the long summer just past, there has been a sustained public display of just such oafish behavior.

What provoked it was the jocular proposal, quickly taken up by press agents and other fast-buck artists, that women's fashions be liberalized to include the topless swimsuit and the bare-bosom evening gown. If there was any social significance in the ensuing uproar, it was in the alarmingly womanish attitudes that the men struck against the naked lady, a noble institution which has been with us in one place or another from Eden to Minsky's to the National Geographic Society.

Observe, for example, that the issue was, in fact, not an issue at all, but merely a pretext for a good bout of leering gossip. There was never the slightest likelihood that modern women would adopt the topless fashion.

Women are too wise. They know the mid-20th-century male. They know him for a buyer of hair greases that will make him more seductive, of deodorizers and perfumes that will make him sweeter to the nose, of ruffled shirts and silk suits that will glamorize his chest line and reveal tantalizing hints of thigh and calf. His true desire, as the women know, is to be lovelier.

Evidences of this odd masculine urge toward loveliness are all about us. In the boom in men's cosmetics. In the trend toward flowering, feminine hair styles. In the television commercials that show men being assaulted by girls after applications of Brand X. In the popular fiction in which strong men no longer pursue girls but are forced to heave aside platoons of liqueous beauties who impede their search for Mr. Big.

The women, who have a primordial grasp of these things, knew that an age when men seek to be more like women was no age for disclosing the feminine reality. Women are practical about such matters. They prefer men who can be treated like men, but they are canny enough to treat them like women if the times demand.

The nub of it was this: The women never seriously considered the nuder line, because it came at a moment when the men were certain to resent it as a competitive beauty distraction. As might have been expected, sales of the topless were negligible. The few who bought them seem to have been the usual "models" and film-lot rejects convinced that success lies in being arrested while coming unhinged in public. It is too bad about these ladies, but let us face it: They don't count.

In a less delicate era, the topless would have been snickered aside at the city desk and forgotten. Instead, the joke seeped into the papers and, instantly, men from Moscow to Los Angeles rose in lockstep to denounce it. It was the ideal issue to fascinate the feminine mind—the absolute irrelevancy with the faint whiff of scandal, the nonissue.

In short order, most of the world's great masculine institutions found womanish nonarguments against it. Such natural enemies as *Izvestia*, *L'Osservatore Romano* and the Carroll Avenue Baptist Mission of Dallas, invoking Scripture and Karl Marx, agreed that it was immoral and antisocial. We were urged to believe that Grandfather Marx and Divine Revelation, at odds on everything else, had agreed that full public disclosure of woman between waist and clavicle would provoke licentious riot, erode the family and imperil the triumph of both law and the proletariat.

This seemed convincing enough until the editorialists, columnists, psychologists and fashion experts rang in with the common opinion that woman unclothed is a pathetic and unsightly object. These authorities held that woman in her natural form was such a disagreeable sight that, permitted to wander abroad in this state, she was bound to disenchant man, numb his erotic impulse and endanger the continuity of the human race.

Woman's salvation, these authorities agreed, lay in "mystery." Mystery consisted, it seemed, of keeping minuscule portions of the female anatomy bound in lace, nylon and elastic. As Sally Cline of the London *Daily Sketch* put it, rather

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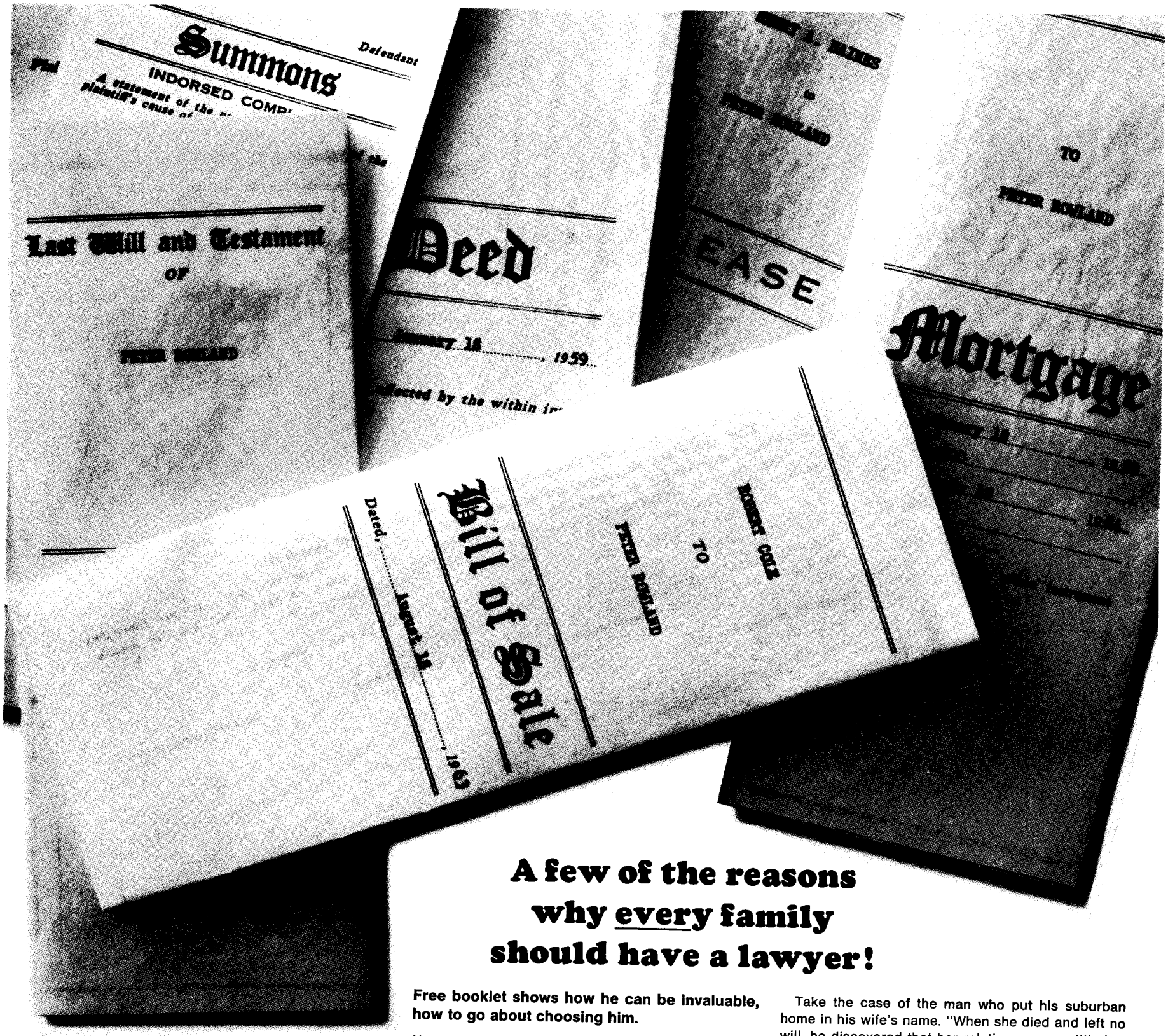

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Speaking Out

indelicately, "Clothes seductively shaped can attract. Flesh left neat can detract. Mystery is our biggest asset." If women abandoned their mystery, the argument ran, they would lose the power to incense men to debauchery and civil disorder and would probably have to cultivate such family arts as sewing and scrubbing to get and hold a man.

At this pass, the arguments in typical feminine style had canceled each other out. One school held that revelation would bring a period of hot-eyed abandon, and the other held that it would be the end of lust. In complete agreement on a problem that didn't exist, the authorities disagreed on what they agreed about. It seemed the happiest of all possible conclusions, and it is tempting to forget the whole thing as merely an episode of summer madness.

And yet it nags at the conscience. It was all too brutal, too vengeful, too feminine. The men behaved badly, and though they argued the feminine case, there must be millions of women who have come out of it feeling hurt, unworthy and unlovely. It is painful to think of them secretly standing before their private mirrors wondering if lace and elastic is really all that makes them lovely.

It is shameful to think of the men, or at least of the men who were not too womanized to behave gallantly. They gave the naked lady not a single word of compassion. "Naked lady," they might have said, "you are lovely wherever you go." It might very well have been a lie, of course, but it would have been a manly lie and, as such, far better than their graceless acceptance of the libel that it is lace and elastic rather than woman which warms their blood.

On behalf of all the silent men who believe that men should not treat women as women do, let a few words, therefore, be said in candor.

First, we oppose the hunting down of ladies by helicopter on the beach, whether they be nude, quasinude or wearing Mother Hubbards. We feel that it would make for happier afternoons on the beach, which is one of the dullest places in the world to spend an afternoon, if ladies who are so disposed should remove their Mother Hubbards. We do not consider that our looking at these ladies from a respectful distance constitutes a disturbance justifying helicopters.

We hope that ladies planning to appear on the beach in the state of Eve will first submit to coldly realistic self-appraisal in the bathhouse mirror. Our experience of ladies in slacks at supermarkets has shaken our faith in woman's ability to be self-critical, but we are especially uneasy about the consequences on a public beach. An unfortunate configuration in slacks does not arouse our pity. We know that a woman in slacks is a woman who has said, "To hell with it all," and we can let her go her way.

It is not so easy in a beach situation, for when we see a lady who is deceived about her figure, our protective instincts become engaged. "Unless that poor creature covers herself," we may say, "those louts down the beach will laugh at her." In defiance of all reason, we will feel compelled to go to her and offer her the old Moroccan burnoose we use for a beach blanket. The burnoose, with its implicit criticism, will surely bring the lady to tears and it will be necessary to invite her to dinner, which will make her happy again and, in some cases, lead to the obligation of keeping her happy for life.

While we find no persuasive argument against the bare-bosom evening gown, we have reservations about its utility for dining and dancing.

We find no merit in the argument that deep dishabille will demoralize us, as asserted by *L'Osservatore Romano* and *Izvestia.* Our morals and society have deteriorated only slightly since the turn of the century, a period in which we have seen the progressive unveiling of such once-forbidden zones as the ankle, the calf, the thigh and the navel. We suspect that what little moral decline there has been is accountable to our lust for keeping up with the Joneses, and not to an excess of bare ankles.

We feel, nevertheless, that there are certain places where no lady should ever appear ungarbed. We are strongly opposed to seeing her undraped in the centerfold of *Playboy* magazine if photographs on the following page show her in the kitchen, amply garbed and making fudge for Dad. Many of us are Dads, and we are chilled by the insinuation that *Playboy* may make free with our daughters just before the fudge hour.

We regard the mystery theory of woman as puerile, insulting to ladies and a dangerous foundation for a woman to try to build a lasting relationship on. It is childish for a man to go moon-eyed over an elastic wrapper and offensive to tell the lady wearing it that he loves her for her corsetry. A man who breathes heavily at the sight of elastic is unlikely, even after marriage, to care much about whom it contains.

As a class, we sincerely believe that the lady in natural contours is more mysterious than all the foundation garments in Macy's. Though we do not agree on how wide a stage she should walk, we resent all imputations against her character, her morals or her beauty.

We find her not dismaying but disarming; not immoral but immemorial. If she is sometimes not lovely, and sometimes she is not, we cannot bring ourselves to tell her so. In those terrible slacks, she can be told the truth, but not in the state of Eve. No man could be so cruel. He would feel irresistibly compelled, instead, to take her hand, or perhaps offer his shirt, and the gesture would illuminate the genuine mystery of woman, which is not an illusion to be bought at the lingerie counter but the power to make a man reach out his hand in tenderness.

The ladies will disagree, of course. At least for the record. They know too well that their security rests with the new breed of seductive-hair-grease wearers, perfume buyers and silk-suit teasers. Ah, the women!

Poor things.

Russell Baker

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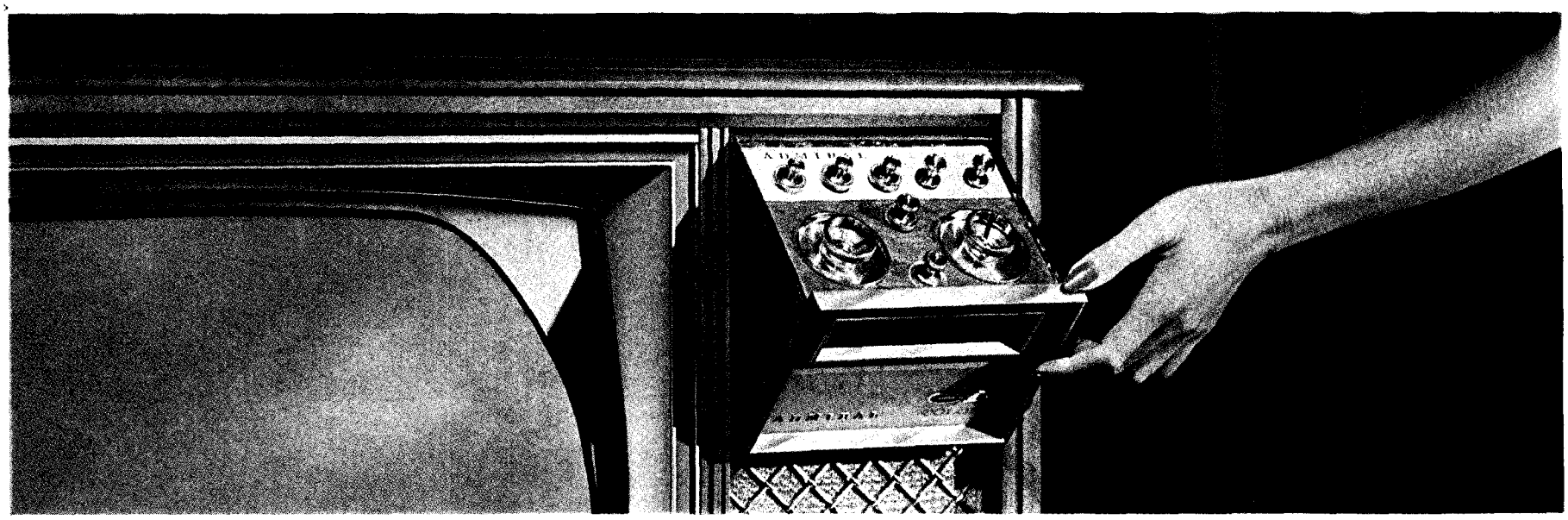

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From front to rear of picture: Chevy-Van, Step-Van 7, Series 60 truck with van body, Series 80 diesel tractor. ½-ton panel is across the street.

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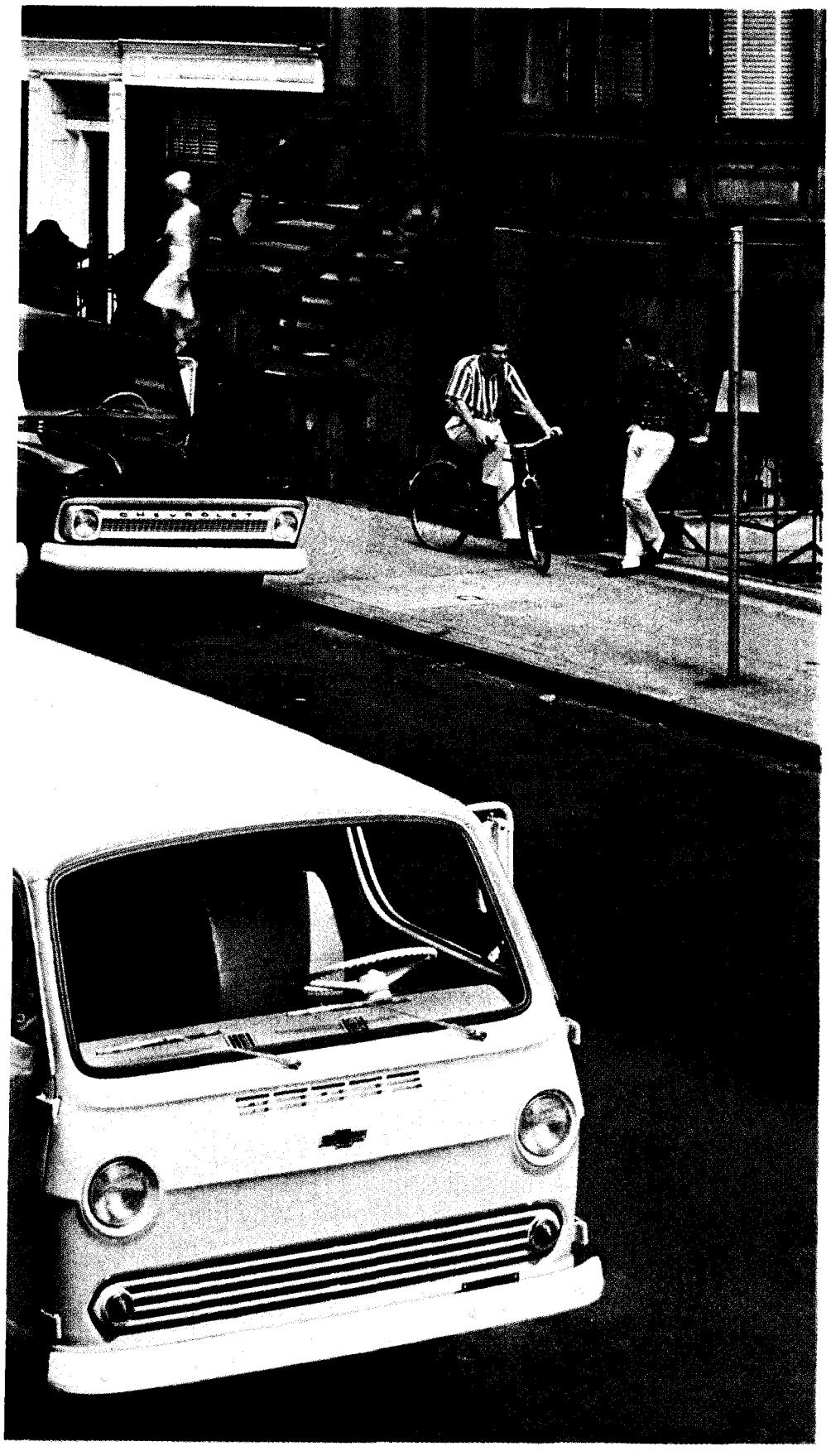
power



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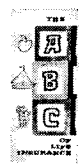

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Vietnam: the waiting game

U. S. helicopter on duty in Vietnam.

WASHINGTON: If he were an ancient Roman, Lyndon Johnson might earn the title, Lyndon Cunctator. Like the Roman general Fabius, he is in his every instinct a player of the waiting game. Fighting Hannibal in the Second Punic War, Fabius became known as Fabius Cunctator when he adopted a policy of cunctation, or "masterful delay." Almost unnoticed, the President has made a major policy decision—to play the waiting game in Vietnam.

It will be interesting to see whether the waiting game works in Vietnam. It worked in the Senate—delay was an essential ingredient of the "Johnson magic" in his Senate days. For example, a liberal senator recalls badgering the Majority Leader to "do something about McCarthy" when the late senator from Wisconsin was at the height of his power. "But Lyndon just looked like a cautious old turtle who hoods his eyes and draws his head into his shell."

Then one day Johnson came to the liberal senator's office and slapped on the desk a newspaper clipping, which reported a McCarthyite attack on the Protestant clergy. "Now we've got him," said Johnson. Thereafter, in an amazing feat of political legerdemain, Johnson proceeded with infinite caution to organize his party to encompass McCarthy's ultimate downfall.

Johnson has in effect said, not once but several times, that he means to adopt a similar waiting-game policy in the crisis which confronts him in Southeast Asia. He chose Eufaula, Okla., of all places, to announce this major policy decision.

The heart of his decision is, to quote from his off-the-cuff remarks in Eufaula, not "to go north and drop bombs, try to wipe out supply lines and . . . escalate the war." This is a major policy decision if ever there was one, negative though it may be.

For a "go north" policy has been urged on Johnson by a number of influential policy advisers, reportedly including three of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Johnson himself a few months ago was seriously considering adopting such a policy, as he publicly indicated. The plain meaning of his words in Eufaula is that he has now flatly rejected the "go north" policy—bar, of course, some overt aggression from the North, or some other basic change in the situation.

The President has also decided not to "go south and get out and go home." In short, to paraphrase General Grant, he proposes to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer—or many summers. The President also stated his ultimate objective: "We hope that some way, somehow, these people that are . . . trying to take [Vietnam's] freedom away will someday decide it's not worth the price."

These words, though casually uttered, were not casual. The President has said much the same thing since—to a group of editors in Manchester, N.H., for example, and in a more recent background talk with the White House reporters. The heat of campaign has served to obscure the importance of the President's decision. But it is a fateful decision all the same.

The advocates of the "go north" policy advanced a compelling argument—that unless direct military pressure were brought to bear on the Communists, to persuade them that "it's not worth the price," the war in Vietnam could not be won, and in the end would surely be lost.

There are, in fact, sensible people at the second policy-making level who are convinced that the war has been lost already. "There's just no good way out of this anymore," said one younger official long involved in the struggle to keep Vietnam from Communist control. "Maybe we'll just have to accept defeat."

"Accept defeat?" said another. "We've been defeated already. We just don't know it yet." As a third official, recently returned from Vietnam, put it, "These people have had it. They've been fighting too long. It just can't go on this way much longer. You could have the final collapse tomorrow, or not for months, but it's coming."

This degree of gloom is not shared by the President's top-level advisers. But even among men like Secretaries McNamara and Rusk and Ambassador Taylor, there is no real optimism left. About a year ago, McNamara and Taylor jointly predicted that the Viet Cong could be brought under control, and most of the Americans in Vietnam shipped back home, by the end of 1965. Such hopes are now absolutely dead.

The middle-level experts seriously fear a sudden disintegration in Saigon, with a pro-Communist "neutralist" regime taking power, and the national intelligence estimates have also warned of this danger. Some officials even express nightmarish fears of a collapse so sudden and complete as to require the evacuation of the American forces from Vietnam, a sort of junior-grade Dunkirk.

But although everybody concedes that things may get worse, even a lot worse, the majority view seems to be that the Vietnamese Army, backed by the American presence, will indefinitely remain strong enough to hold the major cities, Saigon and Hué. "We can't win anymore," says one expert, "but neither can the Communists."

This assumption is clearly the basis of the President's policy decision to play the waiting game in Vietnam. The policy he first enunciated at Eufaula amounts to a policy of holding the cities and hoping for some sort of break—the sort of break which the President seized on after the McCarthy attack on the Protestant clergy.

But Vietnam is not the Senate, and it remains to be seen whether the Fabian tactics which the President instinctively favors will work there. Fabian tactics are sometimes wise tactics. Most historians agree that Fabius Cunctator was correct in avoiding open battle with Hannibal during the Punic Wars, and Lyndon Johnson may be equally correct in avoiding an open test of strength with the Communists in Southeast Asia.

But if most of the middle-level officials and most of the intelligence community are right, Fabian tactics will not work forever. Sooner or later, if they are right, President Johnson (if he is elected) may be faced with the old choice to fish or cut bait—to intervene directly with American power, or to accept a camouflaged defeat.

To intervene directly might cause this country, in the President's words, to "get tied down in a land war in Asia," but a defeat in Vietnam, however camouflaged, would certainly amount to the most disastrous setback this country has suffered since the last war ended. Despite his decision to play the waiting game, in short, the President may still be faced in Vietnam with a choice which will test his mettle as President Truman's mettle was tested in Korea, or John Kennedy's in Cuba.

Stewart Alsop

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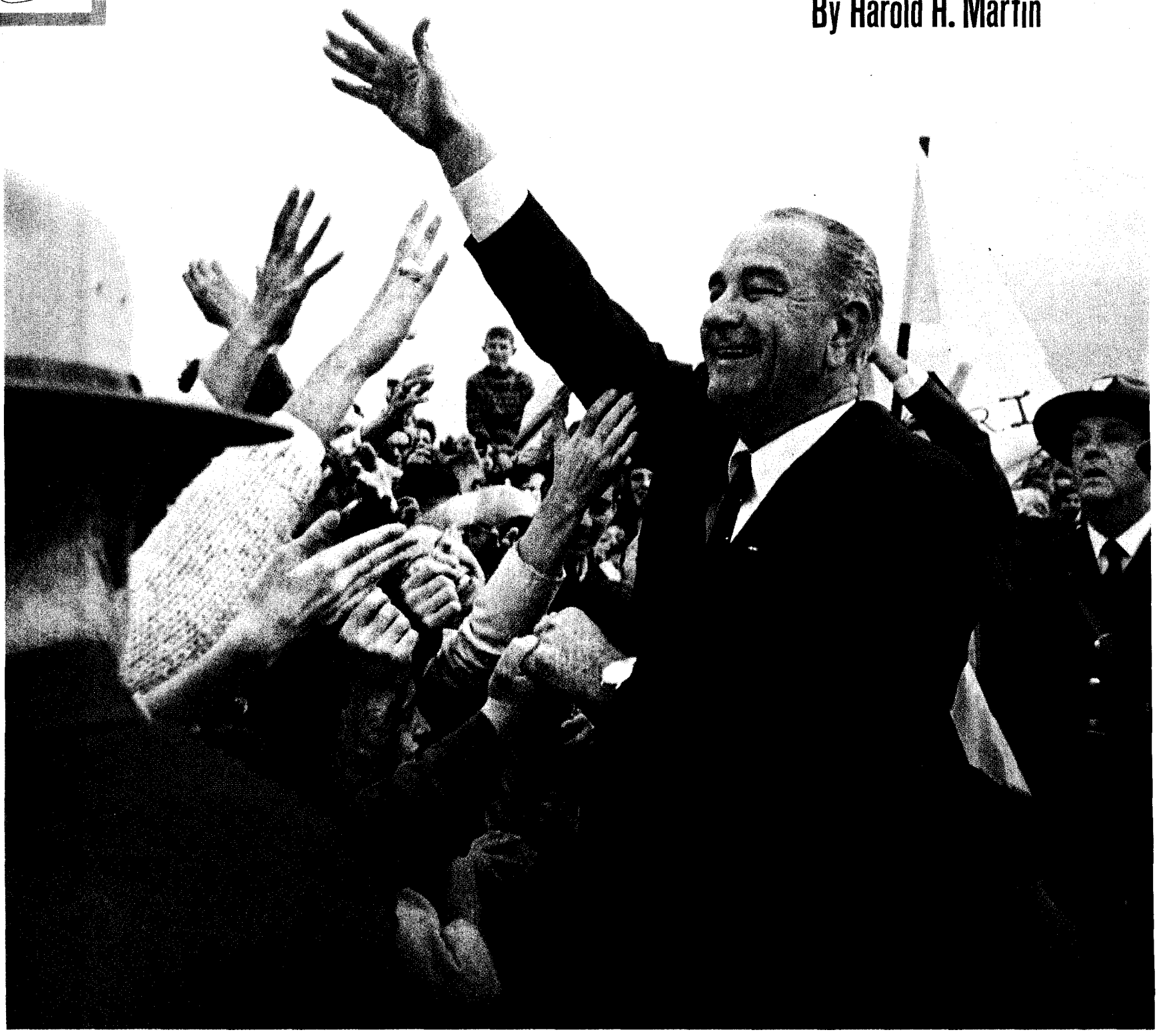
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

THE JOHNSON TOUCH

By Harold H. Martin



All across the land, candidate L.B.J. shows a mastery of person-to-person politics.

From dusty El Paso to the cloud-hung Northwest, from palm-shaded Sacramento to a New England aflame with the colors of fall, the pattern was always the same. Hours before the President's blue-and-silver jet was scheduled to arrive, the crowds began to gather at the windswept airports, pressing hard against the improvised barricades of rope or wire or portable snow fence. Bass horns grunted like beasts in pain, and piccolos rippled their bird notes as the bandsmen, gaudy as hussars in their bright uniforms, ran through the unfamiliar music of *Hail to the Chief.* Cubs and Brownies and Scouts of both sexes, sharp in clean uniforms, nervously waited to dip their banners and snap a sharp salute as the Great Man passed. Massed in clusters, jabbering and elbowing each other, were the squealers and jumpers, a phenomenon in both camps during this campaign—the teen-agers who, in the absence of the Beatles, have turned their hysterical hero worship upon the candidates. Behind these early rail birds stood other thousands with hand-lettered signs.

"L.B.J.'s advance men tell the local politicians not to send the people out with a lot of commercially printed signs and banners," an old reporter said. "That looks too organized. This hand-lettered stuff is more spontaneous. Also, what they write on them sometimes tells the President what's on their mind."

Typically, the minutes grow into hours, and the crowd grows restive. It has long since lost interest in spotting the "Secret Service" men—most of whom are local law officers in civilian clothes,

Photographs by Ollie Atkins and Larry Fried

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At El Paso airport, boys in Indian dress greet arriving President, who was received warmly all through the West—even in Goldwater's Phoenix.

"One thing is sure: L.B.J. won't ever have to worry—he can always get Billy Graham's job."

Lady Bird, here speaking in Burlington, Vt., has campaigned hard for her husband.

The Johnson Touch

moving sharp-eyed through the crowd. It has identified the local politicos, waiting beyond the fence to greet the President, and has discussed their character without reverence. It has peered to the point of boredom at the cars lined up for the motorcade—including the whale-shaped, open-topped *Queen Mary*, the old specially built Cadillac in which the Secret Service rides. Fathers shift small fat boys from one aching shoulder to the other. Mothers plead with little girls, "Honey, can't you wait just a little while longer?" In the back of the crowd a man raises a sign that states clearly what's on *his* mind. LYNDON, YOU'RE LATE, it says.

But the moment always comes when a murmur runs through the crowd. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a sweptwing jet trailing blue smoke swoops to a landing. It whistles past on the runway, turns and comes back to trundle past the crowd. A cheer goes up but quickly dies as the doors open and the White House press corps comes shambling down the steps. Normally a sharp and highly professional crew, trained to work under great pressure, they have now grown haggard and hollow-eyed on the campaign trail.

Now the crowd yells again, and the cheer swells into a roar that does not stop. This time there can be no mistake. This is *Air Force One*—the President's big jet, the Flying White House. Tuned and tested, petted and polished by the airmen of the SAM Squadron, the Special Air Mission that flies the President, no plane in the world has a sweeter song, no plane gleams so handsomely white and blue and silver. In great block letters that run the length of the fuselage it flaunts its proud insignia, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and under the pilot's window it wears the huge blue-and-gold seal of the President.

Majestically it rolls up, wheels in a quarter circle, and stops, its after-door lined up exactly with the line of notables waiting to greet the President.

At airport after airport, the bands strike up, the steps roll out, the door opens. The tall man who suddenly appears there makes no dramatic gesture in answer to the crowd's roaring welcome, and to the blare and thump of the bands. Instead, he gives a curious flapping wave—"L.B.J.'s fishtail flutter," the reporters call it—and smiles a small smile which is almost shy.

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He comes down the steps without haste, a little awkwardly, his rolling gait more that of a sailor than a horseman. He is bronzed and fit-looking, his face deeply wrinkled, and he carries his head a little forward. He shows no great flash of teeth as did Ike, or F.D.R., and there is an air almost of introspection about him, rather than jauntiness. Still smiling thinly, he gives little nodding jerks of the head as the cheers of the crowd rise in the familiar voiceless welcoming roar.

There is a difference in mood, the old campaigners say, between a Lyndon Johnson crowd and the crowds that used to welcome John F. Kennedy. Kennedy crowds were charged with an electric tension, the sense of wild excitement of a partisan football crowd. Johnson crowds are friendly and happy in the mood of a backcountry celebration, an all-day-singing-and-dinner-on-the-grounds.

"Kennedy turned on the juice with a jolt," a reporter said. "Johnson doesn't. He lights a slower fire. Kennedy lifted them up and showed them in the misty distance the gleaming towers of Camelot. Johnson shows them the path to get there step-by-step."

The crowds in this campaign have seen two Lyndon Johnsons. One is the President of the United States, the tall man on the platform, with the flag and seal of his high office around him, invoking in slow and solemn tones the image of a powerful, prosperous and progressive America—with himself as the calm, wise leader, the President of all the people. His formal speeches touch only obliquely on partisan politics. He stresses instead the national issues—jobs and opportunity for all, regardless of race or color; the safety of the nation, maintained by strength of arms and will; his dream of peace for the world, brought about not by threats and ultimatums but by slow persuasion. He speaks of unity and responsibility, of a nation utilizing the newest ideas, the best brains both parties can provide to keep America moving forward toward his vision of the Great Society.

The impact of what he says has sometimes been lost in the slow, low-keyed delivery. The man the crowds will remember is the earthy Texan, campaigning in the streets like any crossroads candidate for Congress, kissing small children, reaching out scratched and swollen hands to any hand that reaches out to him, rasping hoarsely through a bullhorn from the backseat of an open car.

"The one thing Lyndon enjoys more than being President is running for President," an observer said. "Getting mauled by a mob does for him what golf did for Ike. It's a kind of therapy for him. He comes out of it exhilarated."

Johnson is sensitive to the fact that he lacks either the great presence that Eisenhower possessed, or the Golden Boy aura of John Kennedy. There is some reason to believe that his insistence on exposing himself to crowds, his urge to go out among the people and clasp their hands, is based on a need to prove to himself that he, too, can stir them to a wild enthusiasm. He was not pleased when a reporter wrote that he lacked Mr. Goldwater's power to move a crowd emotionally. After two tumultuous welcomes in Seattle and Sacramento early in the campaign, he buttonholed the offender and fixed him with his eye. "Those people seemed pretty emotional to me," he said. "What did you think?"

The greeting of the dignitaries never takes long, and Johnson, lifting both hands to smooth back the graying hair that is growing a little thin on top, always heads directly for the yelling crowd that surges against the fence with hands outstretched. Rufus Youngblood, the Secret Service agent who pushed him down and fell on him at the sound of the shots in Dallas, precedes him, warning him of any obstacles he might stumble over as he moves swiftly along the fence. Sometimes, under the pressure of the massed thousands, the fence begins to buckle, and then the local cops and sheriff's men hurl themselves against it like football linemen charging. Photographers, walking backward in front of him as he moves, trip over each other and go down in a clatter of cameras. Johnson, sidling swiftly, shaking with both hands, does not notice.

Too many hands are thrusting at him for Johnson to shake them all. But he has other means of establishing contact. His eyes flick from face to face in the massed ranks too far back to reach his hands. He catches a man's eyes for the fraction of a second, and winks at him as if they both shared some secret.

"He winks so much I thought at first he had a tic," a reporter said. "It took me a week to figure out it was just part of his technique, his way of getting through to those he can't reach out and touch."

Occasionally, in his trooping of the fence line, Johnson will pause and chat a moment. Once after such a stop, a pretty brown-haired girl burst into tears. Reporters went over to find out why. Her father explained what had happened.

"As he came by, I told him, 'Mr. President, my wife was a Johnson, and she is your third cousin, and this is my daughter Barbara.' He told my wife, 'You look just like a Johnson.' Then he took Barbara's hand and said, 'Hi, Honey,' and she started to cry."

In his progress along the fence Mr. Johnson never fails to keep a sharp eye out for children. Noticing a little boy crushed against the fence at the level of his knees, he stoops quickly and pokes a finger through the wire: "Hi, Podner," he says, "don't let them mash you." Again, in a swarming crowd, he lifts a small boy out of the crush and sits him on an automobile. He stops in front of a little girl, held on her father's shoulders at the level of his head. "Gimme a kiss," he says, leaning over the fence and turning his cheek. She stares at him. "Gimme a kiss," he repeats. She leans forward and smacks him.

Moving steadily, Johnson can shake hands along nearly a mile of airport fence in 15 minutes before climbing into the car that will speed him along the parade route into town. But the welcome of the airport crowd has only whetted his appetite for personal contact. Where the crowds along the street are thin, the motorcade moves swiftly, but his eyes and ears miss nothing as he passes. A blond woman whistles shrilly through her teeth to attract his attention; another holds a puppy in one hand, a sign in the other bearing the message MR. JOHNSON, YOU CAN PULL OUR EARS. He spots them, smiles and waves. A small boy holds up a sign saying simply PLEASE STOP. There are only a dozen people there, but the quarter-mile motorcade screeches to a halt, he jumps out, shakes hands and then moves on.

Sometimes the parade moves so fast that bands, which may have been waiting for hours to salute him, have only time to give one startled blast on their horns before he is gone. A small boy yells, "What a gyp," and the President hears it and gives a sympathetic wave.

No matter how far behind schedule he may be running, wherever a crowd has gathered along the way, he pulls the motorcade to a stop, gets out and, with his guards darting after him, loses himself in the crush. If somebody hands him a bullhorn, he will make a speech. He sticks to simple platitudes. "This is a great country." The crowd roars. "This is a great state. We all love America. We are going to win a great victory in November, and I want all of you to come to Washington to the inauguration." Moving back to the open Secret Service car, so that all can see him, sometimes, in his enthusiasm, he will call the photographers up from their pool car to stand beside him.

"You ever see such a crowd as this?" he will ask them jubilantly. "Did you ever see such a crowd in your life?"

Trailing far behind in the stopped press bus, reporters, nursing typewriters on their laps, watch with headshaking wonder as those whom the President's car has passed stream to join the crush around him. Old women with swollen ankles gallop past like buffalos. Mothers with babies in their arms scamper by. Men try to run carrying children astraddle on their necks.

Brightly colored signs—and an eager crowd in Cleveland, Ohio—await arrival of the President, who was late almost everywhere.

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"Call it corn he's giving them, call it schmaltz, call it what you like. Whatever it is, they like it."

The Johnson Touch

"Thirteen times in seven miles he's stopped already," a reporter says, shaking his head. "Call it corn he's giving them, call it schmaltz, call it what you like. Whatever it is, they like it."

But many of the reporters following Johnson today were with President Kennedy at Dallas and the memory of that horror is still fresh in their minds. Like the Secret Service men who move in concentric circles around the President, they know the normal pattern of a jostling mob, and any sudden flurry near him sends the quick thought racing through their minds that some lunatic is trying to get at him with a knife or gun or bomb.

In Providence, R.I., for example, every person in the following motorcade felt a sudden chill when an airline stewardess traveling in the press bus suddenly screamed, "There's a car on fire up there."

"When I saw that fire and smoke shoot up, I remember thinking, 'Oh God, this time they used a bomb,'" an old reporter said. "When I hit the ground and saw that it wasn't the President's car, but the one behind it, and it wasn't a bomb, but an electrical fire, I just stood there for a moment, bathed in a cold sweat."

Incidents threatening the President's safety increased as the campaign went into its closing weeks.

In Phoenix, Secret Service agents moving quietly through a crowd, gently nudging people who might be carrying some lethal object, picked up a young man in the crowd waiting for the President at the airport. He had a loaded .22 pistol concealed beneath his coat. His only intent, he said, was to "protect" the President in case an attempt was made on his life.

In Nashville two men—one with a rifle in a brown paper bag—were picked up on a street corner minutes before Johnson was to pass. It turned out that they had just bought the gun and, after questioning, they were released. In Corpus Christi, Tex., in mid-October, a police informant led officers to a cache of arms that he said were to be used in an attempt on Johnson's life.

Reports that persons known to be outspoken enemies of the President have disappeared from their usual homes, keep the Secret Service and the FBI in a state of constant alert. Automatic weapons, once kept out of sight in the Secret Service car, now are carried in full view by agents who keep a sharp eye on the upper stories of buildings along the President's route. Since the tragedy at Dallas, buildings which might conceal a sniper are thoroughly checked, local police station themselves on rooftops, and a helicopter keeps watch for suspicious movements in the streets or on the roofs below.

This crowd surveillance is unobtrusive, and, so far, effective. A woman reaching into her pocketbook for some object as innocent as a comb or a lipstick may find a big hand clamped on hers, or will discover that a plainclothesman has suddenly interposed himself between her and the President. Even an innocent onlooker standing on a curb with his hands in his pockets, or behind his back, may be asked politely to bring them in view as the President's car approaches.

Sudden movements are, of course, beyond any bodyguard's power to control. Several times during the campaign Mr. Johnson's tender and swollen hands were seized and squeezed with a pressure that made him wince, and in Phoenix a youth was arrested for striking Mr. Johnson on the head with a Goldwater-Miller sign. A detective bore the brunt of the blow, which glanced off his skull and dented the President's hat.

As the Warren Commission Report pointed out, absolute security for a President is impossible unless he is completely isolated from all contact with the people, but despite the warnings inherent in the report, Mr. Johnson has no thought of letting himself be isolated. He rides in the limousine, now equipped with a bullet-proof top, that was reconstructed from the car in which President Kennedy met his death, but he leaps from it—or any other vehicle—whenever he feels the need, in his phrase, to "press the flesh" of the street crowds.

To persons concerned about this habit, Mr. Johnson explains that he is far safer in the middle of a crowd than he is when standing alone on a rostrum before 80,000 people. He quotes the Secret Service as saying that an unscheduled, impromptu handshaking stop is in itself a deterrent to risk. "None of the Secret Service boys or the FBI are worried about a fellow shaking hands," he says.

Making his stop-and-start way from airport to town, Johnson keeps his euphoric mood until he finally reaches the rostrum where he is to deliver his formal speech. Then, suddenly, a change seems to come over him. As he moves to his seat, he acknowledges the cheers of the assembled thousands with a nod of the head, a diffident wave, frequently without the flicker of a smile. He shakes hands perfunctorily along the platform until he reaches his chair. It is always the same chair, a lightweight folding metal frame, heavily padded, deeper and wider in the seat than an ordinary chair. Carried on his plane, and rushed to the platform ahead of him, along with his flag and seal, it spares him the agony of sitting on the collapsible metal chairs the local committees borrow from a funeral home.

Once seated, he generally seems to sink into a Lincolnesque reverie. If there is a table in front of him, he leans his elbows on it, one hand curled against his cheek. His eyes have a faraway look as he gazes over the heads of the crowd.

When the local bigwig who has been chosen for the honor finally pronounces

Perched atop his car, holding a microphone in one hand and punctuating

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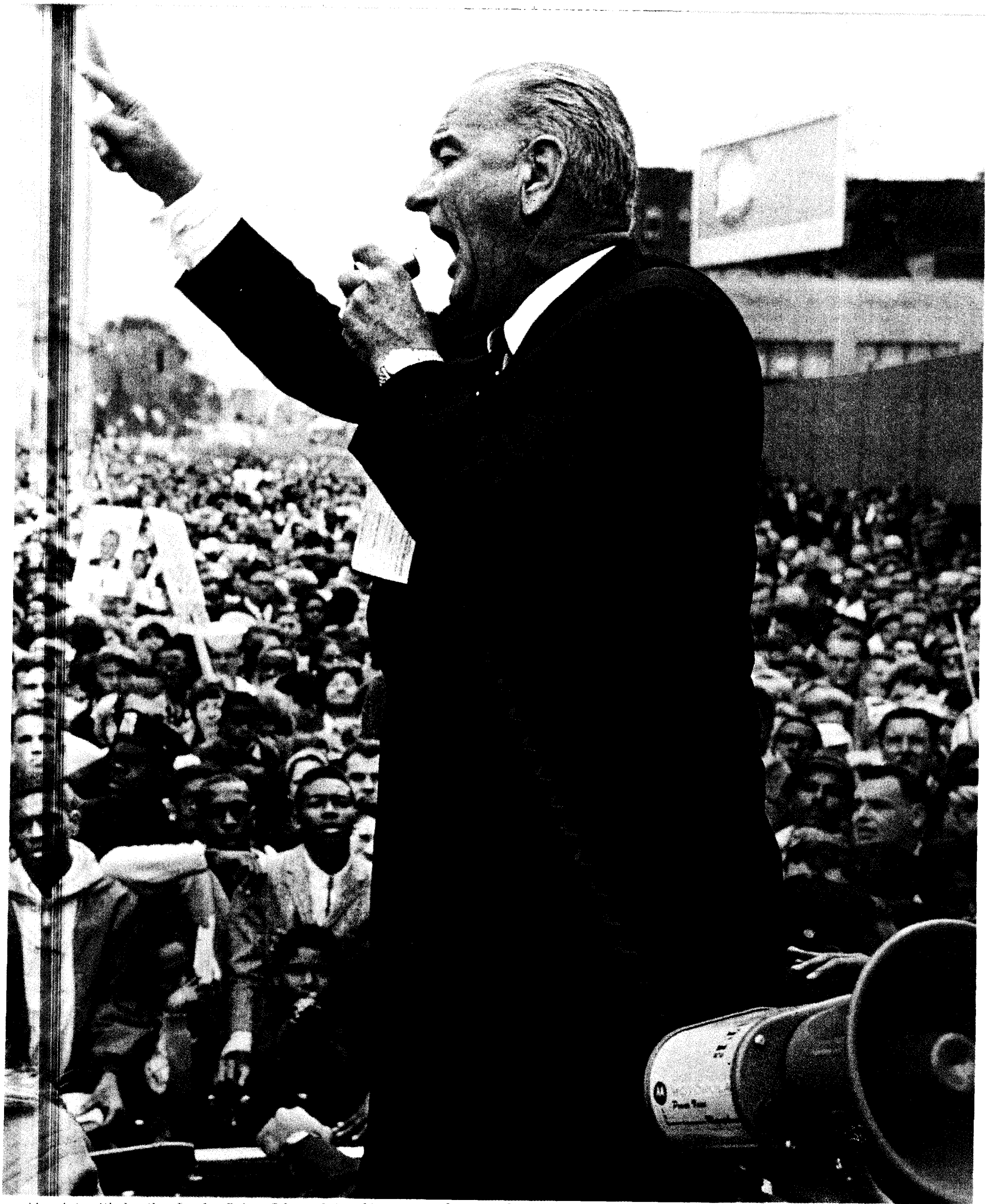

his points with the other, Lyndon Baines Johnson brings his message of peace and prosperity to a crowd jamming the streets of downtown Hartford, Conn.

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"Getting mauled by a mob does for Lyndon Johnson what golf did for Ike. It's a kind of therapy for him."

The Johnson Touch

that most sonorous of introductions, "Ladies and Gentlemen, The President of the United States," he rises slowly, moves to the rostrum, and stands motionless, smiling faintly while the crowd, rising, sends up a great cheer. He lets it go on for a long minute, and then, with a motion of the hand, asks for silence. As the cheers continue, he leans toward the microphone. "Did you come to hear me, or did I come to hear you?" he drawls.

His salutation, after many years in the Senate where such things are important, is graceful. All governors are "distinguished," all senators, whether Democrat or Republican, are "my beloved colleagues." In the West, his greeting always ended, "my fellow Westerners," for in Montana his sensitive political antennae picked up the fact that the citizens of that state attributed certain virtues to his opponent because of his birth in Arizona.

His introductory remarks are humorous, or sentimental, as befits his mood. He remembers to praise those outstanding men and women, both Democrat and Republican, whom each state has sent to Washington. In Oregon he had barbed praise for Wayne Morse, a political maverick and a thorn in his flesh for years. When Senator Morse had completed his brief introduction, Mr. Johnson observed, "When you are traveling with Wayne, you are always in for a surprise. I wish he had made speeches that short in the Senate—and that good."

He then moves on to demonstrate his familiarity with the region, quoting tidbits of folklore provided by his speech writers. In Vancouver, B.C., on a nonpolitical trip to ratify a water-power agreement with Canada, he said, "I will be guided by an old Chinese proverb, 'When you enter a country, inquire as to what is forbidden. When you cross a boundary, ask about the customs.' Well, I have made careful inquiries, and I will eat the salmon and praise the B.C. Lions."

In Oregon he said, "In 1844 a fiery young orator warned, 'Make way for the young American buffalo. We will give him Oregon for his summer shade and the region of Texas for his winter pasture.' Well, it is wonderful to be here in Oregon with you this morning. But I want it distinctly understood—I am not ready for any Texas pasture."

Sometimes he uses local lore to convey him smoothly into the main theme of his speech. In Montana he said, "When Captain Lewis first saw the Great Falls of Montana, he reported that in a few days he was attacked by a grizzly bear, a mountain lion, three buffalo bulls, and he woke up the next morning staring at a rattlesnake. Those were truly impressive dangers, but today the people of Montana and the people of the world face far more towering threats."

With this he made a swift transition, reminding Montanans that, since the nuclear missiles buried beneath Montana's prairies would be the first to fire against an adversary, Montana in turn would be a primary target. The implication was clear. Montana would be unwise to vote for a man who might recklessly goad an enemy to attack.

His voice is low and soft as he begins to speak—so low that it barely can be heard in the back of the crowd—"an old speaker's trick," an observer said, "to get them listening hard right from the first."

As he moves into the body of his formal speech, which may have been sweated over by a battalion of speech writers for weeks, and changed by the President until the last hours before delivery, his whole tone and manner change. His stance takes on a greater dignity, and his voice grows more resonant. He wants no mistake. This is not Ol' Lyndon speaking, but the President of the United States. He follows his text closely, only occasionally dropping in a homely Texas aphorism. Discussing the futility of any nation's trying to rule the world by ultimatum, he pauses and, in his southwestern drawl, says simply, "A long time ago down in Texas I learned that telling a man to go to hell and making him go there are two different propositions."

Mr. Johnson, as this is written, has carefully refrained from telling Mr. Goldwater to go to hell, though it was clear as the campaign wore on that the compulsion to do so was almost overwhelming. He speaks, instead, of "they," the bad guys, who would recklessly endanger the country through war or economic disaster, and "we," the good guys, who would keep the country lean and strong and wise and at peace. Occasionally, even when the toga of the Presidency is upon him, he speaks with utmost partisanship, though with never the slightest personal reference to his opponent. "Tonight," he told a Texarkana audience, "I speak to you with a heart full of hope and with a heart full of promise. But there are voices abroad in the land that have a strange and brittle tone. They cry out that we are weak, and America is soft and blind. They insist the way to the future is the road back into the past. They demand suspicion as the price of liberty, and belligerence as the alternate for peace. . . . But thank God truth is eternal. Malice may distort it and ignorance may ignore it and panic may deride it. But the truth is always there. And the truth is simple and the truth is this: Our beloved nation was never stronger than it is this hour tonight."

Folksy, amiable, sentimental and humorous in his introductions, austere, dignified, and sometimes sternly polemic in the body of his speeches, his final words are quiet, humble and reverent, calling upon the deity to help him, urging in the words of Isaiah, "Come, let us reason together," beseeching his hearers for their prayers. Occasionally this quiet mood prevails throughout his speech. Before the Electrical Workers, a yelling, shouting crowd blowing horns and throwing confetti, his manner was so restrained, his delivery so subdued, that he turned what might have been a roaring political demonstration into a prayer meeting. In his final paragraph he said, "Yes, we know not what the future may bring. We know not how we may be led. We know not what may be God's will. But His course is to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly. I would like to feel, as I leave this room and return to the lonely acres that are surrounded by a big, black iron fence, that whatever I do, wherever I go, wherever my decisions may lead us, I will have your prayers and your support."

"One thing is sure," a listener said: "LBJ won't ever have to worry. He can always get Billy Graham's job."

The reporters, when they hear the "lonely acres and the black iron fence" phrase, begin to close their typewriters and head for the door. The return to the airport goes more quickly than the arrival, for the departing President is routed over expressways, though even on this journey, if the opportunity offers, he pauses for a flurry of handshaking.

Once back aboard *Air Force One* he assumes a role that the crowds in the streets never see—that of the President functioning as Commander-in-Chief. Invariably

As candidate's motorcade moves along Detroit street, a Secret Service man uses binoculars to check windows and rooftops ahead.

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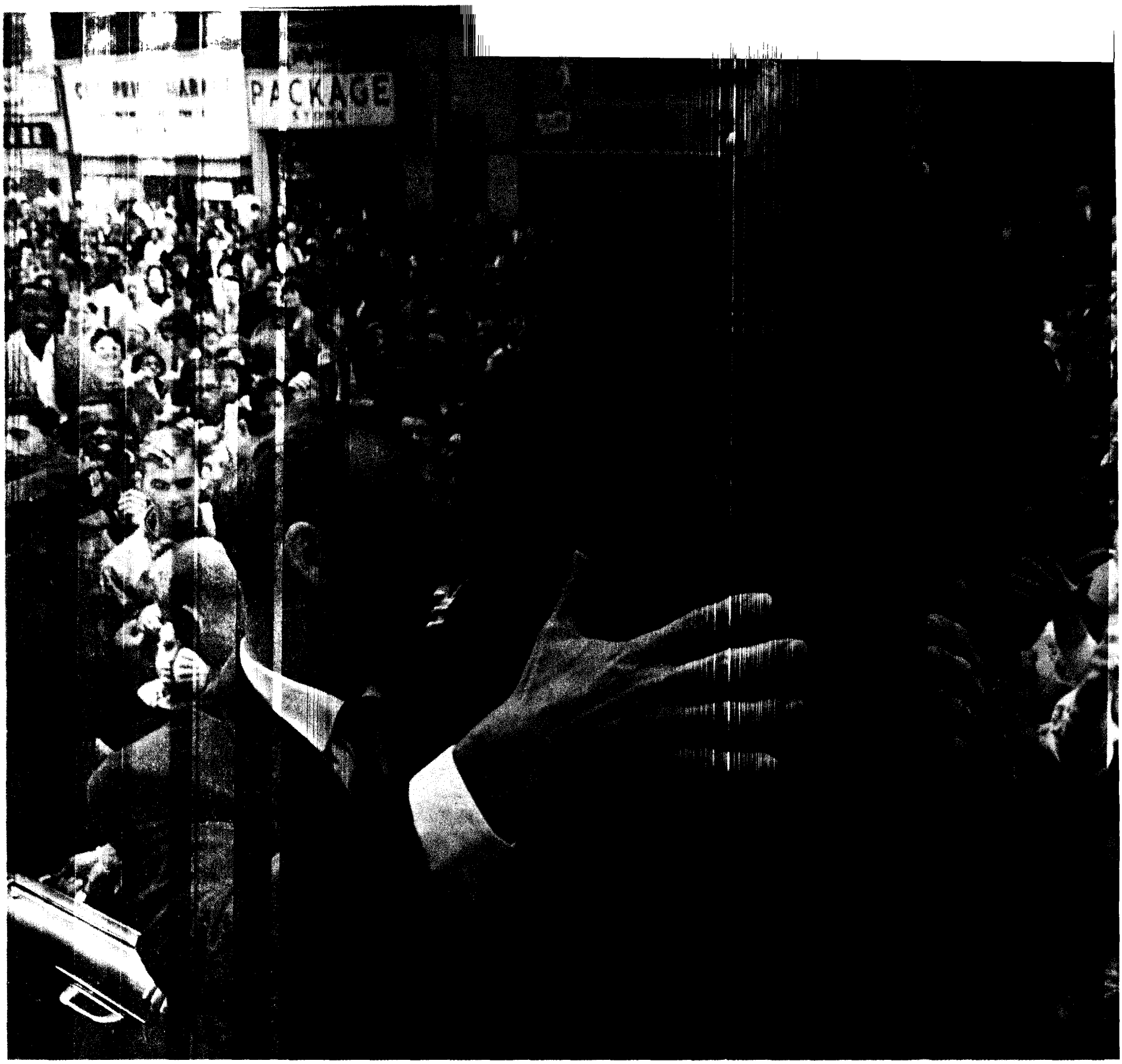

Rufus Youngblood, Johnson's personal bodyguard, supports President on top of motorcade car. In Dallas last year he protected Johnson with his own body at the sound of shots.

waiting for him are calls from Secretaries Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk, and radioed messages from McGeorge Bundy, reporting on the latest developments in crisis spots around the world. Even as Capt. Jim Swindal lifts the big plane off the runway, the President is on the phone that stands beside his chair in his cabin, talking to the White House, the State Department or the Pentagon. Whether aloft in *Air Force One*, or riding in a motorcade, or plowing through a crowd, or speaking from a platform at some remote dam site beyond the Rockies, Mr. Johnson is never more than a few seconds away from communications linking him directly to the White House and the Pentagon. The hot line to the Kremlin is as accessible to him in Seattle, Wash., as it is when he is sitting in his oval office in Washington, D.C. Wherever he is, by day or night, he can never, figuratively, take off the uniform of the Commander-in-Chief. Even when he goes to bed, an aide is somewhere close by, guarding an innocent-looking bag that holds the authority granted to a President to launch a nuclear counterattack, and the code by which his orders would be conveyed.

There are also the routine tasks of the Presidency to be carried out, wherever he travels. When he stops overnight, courier planes from Washington bring in bales of documents requiring his signature. Into the communications center aboard his plane there is a constant flow of material that he must read.

"The best time to catch him with something he must really think about and concentrate on," an aide said, "is when he is 40,000 feet in the air."

Johnson, on the plane, works, pays a courtesy visit to the forward cabin where a changing gallery of political VIP's accompanies him from stop to stop, naps briefly under blue blankets in his small bare cabin in the tail of the plane, and rises refreshed to chat at length with the reporters of the press pool who fly with him. These talks are frank, and far ranging, and may be designated by Mr. Johnson as "background," "deep background," "off the record" or "very much off the record." Sometimes they are so very much off the record that the reporters are forbidden to tell their confreres about them. This always causes a howl of protest from the press corps.

"Tell him," they beg George Reedy, the President's calm, long-suffering press secretary, "that when he's talking to a pooler, he's talking to all of us." George puffs at his pipe wearily. "All right," he says, "I'll tell him—for the twelfth time."

No President, with the possible exception of Teddy Roosevelt, has ever brought more sheer driving energy to the job, or come to office better equipped by experience to handle it competently. Reporters who have followed him on campaign also sense in him a vision of himself as a figure in history. "You may disagree with me now," he tells them in voluble discussions of some controversial policy, "but fifty or a hundred years from now the historians will see it in a different light."

"There's no doubt about it," a veteran reporter said. "He's determined not only to be a good President. He wants the name of Lyndon Johnson to be listed among the great ones. That's egotism, sure. But what higher ambition could you ask of him? And I'd be the last to bet that he won't make it." THE END

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Inadvertently crushing hat of local police official, Johnson reaches out to make personal contact with admirers in Hartford, Conn.

His bodyguards are getting ulcers, but L.B.J. can't stay away from a crowd.

Johnson embraces Mexican President López Mateos at recent El Paso meeting. Lady Bird greets Sra. López Mateos, behind L.B.J.

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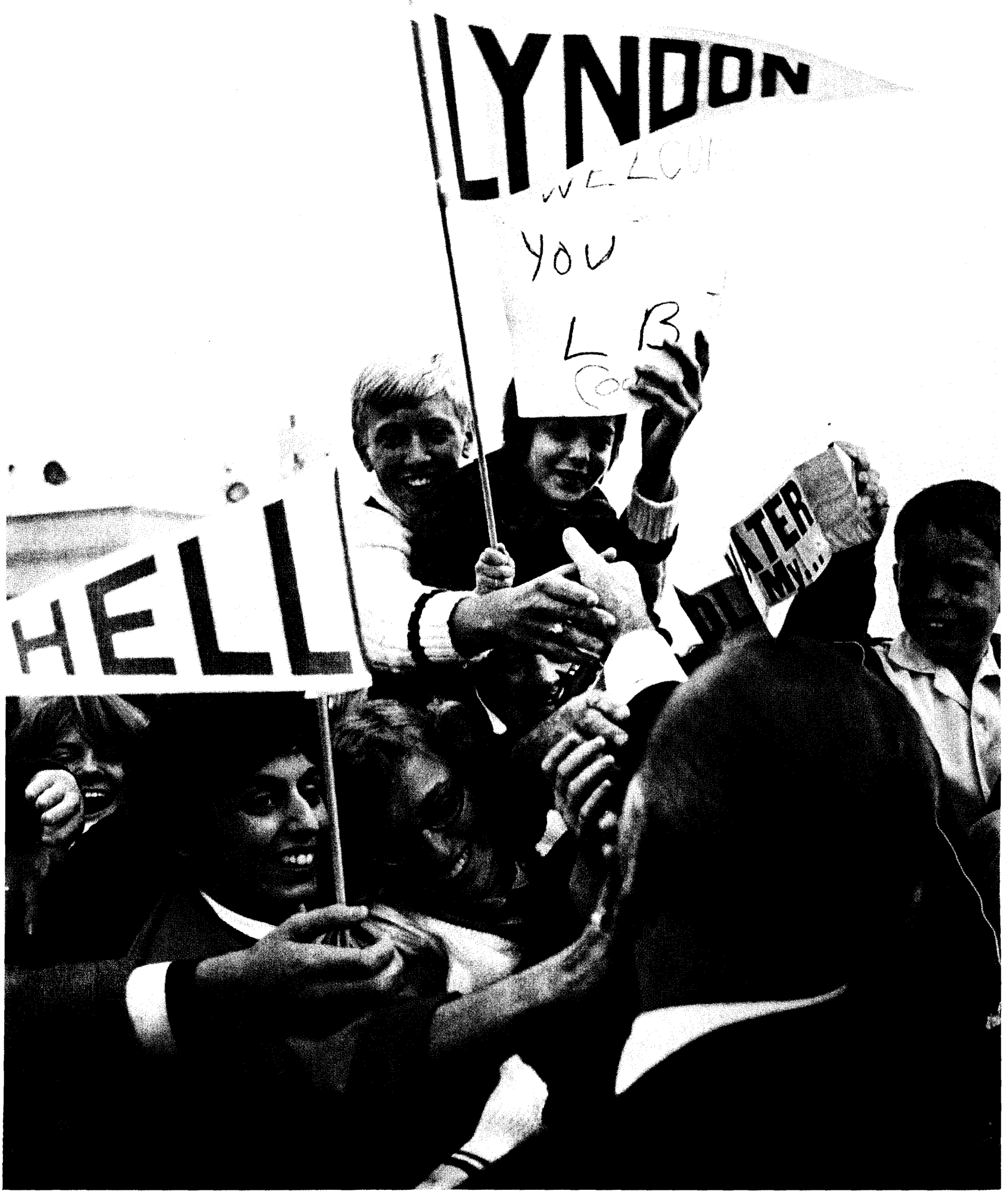

Hands outstretched to touch him, Johnson rooters—many of them too young to vote—surge around the President at airport reception in Burlington, Vt.

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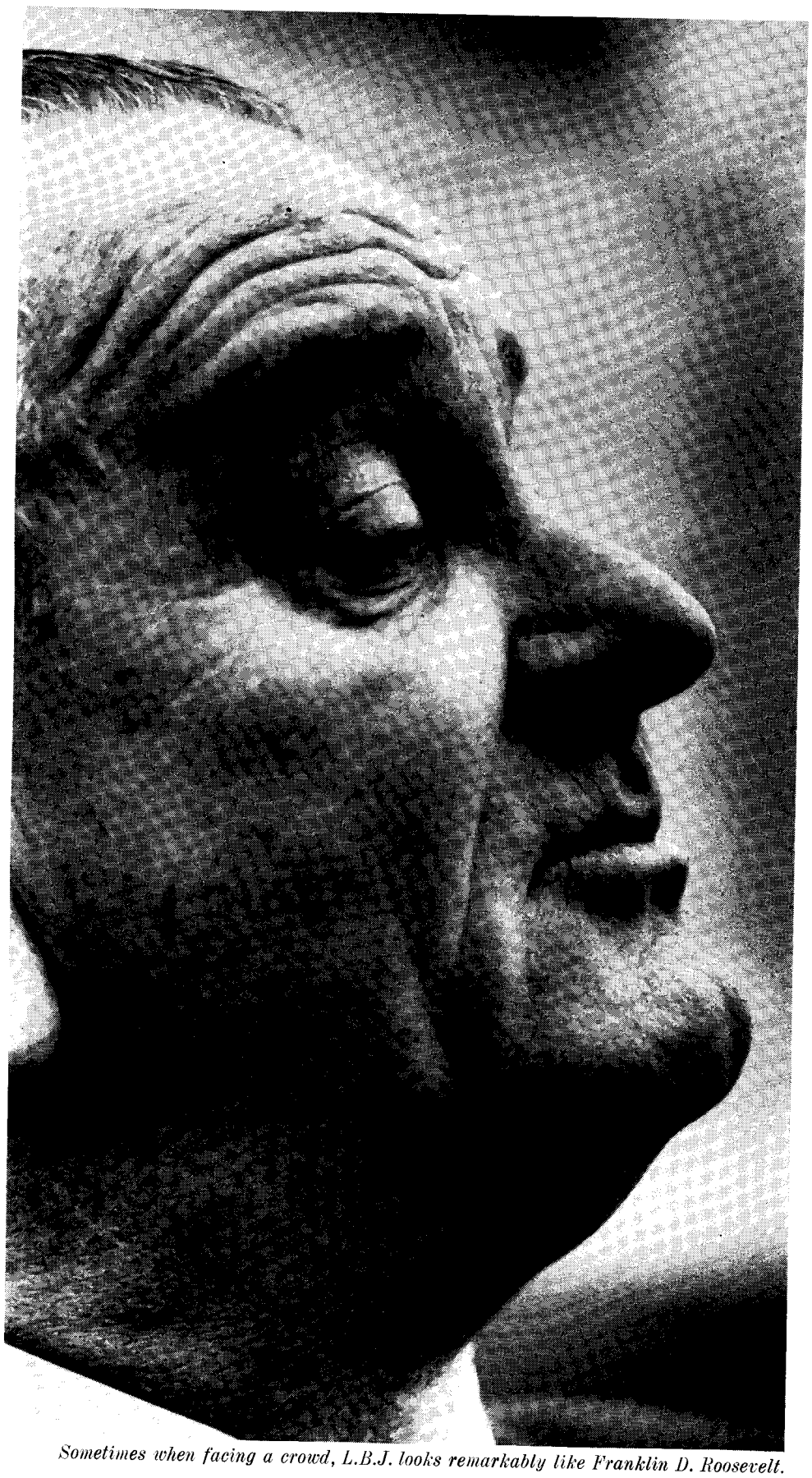
By PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON

THE GREAT SOCIETY

In the years just ahead, American imagination, initiative and indignation will provide our greatest opportunity to forge a society of unprecedented freedom and abundance.



Sometimes when facing a crowd, L.B.J. looks remarkably like Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"We have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society, but upward to the Great Society."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt once prophesied, "One day a generation may possess this land, blessed beyond anything we now know, blessed with those things—material and spiritual—that make man's life abundant. If that is the fashion of your dreaming then I say: 'Hold fast to your dream. America needs it.'"

Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy are gone. But our people still dream their dreams and we will carry on.

Old hopes have been reached and new horizons beckon us. This remains the land of the Great Experiment. The American story in the history of life on this planet is just beginning.

Forty years ago I left my high school diploma at home and headed west to seek the fame and fortune that I knew America offered. Almost two years later I came back to Johnson City, with empty hands and empty pockets. I came back because I realized that the place to begin was the place that I had been all the time.

Here, at this time, is the starting point of the path that leads to the future. Our society can be a place where we will raise our families, free from the dark shadow of war and suspicion among nations. It can be a place where our children will grow up knowing that success in life depends only on their ability and not on the color of their skin, or their religion, or the region of their birth. It can be a place where America is growing not only richer and stronger but happier and wiser. For whatever the strength of our arms, or whatever the size of our economy, we will not be a great nation unless we pursue excellence.

The purpose of protecting the life of our Nation and preserving the liberty of our citizens is to pursue the happiness of our people. Our success in that pursuit is the test of our success as a nation. For a century we labored to settle and to subdue a continent. For half a century we called upon unbounded invention and untiring industry to create an order of plenty for all of our people. The challenge of the next half century is whether we have the wisdom to use that wealth to enrich and elevate our national life, and to advance the quality of our American civilization.

Imagination, initiative, and indignation will determine whether we build a society where progress is the servant of our needs—or a society where old values and new visions are buried under unbridled growth. We have the opportunity to move, not only toward the rich society and the powerful society, but upward to the Great Society.

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The Great Society rests on abundance and liberty for all. It demands an end to poverty and racial injustice. But that is just the beginning. The Great Society is a place where every child can find knowledge to enrich his mind and to enlarge his talents. It is a place where leisure is a welcome chance to build and reflect, not a feared cause of boredom and restlessness. It is a place where the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce, but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community.

It is a place where man can renew contact with nature. It is a place which honors creation for its own sake and for what it adds to the understanding of the race. It is a place where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods. But most of all, the Great Society is not a safe harbor, a resting place, a final objective, a finished work. It is a challenge constantly renewed, beckoning us toward a destiny where the meaning of our lives matches the marvelous products of our labor.

There are three central places where we must begin to build the Great Society—in our cities, in our countryside, and in our classrooms.

Many living today will see the time, perhaps fifty years from now, when there will be four hundred million Americans, four fifths of them in urban areas. In the remainder of this century, urban population will double, city land will double, and we will have to build homes, highways, and facilities equal to all those built since this country was first settled. In the next forty years we must rebuild the entire urban United States.

Aristotle said, "Men come together in cities in order to live, but they remain together in order to live the good life."

It is harder and harder to live the good life in American cities today. The catalogue of ills is long. There is the decay of the centers and the despoiling of the suburbs. There is not enough housing for our people or transportation for our traffic. Open land is vanishing and old landmarks are violated. Worst of all, expansion is eroding the precious and time-honored values of community with neighbors and communion with nature. The loss of these values breeds loneliness and boredom and indifference.

Our society will never be great until our cities are great. Today the frontier of imagination and innovation is inside those cities and not beyond their borders. New experiments are already going on.

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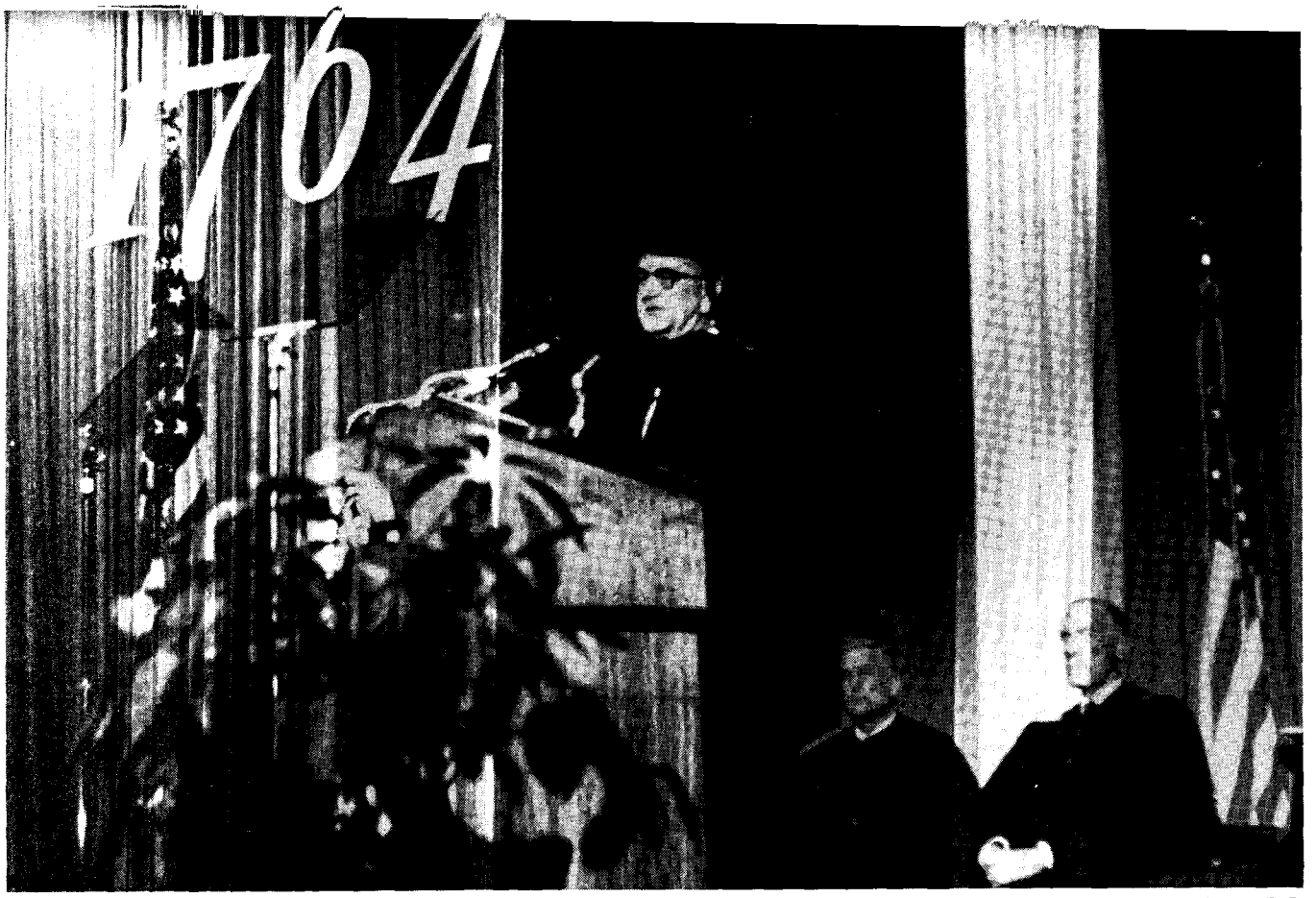

[illegible] after car in his motorcade had caught fire, Johnson addressed academic gathering at Brown University, Providence, R.I.

It will be our task to make the American city a place where future generations will come, not only to live, but to live the good life.

A second place where we begin to build the Great Society is in our countryside. We have always prided ourselves on being not only America the strong and America the free but America the beautiful. Today that beauty is in danger. The water we drink, the food we eat, the very air that we breathe, are threatened with pollution. Our parks are overcrowded, our seashores overburdened. Green fields and dense forests are disappearing.

A few years ago we were greatly concerned about the Ugly American. Today we must act to prevent an Ugly America.

Once the battle is lost, once our natural splendor is destroyed, it can never be recaptured. And once man can no longer walk with beauty or wonder at nature, his spirit will wither and his sustenance be wasted.

A third place to build the Great Society is in the classrooms of America. There our children's lives will be shaped. Our society will not be great until every young mind is set free to scan the farthest reaches of thought and imagination.

We are still far from that goal. Today, eight million adult Americans have not finished five years of school. Nearly fifty-four million—more than one quarter of all America—have not even finished high school. Each year more than a hundred thousand high school graduates, with proven ability, do not enter college because they cannot afford it.

If we cannot educate today's youth, what will we do in 1970 when elementary school enrollment will be five million greater than in 1960? High school enrollment will rise by five million. College enrollment will increase by more than three million.

In many places, classrooms are overcrowded and curricula are outdated. Most of our qualified teachers are underpaid, and many of our paid teachers are unqualified. We must give every child a place to sit and a teacher to learn from. Poverty must not be a bar to learning, and learning must offer an escape from poverty.

But more classrooms and more teachers are not enough. We must seek an educational system which grows in quality as well as in size. This means better training for our teachers. It means preparing youth to enjoy their hours of leisure as well as their hours of labor. It means exploring new techniques of teaching, to find new ways to stimulate the love of learning and the capacity for creation.

These are three of the central issues of the Great Society. While our government has many programs directed at those issues, I do not pretend that we have the full answer to those problems. But I do promise this: We are going to assemble the best thought and the broadest knowledge from all over the world to find those answers for America.

We hear it said from time to time that the day of the individual is passing. We are told that this is the age of the oversized organization—of big business, of big unions, of big government. We hear that the individual is being smothered by giant concentrations of power. We are told that the individual can count for little in the era of The Organization Man.

Earlier generations also prophesied that the individual had reached his final frontier. Our ancestors complained bitterly when the West was won, leaving no new avenues of adventure or escape. At the turn of the century, prophets were predicting that men would be devoured by the monster corporation. During the dreary Depression years, some concluded that the future, if there were a future, belonged to the totalitarian society.

History has a habit of upsetting dire calculations. I believe that the pessimistic prophecies about our future are mistaken. We can shape a destiny in which the individual finds rich rewards.

This statement of faith is not based on an idle dream. As machines increasingly bring release from manual toil, I foresee little leisure for those who work with their minds. We have big problems ahead—and challenging times demand creative thinking.

Unless we stimulate individual enterprise, unless we regard individual accomplishment, we will be the servants and not the masters of change.

In education, we must provide higher learning for all who qualify. But we must also encourage the excellence which inspires a talented student to enlarge the limits of his capacity.

In science, achievement requires many technicians working in concert. But we must never forget the tradition of the solitary genius—the Newton, the Einstein, the Fermi—who tests the free range of his own curiosity.

In art, we welcome the growth of mass markets for books, painting, and sculpture. But we must also seek to nourish the artistic talent which has not yet achieved a buying public.

In the humanities, we must ensure that centers of liberal learning are not neglected as new knowledge nourishes the practical studies.

In all areas of public and private enterprise, we must understand that important ideas cannot be fashioned on an assembly line. The wit who told us that a camel was a horse designed by a committee deserves a medal.

We can and we must set priorities for individual accomplishment, and avoid mediocrity as the standard of success. These are wise and proper cautions to protect and promote individual expression in America.

At the same time, let us not call forth phantom fears about what the future holds. One of these fears often raised is that government has become a major menace to individual liberty. This is not so.

Does government subvert our freedom through the Social Security system which guards our people against destitution when they are too old to work? Does government undermine our freedom by bringing electricity to the farm, by controlling floods, or by ending bank failures? Is freedom lessened by efforts to abate pollution in our streams, by efforts to gain knowledge of the causes of heart disease and cancer, or by efforts to strengthen competition and the free market? Is freedom really diminished by banning the sale of harmful drugs, by providing school lunches for our children, by preserving our wilderness areas, or by improving the safety of our airways? Is freedom betrayed when in 1964 we redeem in full a pledge made a century ago by the Emancipation Proclamation?

The truth is—far from crushing the individual, government at its best liberates him from the enslaving forces of his environment. For, as Thomas Jefferson said, "The care of human life and happiness, and not their destruction, is the first and only legitimate object of good government."

A compassionate government keeps faith with the trust of the people and cherishes the future of their children. Through compassion for the plight of one individual, government fulfills its purpose as the servant of all the people.

Let me state clearly what I mean by "government." I do not mean just the politicians, technicians, and experts in Washington. I do not mean only the agencies that make up the Federal system, or the departments and bureaus of state government or local municipalities. I include every citizen. For as Aristotle said, "If liberty and equality . . . are chiefly to be found in democracy, they will be best attained when all persons alike share in the government to the utmost."

We have in this country a government which derives its power from the consent of the governed—from the people. From those same people must come the dreams, the faith, the hopes, and the works which fashion the great purpose of government. From the people must come the private compassion and the personal commitment by which struggles for justice and wars against poverty are won.

Because our government is the sum total of the people it serves, the choices that we personally make, the courses that we personally follow, the contests that we personally join—these will finally decide the real character of this country.

I do not doubt history's verdict. I believe that thirty years from now Americans will look back upon these 1960's as the time of the great American Breakthrough—toward the victory of peace over war; toward the victory of prosperity over poverty; toward the victory of human rights over human wrongs; toward the victory of enlightened minds over darkness. THE END

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CAN KENNEDY TAKE NEW YORK?

•

Fighting hard
for Kenneth Keating's Senate
seat, Robert Kennedy
draws phenomenal crowds and tries
to fend off charges
of "carpetbagger."

By PETER MAAS

Addressing a crowd, Bobby often looks and sounds startlingly like his brother, the late President.

When Robert Kennedy's grieving face appeared on television just after his brother's assassination, one question leaped into millions of minds: "What will Bobby do now?" So intimate were the brothers that it seemed Lee Oswald's bullets had destroyed Bobby too.

Yet Bobby was ambitious. It seemed certain that somehow he would soon again be thrusting toward political power. Americans, willingly or unwillingly caught up in the Kennedy-family saga, will wait with anticipation next week as New Yorkers choose between Bobby Kennedy and his rival for the Senate, Republican incumbent Kenneth Keating. No other race, save the battle for the Presidency, will attract such national attention.

Bobby had thought that in the autumn of 1964 he would be managing a campaign for John F. Kennedy. Instead, it is Bobby who is making speeches and shaking hands and rushing between campaign stops. A recent day's campaigning began at six, and by midnight the candidate was almost four hours late for his last stop, an upstate New York city of about 20,000. Yet a thousand of these people had stayed up at the airport awaiting his arrival, and at the first sight of the familiar thatch of brown hair, they mobbed him. A woman called out, "God bless you!" A teen-age girl jumped up and down squealing, "I touched him! I touched him!" A man, looking a little embarrassed in the middle of all this feminine enthusiasm, gripped the candidate's hand and simply murmured, "Good luck!"

Still another thousand—many of them in bathrobes and pajamas and nightgowns—lined the route of his motorcade and rushed into the street at the slightest braking of his convertible. "This is crazy," a police captain said. "I've been on the force for twenty years, and I've never seen anything like it."

Five thousand more were jammed in front of the downtown auditorium. When the candidate arrived at last, the band broke into *Happy Days Are Here Again.* Then he stepped forward, and it was impossible not to think back four years as you watched the forefinger pump in the air and heard the clipped, broad-A accent cry, "I need your support and assistance! I come here tonight to ask your help!"

Only it is 1964, not 1960, and Bobby Kennedy is not John F. Kennedy. His appeals for support are warmly received by many New York voters but stir hostile emotions in many others.

"No one I know of commands greater loyalty than Bobby Kennedy," says one political figure, "or has more people who hate his guts."

A common dislike for Kennedy has made political bedfellows of New Yorkers who almost never agree on anything. Many leading businessmen are against him but so is *The Nation*, a liberal weekly which reflexively favors Democrats. As might be expected, Roy Cohn, onetime aide to Sen. Joseph McCarthy, opposes Kennedy, but so does Gore Vidal, the liberal novelist and playwright. Vidal has helped organize Democrats for Keating, a group that is attempting to exploit the anti-Kennedy feeling that is rife among Democratic intellectuals. Many Democrats, intellectual and otherwise, are alarmed that Kennedy's candidacy is supported by the old-time political bosses, although most leaders of the reform wing of the party have also endorsed him.

The New York Republican leaders, of course, like Kennedy least of all. They foresee that a Kennedy victory will endanger the G.O.P.'s control of the state, and so they are spending almost $2 million to beat him. President Eisenhower's Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, has come out of retirement to mastermind Keating's campaign, and Thomas E. Dewey, three times governor of New York, has stepped forward to lend his support.

But though Republican politicians and some Democrats are upset about Bobby, many other New Yorkers seem to find him fascinating. Wherever he campaigns,

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he draws enormous crowds. In Manhattan it took him more than an hour one day to travel 20 blocks up Fifth Avenue through a throng of 150,000. In Buffalo over 100,000 lined the roads to see him as he rode in from the airport. At the state capital of Albany, which is accustomed to political comings and goings, Bobby tried to walk 200 yards across a park after delivering a speech; 40 minutes later, with the help of 125 grunting policemen, he made it.

Caught in mob after mob, Kennedy is subjected to a punishing physical ordeal. Bodies crush against him; arms pummel him; fingers grab, poke, claw. All day long thousands reach out to touch him, and their fingernails scratch him raw; by evening his hands are swollen with scratches, and he must cover them with antibiotic ointment to avoid infection. Five times a day he must change his shirt; three times a day he must change his suit. Early in the campaign crowds ripped apart two of his tailored suits. Since then he has worn suits bought off the rack.

In the grip of the crowds during the first few days of the campaign, Kennedy looked like a frightened man about to bolt for his life. When allowed to speak, he stumbled haltingly through his addresses, tentatively trying out various themes. But within a week, gaining confidence, he began to display the distinctive Kennedy manner. A Washington correspondent, who came to see how the candidate was doing, exclaimed, "My God, he looks just like Jack!"

Bobby, in fact, of all the Kennedy brothers, least resembles John Kennedy physically. There is, however, the eerie echo of his accent, a sudden movement of his head, the remembered gestures. Bobby does nothing to play down the resemblance. Over and over he uses many of the phrases his brother used. And on a recent trip he made to his boyhood home in Riverdale in order to underscore his New York upbringing, Bobby brought along little John F. Kennedy Jr.

Whether or not Bobby deliberately accentuates it, the Kennedy aura still has its effect. Normally, turnouts such as Kennedy has been getting would signal a sweeping victory. But a great many of the people who come out to see him are celebrity-seekers, and many others are simply expressing their grief for the late President. As Bobby himself said on several occasions, "I am deeply touched that you have come. I know it is a gesture of affection to the entire Kennedy family."

How many in the Kennedy throngs will vote for him? "All I can say about crowds like this," said a Kennedy aide, "is that I'd be damned worried if Keating were getting them."

While the mobs buffet Kennedy, 64-year-old Kenneth Keating carries on a far less chaotic campaign. Elected to his present term by an uncomfortably narrow margin Keating has spent the past six, years continually crisscrossing the state calling upon constituents. "He hasn't missed a christening, bar mitzvah or wedding that I know of," says one observer.

Keating is a liberal, the only kind of Republican that can win in New York, and, standing almost alone among Republican senators, he refused to endorse the G.O.P. national ticket. The specter that haunts him is that the millions of city voters, in their rush to vote against Goldwater, will forget to split their tickets and vote for Keating.

But Keating is popular, and Kennedy knows it. So Kennedy, in his initial swings around the state, aimed his main thrusts at Goldwater and made only oblique references to Keating. "I am for Lyndon Johnson and against Barry Goldwater," he cried, "and I am the only candidate for the U.S. Senate in New York who can make that statement." But some listeners would not abide this indirection. "What about Keating?" hecklers would yell, as Kennedy was attacking Goldwater. Kennedy shifted to a new approach. "Answering roll-call votes is not enough," he would cry. "New York deserves a senator who will act—who will initiate!" And then he would reel off a string of bills on education, transportation, housing and welfare introduced by senators from other states across the country. "Where," he would demand, "was the junior senator from New York?"

For Robert Kennedy, campaigning is not fun. He is basically introverted, a man who a year ago cared little what his public image was. The part of politics that fascinates him is the planning, the strategy, the behind-the-scenes play—the chores he performed for his brother. "I didn't have to worry about anything except my speeches," John Kennedy once said. "Bobby took care of all the rest."

But now Bobby, who has never before run for office, is the candidate, and a lonely one. As always, he drives himself. Only late at night, on the way back to New York City in the family plane *Caroline*, does he settle down, hunched over in his customary fashion as he spoons clam chowder from a bowl or sips a bourbon-on-the-rocks. Sometimes he moves about, chatting with the newspapermen, but often as not he will sit by himself, the fingers of his right hand slowly tapping the side of his arm chair, his chin resting in his left hand, his eyes staring blankly out the plane window.

"I'm not in this for the title or for the hell of it," Kennedy told a friend recently, from the bottom of one of those bleak moods of his. "It's because I think I can do a job."

Carrying on for his slain brother is undoubtedly important to Bobby Kennedy. But he is in the New York race also because his alternatives were whittled away. Last spring, when New York Democratic leaders came to talk with him about their state's Senate seat, Bobby was still a leading contender for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. And so he merely listened politely while former Gov. Averell Harriman, Buffalo boss Peter Crotty and young Nassau County chairman John English spelled out their need. Not since 1954, they reminded him, had the party elected a governor in New York, and it had been even longer since it sent a senator to Washington.

There were other possible candidates. UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson was one, but he had grown tired of political warfare. Another was New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner Jr., who long had dreamed of sitting in the Senate. But the mayor's wife had just died, and the dream had lost something; and in any case it was by no means certain that Wagner could defeat Keating. A new face was desperately needed. Kennedy's real political future, the New Yorkers insisted, was in elective office. New York, they argued, was the place to go.

Some of Bobby's closest friends counseled him not to do anything that would hurt his chances for the Vice Presidency. The upshot was a compromise whereby Crotty and English, working with Kennedy brother-in-law Stephen Smith, would start sounding out other leaders around the state. In June, just as the pressure on Kennedy to make up his mind reached its peak, the news came that his brother Ted had broken his back in a plane crash—news that hardly put him in a frame of mind to undertake bold projects. The Vice Presidency was apparently still a real possibility, and Bobby put all his chips on it. He announced that he would not run in New York.

On July 29, President Johnson called Bobby to the White House and told him that he was eliminated from the vice-presidential running. At once phone calls began coming in from New York. A week later Bobby was back in the New York race. From the first, his problem was not winning the nomination; he already had enough votes. Instead, it was getting the faction-ridden party to forget its differences long enough to give him effective support. Even Mayor Wagner, the single most powerful Democrat in New York, had never been able to hold full sway in the city. The mayor had worked to reduce the power of the old-time bosses, and when the bosses in Brooklyn and The Bronx embraced Kennedy's cause,

Even with police lines braced against the crowd, it took Kennedy 40 minutes to walk 200 yards in Albany, N.Y., after a speech there.

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"NO ONE I KNOW OF COMMANDS GREATER LOYALTY OR HAS MORE PEOPLE WHO HATE HIS GUTS."

Bobby Kennedy

Wagner smelled a sinister attempt to regain their former status. He also saw Kennedy as a threat to his position as the state's No. 1 Democrat. So the mayor hemmed and hawed, but finally gave Kennedy his blessing.

Those Democrats who may have hoped that having a Kennedy on the ticket would mean an ingenious, smooth-running campaign have been disappointed. Kennedy does not have the same sort of close-knit team that he captained in 1960, nor has there been time for preparation. There have been mishaps.

One recent Sunday night, for instance, his caravan suddenly came to a halt on a deserted street in New York City. Kennedy got out of the car and was gazing around in bewilderment when a reporter came up and asked him what was wrong.

"We're on our way to a meeting of the N.A.A.C.P.," Kennedy replied. "That is, if the vaunted Kennedy machine can find out where the meeting is being held!"

In New York, where the votes of minority groups often decide elections, no candidate willingly misses a chance to speak to the N.A.A.C.P. But as attorney general, Kennedy worked mightily for civil rights and has strong support among the state's Negroes. He has had difficulties, however, in appealing to other minorities. Asked by Polish-Americans to review their Pulaski Day parade, he instead joined it, waving to voters as he marched along. One parade official, a Republican, accused him of breaking the parade's Poles-only tradition, but other Polish-Americans hastened to assure him it didn't matter.

A more serious gaffe was his staff's failure to get him to a key meeting of Zionist leaders. Kennedy could ill afford the error; Kenneth Keating, a liberal with a record of warm support of Israel, is extremely popular with New York's large Jewish population.

As the campaign headed into its last days, a serious controversy erupted between the two candidates. It started when Senator Keating charged that Kennedy, as Attorney General, had "made a deal" in which more than $60 million of a former German company, which the U.S. seized during World War II, would be turned over to a front for a "huge Nazi cartel." Once he made his charge, he backed off, declaring that he was not accusing Kennedy of anything "improper," but still questioning the settlement. Kennedy cried foul, snapped back that Keating himself had introduced the legislation which made the sale possible and praised the settlement on the floor of the Senate. "Why," he demanded, "has my opponent waited eighteen months to make this charge?" The ins and outs of the case are so complicated that only a financial wizard can understand it. The question is what effect Keating's charge will have on the Jewish vote.

Perhaps the most dangerous charge Kennedy faces is that he is ruthless, ambitious and ready to ride roughshod over anybody who stands in the way of what he wants. Kennedy reacts to this with understandable heat. "When I was Attorney General and brother of the President," he says, "I probably had more power in Washington than a U.S. senator could ever hope to have. If I'm supposed to be like that, just give me one instance when I used that power outside the interests of the United States. The only thing I seem to hear on this score is the waking up of several newspapermen by the FBI during the steel crisis. The fact is that I didn't know any more about it at the time than you did. In the last analysis, it was my responsibility, but as I said, it was done without my knowledge."

All signs point to a very close election. When Kennedy was nominated, a number of private polls gave him an edge over Keating. A month later Kennedy had slipped somewhat. Barring some last-minute development, the race will be a squeaker—just as the 1960 presidential race was for another Kennedy.

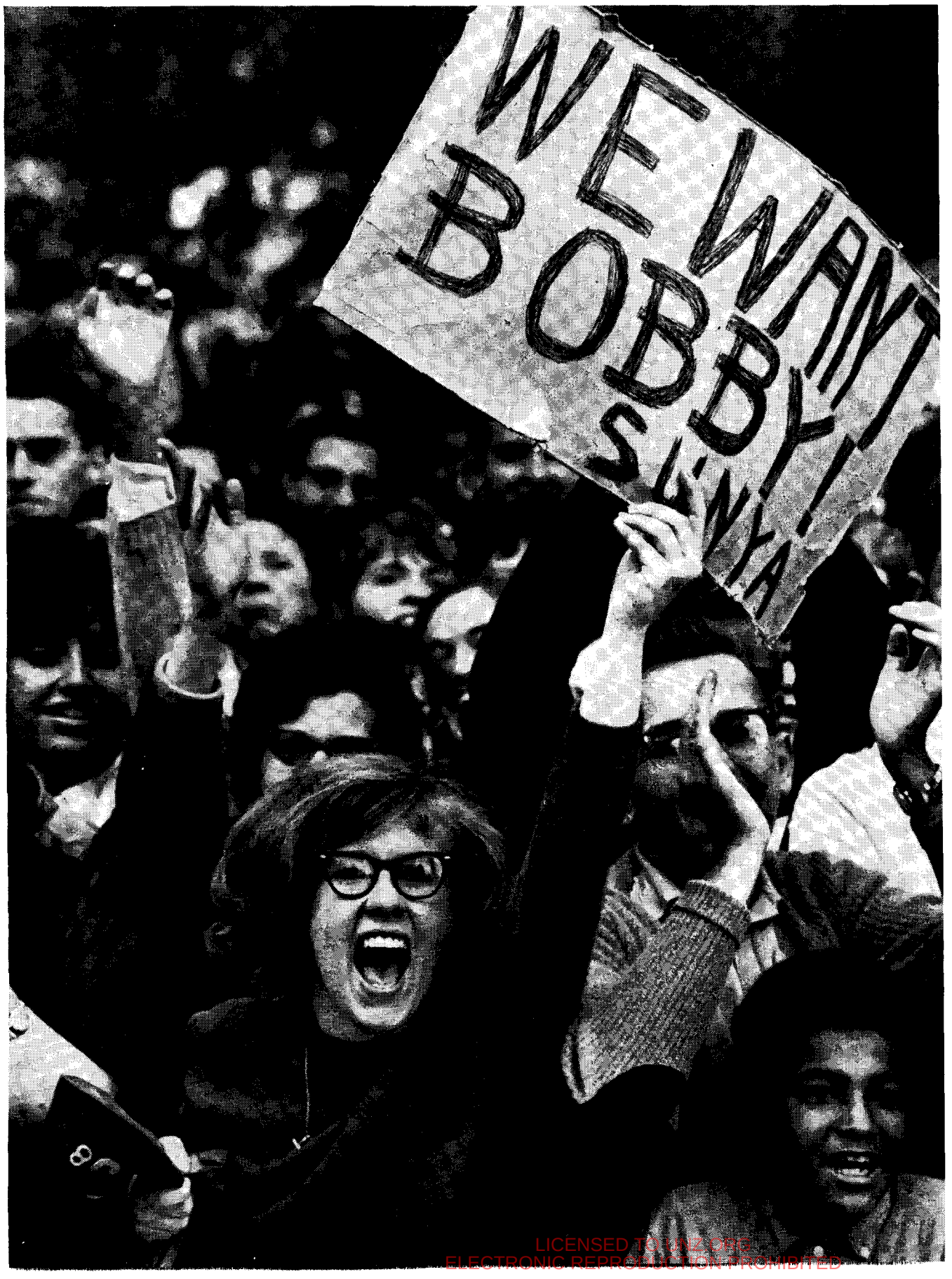
One charge that may count heavily against Kennedy, not just in New York City but across the state, is that he is a "carpetbagger." As more than one voter has snapped, "I think he's got a nerve, coming into this state."

Kennedy tries to brush off the charge with humorous remarks. Sitting with a friend recently in his newly rented home in Glen Cove, N. Y., Kennedy said, "I was raised in New York and went to school here. If somebody's going to vote against me because of my accent, there's really nothing I can do about it." And then he added lightly, "It's really a Glen Cove accent, you know."

But, for all the jokes he makes, Kennedy takes the threat of the carpetbagger issue seriously. Not long ago, campaigning on Long Island, he stopped off for a soda. In between sips he asked a newspaperman if he were going to be with him upstate the next weekend.

"No," the newspaperman said, "I'm taking off for a couple of days—to Boston, of all places."

Kennedy had a quick retort: "Never heard of it." THE END



Crushing up against police barricades in Albany, fans wave and shout their support.

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Nancy Dickerson checks with NBC news executive Bob Butterfield before departing on a whistle-stop tour with Lady Bird.

As her good friend Lyndon

Inside Atlantic City's Convention Hall the nominating speeches for Lyndon Johnson droned on. But the big story, the one that held the attention of countless millions of television viewers one night last August, was outside—at nearby Bader Field. There a small group of Secret Service men, local dignitaries, newsmen and TV cameras stood in darkness, waiting for the arrival of the President himself, and hoping for the announcement of the man he had chosen as running mate.

They didn't have long to wait. Moments after the presidential helicopter bounced to a halt, President Johnson and Sen. Hubert Humphrey climbed out and walked quickly toward the crowd. Suddenly an attractive brunette stepped up and, before other newsmen or officials could react, thrust her microphone close to the President's face.

"Hello, Mr. President," said NBC's Nancy Dickerson. "How do you feel?"

"Just fine," answered the President. "I'm happy to see you. You've been doin' wonderful. I've been watching you."

Then, without pausing to thank the President for one of the most impressive endorsements in television-news history, Nancy Dickerson beat her competition to the story everyone was waiting to hear. Speaking into her NBC microphone, President Johnson revealed that he had selected Humphrey as his vice-presidential candidate earlier that afternoon.

"I guess I should have thanked the President," she said later. "But I knew that if I stopped talking for even a second, someone would have started firing questions and beaten me to the big one."

Nancy Dickerson is seldom beaten. NBC's Pauline Frederick, the dean of women TV correspondents, may be more scholarly. And ABC's Lisa Howard, a stormy personality who was suspended by her network until after the election for her personal involvement in New York politics, may be more flamboyant. But Nancy Dickerson is clearly the princess of the industry's press corps.

Slim (five feet seven and 120 pounds) and social (she is a member of Washington's exclusive F Street Club), chic and charming, she looks and dresses like a fashion model, speaks like a professional actress, and goes about her job like a veteran newsman.

"Nancy's very industrious and highly

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Johnson puts it, Nancy Dickerson's "been doin' wonderful" as the nation's No. 1 woman newscaster.

Television's Princess of the Press Corps

By BARRY GOTTEHRER

With NBC newsman Floyd Kalber, Nancy waits for L.B.J.'s arrival in Atlantic City.

intelligent," says Arthur Krock, *The New York Times's* elder-statesmanly Washington correspondent. "She's a good objective reporter with the additional gifts of being a very lovely, effective and charming woman."

Variety's George Rosen was so impressed with her coverage of the Democratic convention that he singled her out as one of his Top Ten TV Gabbers: Cream of the Crop. "She's good," says Rosen, "and she's getting better all the time. But she's no newcomer. She has a long track record."

Actually, her track record is not long, but it is highly impressive. Now 37 (she looks several years younger), she has been a TV correspondent only for the past five years. Yet today, after covering four conventions and two presidential campaigns, she is the only female correspondent in NBC's Washington bureau (the other networks do not have a female correspondent covering the Capital regularly) and one of two females (the other is Pauline Frederick at the United Nations) in her network's 50-member international-news stable. For her interviews, which appear on the *Today* show, the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, and dozens of specials, for her new three-minute radio column, which she writes and reads daily, and for her political coverage, she will earn approximately $40,000 in 1964, more than any other woman in the industry.

Furthermore, she would, according to NBC executives, be worth every penny of it—even if the President hadn't singled her out for a million dollars' worth of free publicity in Atlantic City. In 1960, assigned to cover Johnson on his unsuccessful campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, she was the first TV correspondent to make him reveal that he would accept the vice-presidential nomination. Some months later, covering the inauguration, she was as surprised as her viewers when President Kennedy walked over to her both before and after the ceremonies for a moment of personal chat. She later wrote him a letter, thanking him for his kindness and apologizing for calling him "senator."

"I'm glad you found the exchange useful," wrote the President in a handwritten two-page letter. "You can do the same for me sometime."

After Kennedy's assassination, she got the first exclusive interview with Lady Bird Johnson. Recently she was singled out with CBS's Walter Cronkite and ABC's Howard K. Smith to narrate President Johnson's Salute to Congress on the White House lawn. And at Atlantic City she was the first—and only—correspondent to point out the possible significance of the presence of Mrs. Humphrey, as the only senator's wife, at a welcoming reception for Lady Bird held some hours before the President had announced his decision on his running mate. "There are just some things that a woman may notice that a man won't," she says. "That was one of them."

Not all of her beats have come from the Democrats. On the day when Sen. Barry Goldwater voted against the civil-rights bill, he spotted Nancy in the hall and invited her into his office—revealing during a half-hour conversation the reasons for his decision. "I'm a semi-liberal who likes to complain about things," she says. "But Senator Goldwater is an old friend and knows I keep my personal convictions out of my reporting."

Uncovering a big story

Yet Nancy's biggest exclusive was only indirectly related to her customary Washington beat. Hearing the first news of an airline disaster near San Francisco last spring, she was convinced that the early reports on the causes of the crash just didn't ring true. Working from her own office, phoning constantly to people in Washington and San Francisco, she uncovered the story that the pilot had been shot in the air by a passenger. "That was a big one," she says. "You don't get many like that in a lifetime."

There is no one in Washington who doesn't know Nancy, and there are very few people she doesn't see socially—at small dinners at the White House, at small birthday celebrations for members of the Cabinet, at dinners at the F Street Club, or at her own lavish four-story, nine-bedroom town house in the exclusive Kalorama section of town. To most senators and Cabinet members, she is Nancy or Miss Nancy, and when she announced her engagement two years ago, President Johnson, Justice Arthur Goldberg, and Sen. Abraham Ribicoff served as co-hosts at a dinner party.

"I've lived here for fourteen years now," she says, "and I've always been around these people. They know me, and they know they don't have to say 'This or that is off the record' at their parties. The biggest thing is trust. I've known some of the Cabinet members when they were just starting out. I knew Stewart Udall when he was a freshman congressman, and I was just an administrative assisant for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It was Stew and Nancy then, and it is Stew and Nancy now."

An A student at the University of Wisconsin, a former model and a onetime schoolteacher, Nancy Hanschman (Dickerson is her married name) left home in Wauwatosa, Wis., and headed for Washington in 1950. After haunting committee offices without luck for several months, she finally landed a job with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. As an attractive and intelligent young bachelor girl, Nancy, not surprisingly, started dating many of the most eligible men in Congress. She also became friendly with Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. John Gross, the bosses of Washington's inner social set, who warmed to her and invited her to join the F Street Club.

By 1954 she knew that she wanted to cover Washington for either radio or TV, but both fields seemed closed to women. The opportunity came when CBS, looking for a newsman who knew the Hill well enough to produce a series of Capitol interview shows, agreed to give her a trial. She succeeded—producing *The Leading Question* and *Face the Nation*—and, over the next six years, built up her handy network of contacts and unlisted telephone numbers. "My work for the Senate committee gave me a real advantage," she says. "If you know where the power is, you know that when Senator Russell speaks, he is not speaking only for himself—but for a host of other senators. It isn't a club per se. It's more like the Senate Establishment."

In 1960, after wangling an interview from TV-shy Sam Rayburn, she became the first female correspondent to appear on camera for CBS. "From the start they told me I would never have to cover women's news, and I never have," she says. "One executive, who didn't approve of the idea, asked me please not to giggle on the air. I didn't."

Today, married two years to C. Wyatt Dickerson, a prosperous real-estate investor and a widower with three daughters, she is the mother of a 15-month-old son. She continues to live—and thrive on—one of the most frenetic and complicated professional, family and social lives in Washington. Though she insists that her contacts may provide her with an occasional entrée and nothing more, some of her colleagues disagree and complain of her knack for turning a pretty smile into an exclusive. One syndicated columnist, who prides himself on knowing all of the people in the know in Washington, has gone so far as to criticize the President in print for spending too much time with Nancy and her husband.

The day after President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, an NBC executive rushed into Nancy's office (she switched networks last year) to tell her to hang up her phone immediately. It was President Johnson calling. A few hours later a presidential car picked up Nancy and her husband and took them to a small dinner with the Johnsons.

Yet even for Nancy, knowing the right people is only part of getting the job done. She reads omnivorously (papers, magazines and nearly every book on politics), watches all the TV news and makes frequent use of the congressional libraries. In her limited private life, there are two favorite interests Nancy Dickerson always manages to find time for—her family and her wardrobe. "I have one weakness in my life," she admits. "I love clothes." Her wardrobe—filled with creations by Dior, St. Laurent, and other imposing designers—fills one 10-by-10-yard walk-in closet in her bedroom, and her off-season wardrobe fills two others. For the Republican convention she packed eight outfits, one for every day and several extras, enough to fill an immense trunk ("It's big enough to take care of a month's vacation in Europe," says her husband).

Since the conventions she has received at least a call a day asking her to make speeches at one college campus or another (she gets $1,500 a speech, but will make none until next year). "There are times," she says, "when I think maybe I'm doing too much. But, you know, I don't want a dull life. Anyway, when I'm old and nobody wants me anymore, I can always go back to teaching." THE END

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By Bill Davidson

HOW MAFIA KILLERS GOT THEIR MAN

For a whole year, over thousands of miles, he ran from the vengeance of the underworld. There was no escape.

At 5:41 A.M. on the morning of June 4, 1960, a man named Leroy Cook was driving his son to work in Ontario, Calif., a small town about 50 miles east of Los Angeles. He made a U-turn on Mountain Avenue and as his headlights played across an open field in the sparsely settled residential area, they picked up what seemed to be a human form lying in the middle of the field, about 75 feet from the road. He phoned the San Bernardino County sheriff's office and at 5:57 two deputy sheriffs arrived at the scene.

The deputies walked into the field and discovered the body of a man dressed in a gay Hawaiian-print sport shirt and slacks, from which all identification had been stripped. The man had been viciously beaten about the head. The face was masked in blood. At least 12 blows from a blackjack or a club had shattered the top of his skull. The two officers, E. L. McCoskey and R. E. Coyle, were sickened by the sight. Alongside the body was a blood-soaked yellow chenille bedspread which was spotted with green paint. There was no other evidence.

Four days later the FBI crime laboratories in Washington, D.C., identified the body, from its fingerprints, as that of James V. Delmont, an ex-convict hoodlum and member of the Mafia in Buffalo, N. Y. With this lead, the small Ontario police department struggled with the case for eight months, but the nationwide ramifications of the crime proved too much for it, and in 1961 the investigation was taken over by the Mafia experts of the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles Police Department. Today, four years later, the case still is not solved. In the meantime, however, the continuing investigation has turned up what Capt. Daryl Gates, head of the Division, calls "a more penetrating insight into the operations of the Mafia than any of the Joe Valachi disclosures, which were mostly confined to one area."

The Intelligence Division's foremost Mafia expert, Sgt. Peter N. Bagoye, says, "If any police officer still doubts the existence and power of the Mafia, the Cosa Nostra, or whatever you want to call it, just let him read this case. This man Delmont spent a year and traveled thousands of miles trying to escape the vengeance of the Mafia. He left a trail of letters and conversations behind—the first known case in which there is an existing blueprint of how the Syndicate works. Delmont led a worthless life, but in death, at least, he unknowingly left some good behind him."

For 42 of his 43 years, James V. Delmont was a nobody—even in the crime world which he frequented. The police files simply say he was "a small-time hoodlum closely associated with the Mafia element in Buffalo, New York," but, according to police intelligence experts, he was, like Joseph Valachi, a "soldier" or "button man," the lowest rank in the Mafia hierarchy.

Delmont's early life gave no indication that he might someday activate the nationwide execution apparatus of the Syndicate. He was born in Buffalo on October 22, 1916, of Italian immigrant parents, and as a child he received his basic training in the crime-ridden West Side slums of the city. He had two brothers and two sisters, who apparently defeated their environment, but young Jim grew up to be a loudmouthed, hot-tempered youth who was constantly in trouble in school. He never went beyond the eighth grade. By the time he was 15, he was tall, slim and handsome—and he had a criminal record. He received a suspended sentence for being implicated in a robbery in 1931—at an age when most children are concerned only with what to wear to the high-school freshman dance.

For the next seven years Delmont's record is studded with arrests—but only two convictions (one a $25 fine, the other a suspended sentence)—on charges ranging from bookmaking to suspicion of burglary. This ability to evade the law apparently attracted the attention of the Mafia. There is evidence that Delmont was admitted to the organization—with the appropriate bloodletting ritual—in 1938, when he was 22 years old.

Delmont worked as an "enforcer" and collector of bookmaking debts for the mob and probably participated in some successful robberies. In 1939, however, his luck ran out. With three other men, he was assigned to rob the Italian Club in the village of North East, just outside Erie, Pa. They swept into the club and took $500 from the members at gunpoint. Then, as instructed, they moved on to Youngstown, Ohio, another Mafia stronghold, to hide out. But they failed to stay under cover, and a month later they were picked up by the Youngstown police. They were returned to Erie for trial, and Delmont got a sentence of two-and-a-half-to-five years in Pennsylvania's Allegheny County Workhouse.

When Delmont got out of jail, he was rewarded by his superiors—presumably for keeping his mouth shut—with a small bookie operation of his own. He then married Antoinette De Paolo, a pretty typist in Buffalo. They had four children, two boys and two girls, who now range in age from 10 to 20. For some unknown reason Delmont was never drafted into the Army in World War II, but he was

In a dreary field east of Los Angeles, police officers found the badly beaten body of Mafia execution victim James V. Delmont.

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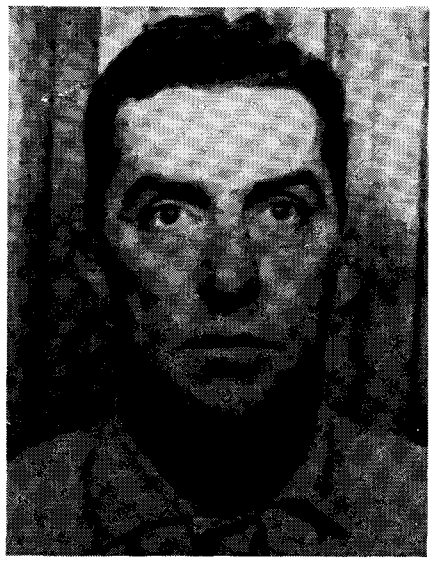

Delmont was a private in the Mafia's army.

arrested and fined on a bookmaking charge in Buffalo in 1942 and again, as a public nuisance, in 1944. His bookie business apparently didn't do too well because he also did odd jobs for the mob, such as working as the doorman at the Ramsay Club, a gambling casino in Niagara Falls, Canada. Also, from 1951 to 1958, Delmont had to supplement his income by working as a forklift operator at the Bell aircraft plant in Buffalo.

By his own later admission, however, his principal occupation was armed robbery. He worked with a gang consisting of himself, Charles "Limey" Miller, Fred and Frank Acquino and Richard Battaglia. They would disguise themselves by putting paper bags, with eyeholes, over their heads, and they would beat their victims before robbing them.

This phase of Delmont's career came to a sudden end after his gang made the mistake of robbing some fellow Mafia members. Retribution for this came with swift finality: Miller, Frank Acquino and Battaglia were all found shot to death; Fred Acquino was presumably selected by the Mafia executioners to be an even more grim object lesson. His naked body was discovered in Tonawanda, N. Y., with the entire face and upper body disfigured with acid.

Either the Mafia was not quite sure that Delmont was involved, or someone interceded for him because he was well liked and had done many favors for his superiors. In any event his life was spared, but to keep him under closer supervision, he was put to work as a taxi driver in Buffalo for the Madison Cab Company.

On June 18, 1959, the hot-tempered Delmont had a violent argument with Steven Cannarozzo, the son of the owner of the Madison Cab Company, over his refusal to pick up a drunk in his cab. Delmont went home, told his wife he had been fired, and then rushed out of the house again. One hour and 15 minutes later, Cannarozzo and another man were shot and wounded by "an unknown assailant" in the cab company's offices. Delmont was almost immediately picked up and questioned by the Buffalo police, but he was released without charges being placed against him.

For the next few days Delmont alternately seethed and brooded, and committed strange and impetuous acts. He threatened to kill some local Mafia under-bosses. He also cut out a news photo of Buffalo Mafia boss Sam Lagattuta and mailed it, without explanation, to a man we'll call Oscar Vestal, an ex-convict who had befriended him during his Pennsylvania prison term. Vestal had gone straight since his brush with the law in the 1930's and was living a peaceful family-man existence as a nightclub waiter in Los Angeles. He had seen Delmont and corresponded with him only intermittently since their penitentiary days. Delmont was soon to reenter his life rather dramatically, but at the time the Lagattuta photo arrived in Vestal's mail, it was a complete mystery to him. Later, Vestal guessed that Delmont was trying to warn him to be cautious if a man resembling the photograph came around asking questions about him.

On June 23, 1959—five days after the cab-company shootings—Delmont abruptly told his wife in Buffalo that he was going to California because the Mafia believed him guilty of the attack. "My life is in danger," he told her, "but don't worry. I think I can straighten it out." He threw some clothes into a suitcase and drove off in the family car, a 1956 Ford. Later that day the Buffalo Police Department had second thoughts about having released Delmont and put out an all-points bulletin for his arrest on the charge of first-degree assault, an extraditable offense.

When Delmont left home on June 23, 1959, he didn't go to California, but to Miami, where he arrived on the morning of June 25. He sold his car and went directly to see a man known as John Peanuts, an ex-Buffalo gambler who now runs a bar in Miami Beach. John Peanuts, a member of the Mafia and well-known by his real name to law-enforcement intelligence agents, has a long record of arrests for assault conspiracy, operating a gambling house, bookmaking, robbery, possession of burglar's tools, etc. He is godfather to one of Delmont's children, but as Delmont later explained to a priest, he went to see John Peanuts for another reason—to invoke the Mafia's Law of Intercession.

This unwritten tradition entitles a Mafia member, when he gets into trouble with the organization, to ask another member in good standing to intercede for him and plead his case. The interceder can be the other man's *compari*, an older member who was named to be his mentor at the time of his initiation, or any other respected member who can function as his *avugat*, or advocate. The Law of Intercession provides that in return for this service, the beneficiary of the intercession is indebted to the man who pleads his case. He must repay his debt with a favor asked of him by the interceder at any time in the future. The "favor" can be anything up to and including committing murder.

It is not clear whether Delmont considered John Peanuts to be his *compari*, or a free-lance *avugat*, but he did beg his intercession. John Peanuts told Delmont there was absolutely nothing he could do for him at that time, but he advised him specifically to go to Vancouver, B. C., and to live there for a few years until tempers and memories cooled. In the meantime, he told Delmont, he would attempt to straighten the matter out. Delmont refused to go to Vancouver, believing that the Mafia would then know where he was and would track him down. He and John Peanuts left each other on friendly terms, however, and he arranged for either himself or his wife to keep in touch with John Peanuts in order to make further attempts at intercession.

Delmont's next move is open to dispute. He later told several people, including two priests, that he went to the Miami office of the FBI, obviously in a panic. He said he spoke to a man at the desk and offered to divulge secrets of the Mafia in exchange for information about members of the Buffalo Mafia who might be in Miami looking for him. He said the FBI offered him a deal to work undercover for a while, and that they would then protect him by sending him to the Middle East to work for an American oil firm. Delmont said he turned down this offer on the grounds that working anywhere inside the Mafia organization would mean death for him.

He said he then simply walked out of the FBI offices, and they let him go. The FBI has no record of any visit made by Delmont to its Miami offices.

In any event, on that same day, June 25, Delmont went to the outskirts of Miami and began to hitchhike his way west. Early in July he showed up in the study of a Catholic monsignor in Southern California. The monsignor, an aged man of Italian birth, listened to Delmont's story, gave him some money and offered him sanctuary in the Trappist Monastery of Our Lady of New Clairvaux in Vina, Calif., near Sacramento. The monsignor told him to report to a certain priest, Father L. When Delmont arrived at the monastery, Father L. asked him why the monsignor had sent him to a priest who had only been in the area for a short time and whose name he couldn't possibly have known. Delmont replied, "The Mafia knows everything." Father L. later told the police he believed the monsignor worked in the Mafia the way other priests work among drug addicts, and that "he was known to his wild children as one to whom they could come for counsel."

A safe place to hide

Delmont told his harrowing tale to Father L. but obviously left out the part about the cab-company shooting, because Father L. later exclaimed, "Just for beating up a member of the Mafia, he'd fallen under their vendetta." Father L. reported, "As I listened to Delmont's story, I felt an urgency in him which bordered on the desperate. I assured myself that he would pose no threat to anyone in the monastery, and I told him he could stay if he liked, just so long as he carried his share of the burdens. So he stayed on as a worker, with no vows."

The inhabitants of the monastery consisted of three groups: the Trappist monks who observed the vow of silence; Father L. and several Brothers who administered the monastery, maintained the grounds and ran the farm which provided most of their food; and a group of resident workers who did the labor. Delmont was in the latter category. He had to attend Mass every morning and be at work, driving a truck, at 7 A.M. Within the monastery walls he could not eat meat, drink alcohol, or enjoy the company of women.

Delmont developed a close friendship at the monastery with a Brother James (not his real name) and gradually revealed more about his past. He confessed to a gang killing in Buffalo and told of his varied employment by the mob: as a "tree man" for a gambling house in Saratoga, N. Y. (shaking down customers for weapons and transporting them from the parking lot to the casino), as a collector for Syndicate gambling, and as a fixer of mob-controlled prizefights.

He revealed to Brother James—who is not an ordained priest and therefore not subject to the secrecy of the confessional—some of the most intimate details of the Mafia code. He told him about the Law of Intercession and about the three distinct types of Mafia ritual murder: the first, when a man disappears quietly without a trace for some violation of Mafia business ethics; the second, in which a victim is shot in the back of the head in a public place or is blown up by a bomb in his car as a warning to others not to commit the same indiscretion; and the third, mutilation of the body in some horrible way, as the most dread warning of all to others who might be tempted to commit the same crime.

Delmont also told Brother James about another law of the Mafia—that a fugitive member is safe from its vengeance whenever he takes refuge in a House of God. He indicated that so long as he remained in the monastery, there would be no attempt to kill him, even if the Mafia knew where he was. Perhaps secure in this knowledge, Delmont began to phone his wife in Buffalo, but he made his calls at two or three o'clock in the morning and always from a pay phone. He also wrote to Ann, as he called her. Father L., to whom Delmont showed some of the letters, says, "They were adolescent. Most men cannot write of their love for their wives." The letters and phone calls were a puzzle to Brother James, who says, "There was one unusual thing about Delmont—a constant fear that members of his own family would betray him to the Mafia."

According to Brother James, this fear grew more pronounced the longer Delmont stayed at the monastery. Brother James says, "I actually saw Jim disintegrate with the tension. He told me, 'The Mafia is stronger than the FBI,' and he kept saying, 'They're going to kill me at night.' He wrote several letters to a man he called 'Compari John' in Miami, but John wrote back saying that since Jim hadn't followed his advice to go to Vancouver, he was washing his hands of the entire affair. As time went on, Delmont developed a tendency to blow up and get hot-tempered about anything that happened. He had some noisy fights with the other laborers. This disturbed the serenity of the gentle Trappist monks to the point where they asked Father L. to make him leave. He finally lost his sanctuary for the most trivial of reasons: There was a television set in his dormitory and on the nights when boxing bouts were broadcast, Delmont wouldn't let his co-workers watch any other program. Then, while the fights were on, he'd have loud arguments with them on the merits of the boxers. One night, early in October 1959 (after he had been at the monastery for three months), his bellowed comments awakened the monks. It was the last straw. He was asked to move out of the monastery on October 9.

He never told his wife the real reason for his hasty departure. On October 12, he wrote her the following letter:

Jesus
Dear Ann:

Gee the kids all sound very good. Gee I wish I could have talked longer at the price 2.50 for 3 minutes that's all I had. I had to laugh, the operator kept saying your time is up and Dearest Joanne kept saying bye Daddy. Well listen Ann, I am staying alive on count of my wits and brains but one little mistake and I am a goner, this place is too dangerous for me the only way I can stay alive is by very careful plans. So please Ann don't write to me any more. In fact I think I'll look for another place to work. I guess

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I have faith in myself to get a job in any place like this. Once you make a mistake in my life it means death, and I don't want those rats to think I am that easy to get. So please Ann think of it my way. I'll stay here until I get a months pay then I think I'll move someplace else. This way I'll call you up now and then and only the Lord will know my address. We have gone this far and everything is going great. So I think you'll agree with me that once a letter or anything that means this address could ruin me. So please Ann wait for my call, I ain't even going to take a chance on a letter, Jim.

Three weeks later, however, Delmont was impelled to write to his wife again. When he left the monastery on October 9, he had taken a bus to Los Gatos, about 50 miles south of San Francisco, where there is a Catholic convent. He had simply walked into the convent, asked for a job, and was hired as a janitor. In the subsequent letter home he wrote:

Dearest Ann:

Well here I am again back to work for "God's" Grace. Well darling wife this time I am working for nuns instead of monks. Gee what a difference, bacon and eggs in the morning, meat for dinner and supper. Name of the place is Sisters of Holy Name, 200 Prospect Avenue, Los Gatos, California. I think the pay here is $100 a month, room and board. Gee honey that isn't bad. At least that will pay all your taxes and insurance and small bills.

Well honey I pray to the "Dear Lord" every day for you and the kids and your brothers and their families. I hope the Dear Lord will make us together all again very shortly. But lets hold our heads until the time. Now Ann please don't let anyone besides you know where I am at. You see Darling there are homes right across from here and a public road going all around here. Say by the way sweetheart you know that I called you up and reversed the charges, well honey when you get that phone bill for God's sake make sure nobody sees it because on it, it will have Los Gatos. So, honey please tear it up. Gee honey its starting to get to be a long time, man all I do is think of you and the kids. I know you and the kids are good, but please Ann don't send anything out here on my birthday, because I don't think it's safe. Well, darling I will call up it will be about 12 or 1 this way I know you will be home. If I don't call I will call the next week. Ann don't worry about me. I am all right. Now Ann I guess you shouldn't write. Wait until I can think of some name or some way, now please Dear take good care of yourself and I will do the "praying" for you. I love you very much Ann, now please Ann don't write until I say so, bye Darling wife I'll see you in my dreams. I love you, Jim.

Delmont lived and worked at the convent from October 9, 1959 until May 24, 1960. Although he tried to avoid the same mistakes that had resulted in his being asked to leave the monastery, his imperfections of character soon betrayed him again. Sister Gabriel, head of the convent, later told the police, "Delmont was a discordant factor inasmuch as he was a noisy egotist."

Delmont apparently realized his second sanctuary was not going to be a permanent one, because he wrote another letter to his wife in November, 1959, saying he was ready for death, and that he was trying to take out an insurance policy to cover the cost of his burial on the grounds of the Trappist Monastery, "the most wonderful place I've ever been at." He begged her not to spend $1,000 to have his body shipped back to Buffalo and emphasized that the monastery interment would only cost $100. He wrote again in December, asking her to contact John Peanuts in Miami to make another plea for intercession. Delmont expressed hope that the heat had died down by now and that "the big shots in Buffalo might remember all the favors I did for them." The plea failed.

When he finally was asked to leave the convent, Delmont walked out with $187 in pay in his pocket. He went to the Los Gatos branch of the Bank of America to cash his check, then to the motor vehicle bureau to reactivate his driver's license. From there he walked to the bus depot and boarded a bus for Los Angeles. He rode the bus all night and the next morning, May 25, he walked into the office of the FBI in Los Angeles. He said he wanted to know who was in Southern California from the Buffalo Mafia, in return for which information he would reveal secrets of the Mafia generally. Delmont told a garbled story of his predicament, filled with lies and half-truths. and the clerk who interviewed him dismissed him as a nut. No deal was made. Fearful and disappointed, Delmont then phoned Oscar Vestal, his friend from his prison days, who lives in nearby Highland Park. He asked Vestal to come and pick him up at the FBI offices. Vestal was a bit startled by the unexpected phone call, but he came to fetch Delmont in his car, and he took him to his home.

As soon as he was established at Vestal's, Delmont asked his host's 16-year-old daughter, Shirley, about the nearest Catholic Church. She directed him to St. Bernard's Parish and Delmont walked there alone. He talked with Father Dennis Murphy and told him he had left Buffalo because he had "done something," that "the mob is out to kill me," and that "my life is not worth a plugged nickel." He said he was looking for a monastery in the Los Angeles area in which he could work and hide. Father Murphy referred him to St. Joseph's Parish in downtown Los Angeles for possible employment with a Franciscan mission in rural Southern California.

There is no record at St. Joseph's that Delmont ever went there to apply for the job. Instead, he seems to have settled down, in the Vestal home, to a period of waiting and hoping to make contact with someone. He was an unobtrusive and cooperative guest, helping Vestal with such chores as laying a concrete patio outside the house. He lived with the Vestals for a total of nine days. He would leave in the morning, saying he was going to look for a job, and return in the late afternoon.

During this period, Delmont told Vestal he was trying to see a man we'll call Mario P. This man has long been well-known to law-enforcement intelligence experts. He once served a 10-to-15-year prison term for robbery, was a "muscle man" who collected bookie debts in the days when the Mafia and Bugsy Siegel controlled Los Angeles. He is a man with enough status in the Mafia to perform quite satisfactorily as an *avugat* under the Law of Intercession.

On May 30, 1960, Delmont went with one of Vestal's neighbors to see the Los Angeles Dodgers play the St. Louis Cardinals at Los Angeles' Coliseum. He made a date to see the night game of June 3 with the same neighbor.

Back in Buffalo, when June 3 came, law-enforcement agents noted considerable activity among the Mafia leaders of the city. At 11 A.M. that morning the cars of six top Buffalo mob leaders pulled up at the Maggadino Memorial Chapel, a funeral home at 1338 Niagara Street, Niagara Falls, N. Y. The six went inside. Among them was under-boss John Cammileri. At the conclusion of the meeting a long-distance phone call was made to the Los Angeles area, but intelligence agents could not monitor it.

Delmont spent June 3 in Vestal's house in Los Angeles. He seemed nervous and upset. That morning he phoned Vestal's neighbor and told him he couldn't make the baseball game that night because he was going to apply for a job and had "a date to see someone after that." At about 5 P.M. Vestal went to work, and Mrs. Vestal left to visit some friends. Their daughter served Delmont his dinner, which consisted of warmed-over macaroni and red peppers.

At about 8:30 P.M. Shirley noticed that Delmont was poring through the phone book, looking for an address. She walked over to help him and observed that he was looking at a page of names beginning with the letter P. Delmont asked the youngster how he could get, by bus, to a certain street corner in downtown Los Angeles. She told him. He then said he was going to see Mario P.

Shirley, who had grown quite fond of Delmont, walked him to the front door of the house and pointed him in the direction of the nearest bus stop. His last words to her were, "If anyone calls, tell them I'm going to take a bus ride to see a friend I haven't seen in twenty years." She watched him as he walked several blocks toward the bus stop and then disappeared from view. She was the last known person to see him alive. It was the following morning, June 4, 1960, that his brutally beaten body was found, 50 miles away, in the field in Ontario, Calif.

It was only 10 days since Delmont had left his sanctuary at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Name—10 days for the Mafia to find him among millions of people in a huge city. The police, in the meantime, were still looking for Delmont in the eastern states.

Thus, an insignificant soldier in crime's shadow army died. The Mafia had scored another humiliating victory over law enforcement. THE END

The Mafia knew who he was if the law didn't. Delmont's battered body is removed for identification by FBI fingerprint experts.

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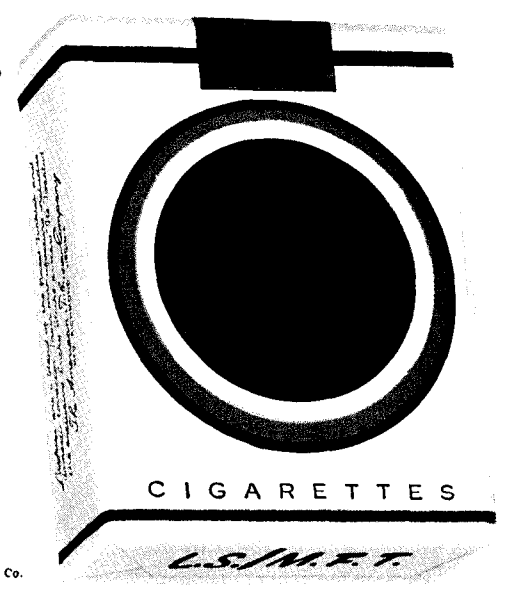

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ONE OF THE DEAD

FOR HALLOWEEN, A CLASSIC GHOST STORY: ONE THAT OPENS WITH OMINOUS TRANQUILLITY AND ENDS IN UTTER HORROR.

By William Wood

We couldn't have been more pleased. Deep in Clay Canyon we came upon the lot abruptly at a turn in the winding road. There was a crudely lettered board nailed to a dead tree which read, LOT FOR SALE—$1500 OR BEST OFFER, and a phone number.

"Fifteen hundred dollars—in Clay Canyon? I can't believe it," Ellen said.

"Or best offer," I corrected.

"I've heard you can't take a step without bumping into some movie person here."

"We've come three miles already without bumping into one. I haven't seen a soul."

"But there are the houses." Ellen looked about breathlessly.

There indeed were the houses—to our left and our right, to our front and our rear—low, ranch-style houses, unostentatious, prosaic, giving no hint of the gay and improbable lives we imagined went on inside them. But as the houses marched up the gradually climbing road there was not a single person to be seen. The cars—the Jaguars and Mercedeses and Cadillacs and Chryslers—were parked unattended in the driveways, their chrome gleaming in the sun; I caught a glimpse of one corner of a pool and a white diving board, but no one swam in the turquoise water. We climbed out of the car, Ellen with her rather large, short-haired head stooped forward as if under a weight. Except for the fiddling of a cicada somewhere on the hill, a profound hush lay over us in the stifling air. Not even a bird moved in the motionless trees.

"There must be something wrong with it," Ellen said.

"It's probably already been sold, and they just didn't bother to take down the sign. . . . There was something here once, though." I had come across several ragged chunks of concrete that lay about randomly as if heaved out of the earth.

"A house, do you think?"

"It's hard to say. If it was a house it's been gone for years."

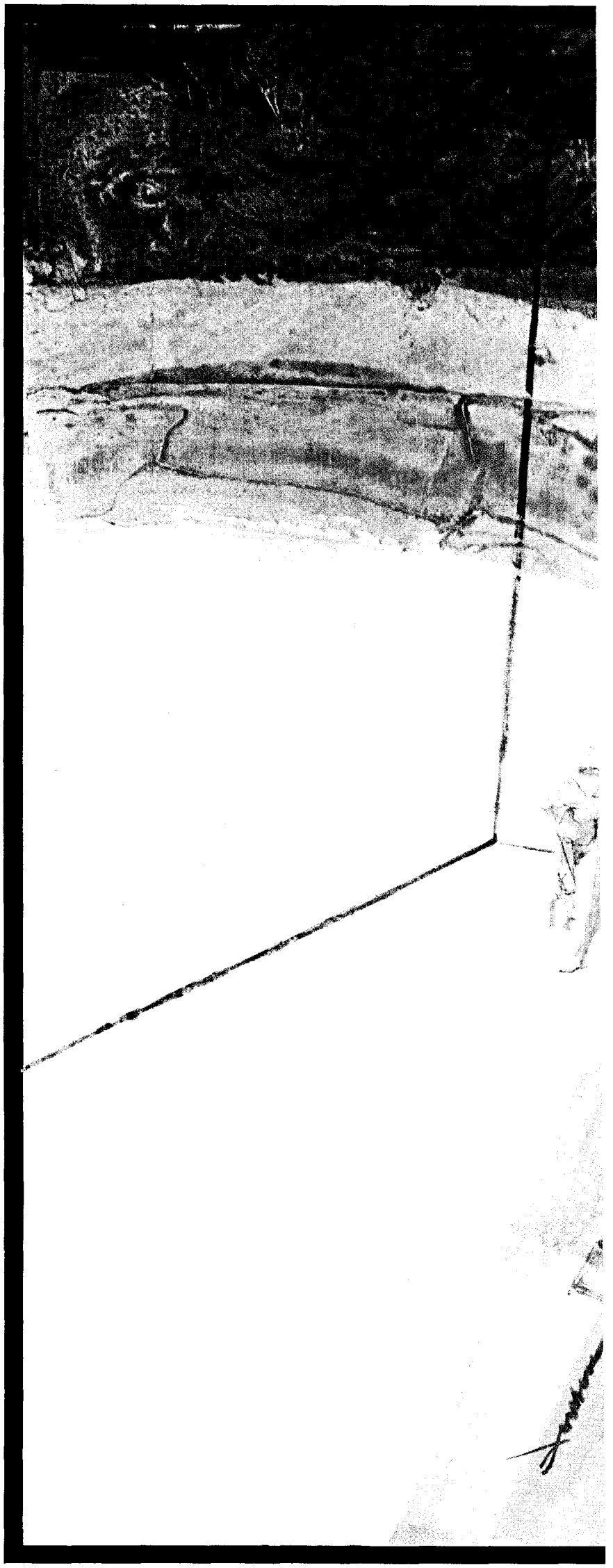
"Oh, Ted," Ellen cried. "It's perfect! Look at the view!" She pointed up the canyon toward the round, parched hills. Through the heat shimmering on the road they appeared to be melting down like wax.

"Another good thing," I said. "There won't be much to do to get the ground ready except for clearing the brush away. This place has been graded once. We save a thousand dollars right there."

Ellen took both my hands. Her eyes shone in her solemn face. "What do you think, Ted? What do you think?"

Ellen and I had been married four years, having both taken the step relatively late—in our early thirties—and in that time had lived in two different places, first an apartment in Santa Monica, then, when I was promoted to office manager, in a partly furnished house in the Hollywood Hills, always with the idea that when our first child came we would either buy or build a larger house of our own. But the child had not come. It was a source of anxiety and sadness to us both and lay between us like an old scandal for which each of us took on the blame.

Then I made an unexpected killing on the stock market and Ellen



Illustrated by Jim Jonson

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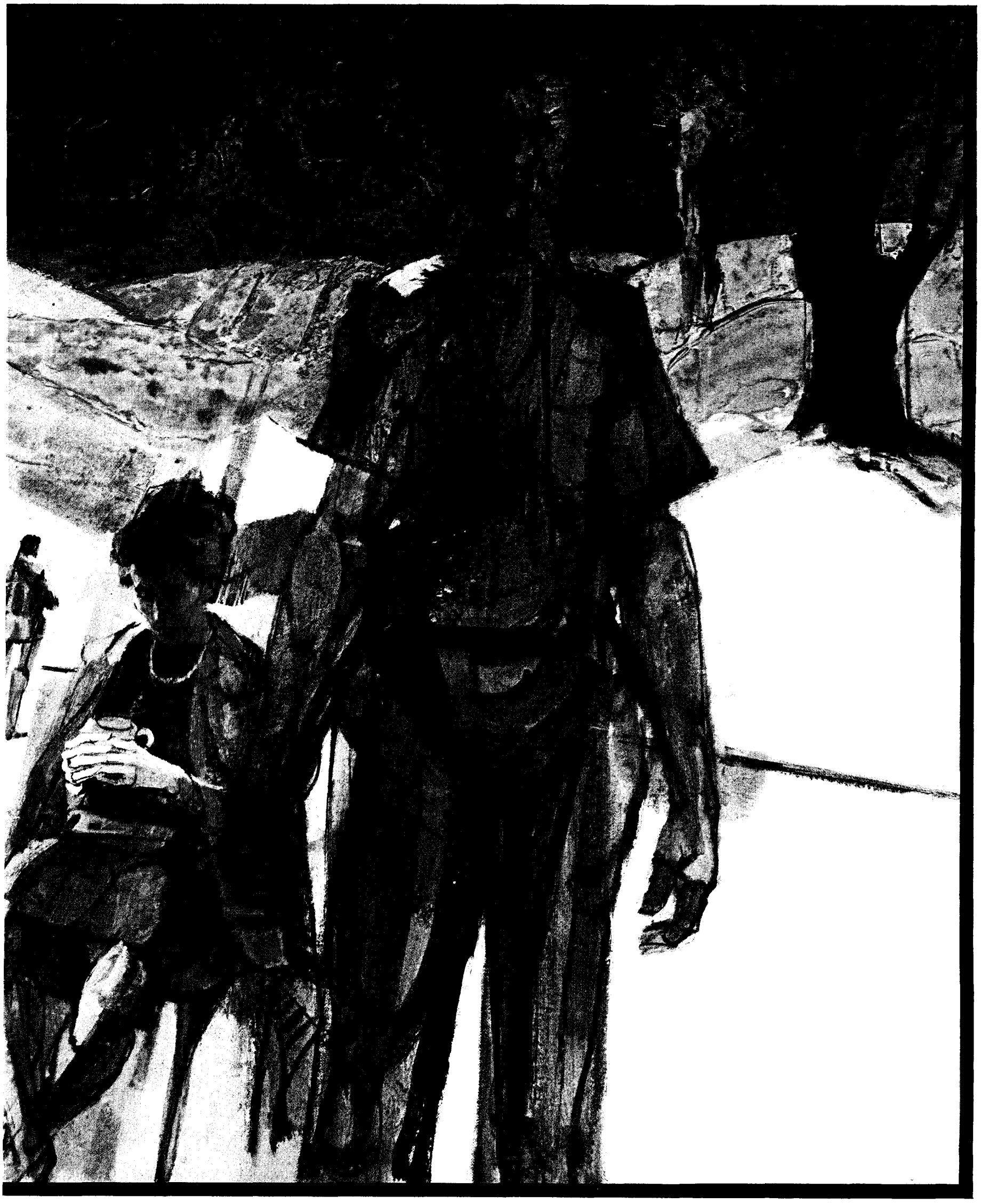

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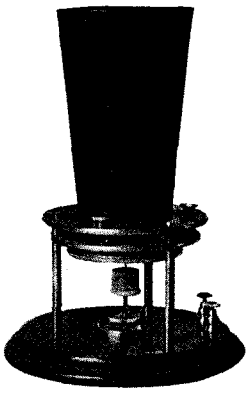
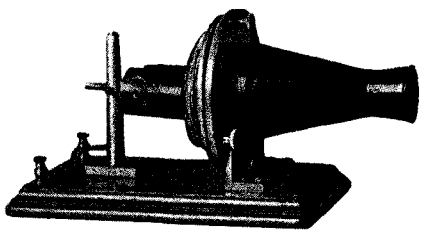
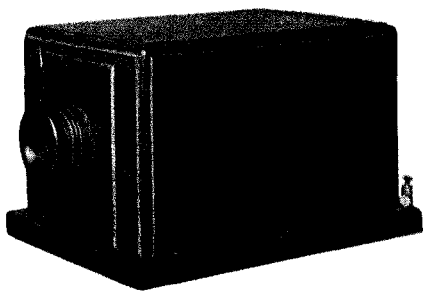


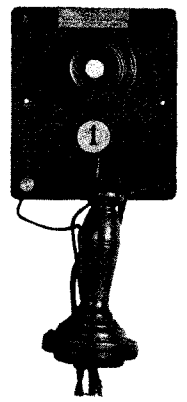
1876 Liquid Telephone. This is Alexander Graham Bell's historic invention which revolutionized communications.



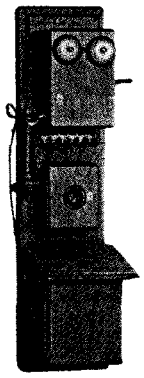
1876 Bell's Centennial Model. Shown and demonstrated to the public at the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.



1877 First Commercial Telephone. The round, camera-like opening served as both the transmitter and the receiver.

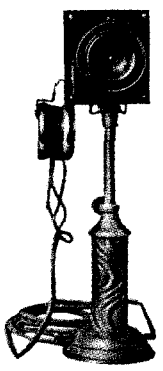


1878 Butterstamp. A combined recei transmitter required the user of this to talk or listen separately, in seque

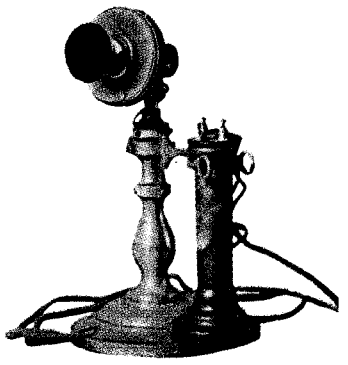


1882 Magneto Wall Set. First telephone built for the Bell System by Western Electric. You turned a crank to signal.

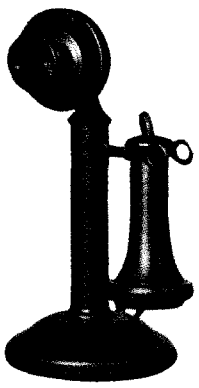
1886 Long Distance Transmitter. This model used a platinum mechanism for better long-distance voice transmission.



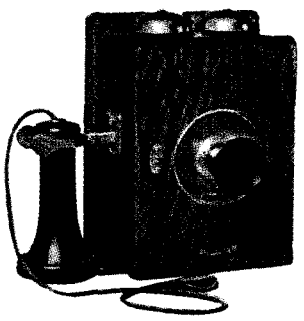
1892 Desk Set. A souvenir of the Gay Nineties, this was an effort to make telephones more decorative and compact.



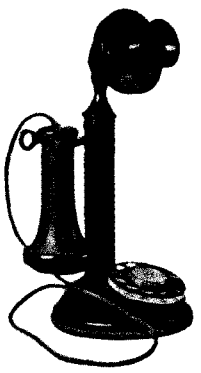
1897 Desk Set. Made of cast brass, ancestor of the upright desk set re sented a refinement of earlier moc



1910 Desk Set. The traditional black finish makes its first appearance in this pedestal telephone made of cast brass.



1913 Wall Set. A forerunner of today's Home Interphone System, it provided intercommunications within the home.

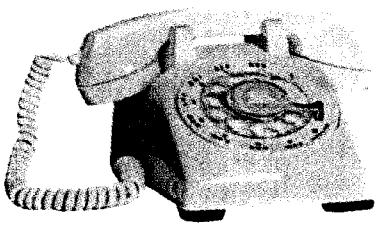


1919 Dial Telephone. This new kind of phone required Western Electric to produce complex new switching equipment.

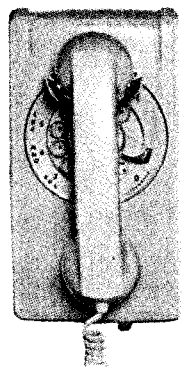
1928 Desk Set. This combined rece and transmitter and became popul known in the U. S. as the "French pho

1938 Telephone Key Set. This business set's hold and pickup buttons foreshadowed today's Call Director® Set.

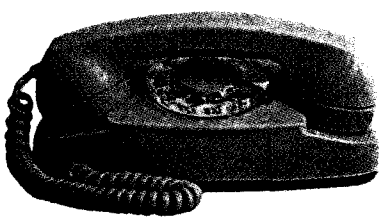
1949 "500" Type Desk Set. Most widely used set in the U. S. today. Major new feature was volume control for bell.



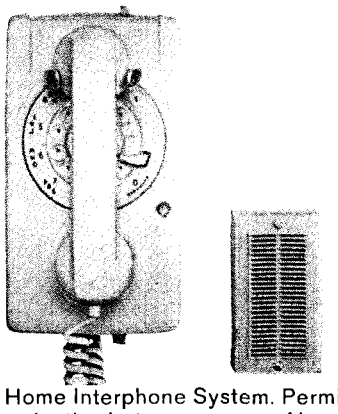
1954 "500" Type Color Desk Set. Basic colors—white, beige, green, pink and blue—made phones fit modern decor.



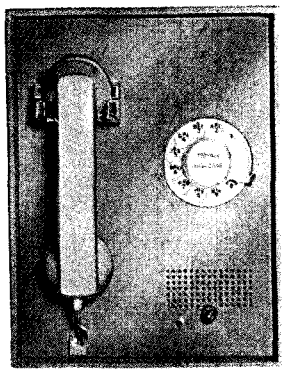
1956 Wall Telephone. A convenient tension phone in many basic colors kitchen, basement, patio and gara



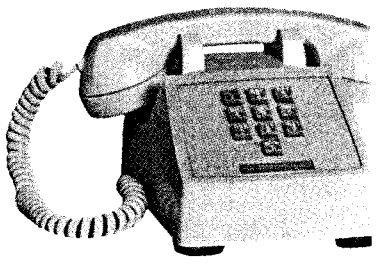
1959 Princess® Telephone. New, smart and compact. This attractive styling, in many colors, has an illuminated dial.



1960 Home Interphone System. Permits communication between rooms of home, in addition to usual telephone service.



1962 Panel Phone. This wall telephone has a flush-mounted base, retractable cord, and comes in many smart colors.



1964 Touch-Tone® Telephone. A r era in telephoning—pushbuttons inst of a dial. Makes calling easier, fas

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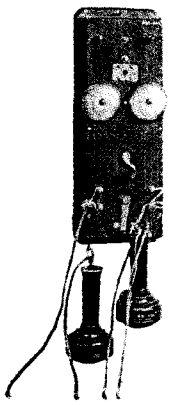
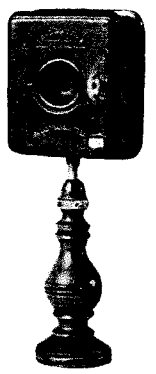
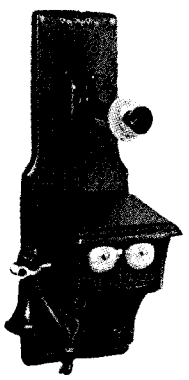


8 Wall Set. The adding of a second eiver-transmitter made it possible for to talk and listen at the same time.



1880 Blake. Invented by Francis Blake, Jr., this new set was able to transmit the voice with greatly increased clarity.

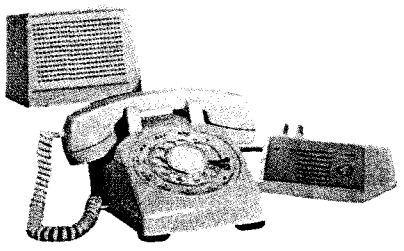


0 Common Battery. For the first e the power supply was taken out of home and put in the telephone office.

1907 Magneto Wall Set. A more modern version of the phone with a built-in generator for signalling the operator.

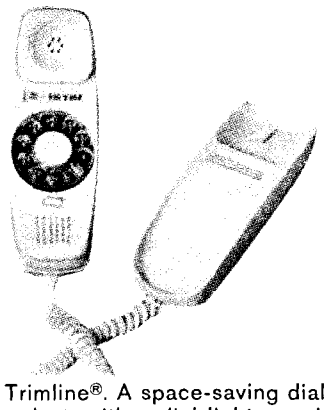
30 Desk Set. Its new oval base and or finishes distinguished this later sk Set from the earlier 1928 version.

1937 "300" Type Desk Set. Engineering innovation in desk set design: bell was placed in the base of this model.

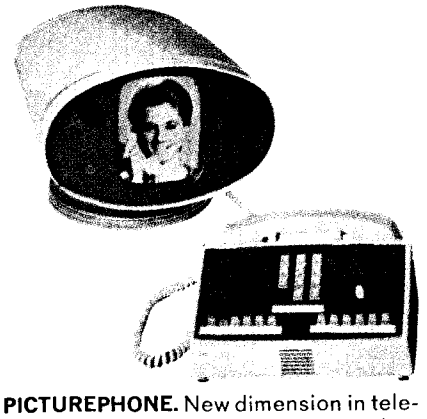


58 Speakerphone Set. Many features business offices including hands- e conversation, group conferences.

1958 Call Director® Telephone. Multi-purpose business phone, equipped with up to 30 pushbuttons for handling calls.



65 Trimline®. A space-saving dial on e handset, with a dial light, provides creased convenience to subscribers.



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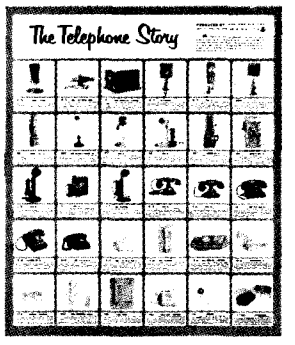

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suddenly began agitating in her gentle way for the house. As we shopped around she dropped hints along the way—"This place is really too small for us, don't you think?" or "We'd have to fence off the yard of course"—that let me know that the house had become a talisman for her; she had conceived the notion that perhaps, in some occult way, if we went ahead with our accommodations for a child the child might come. The notion gave her happiness. Her face filled out, the gray circles under her eyes disappeared, the quiet gaiety, which did not seem like gaiety at all but a form of peace, returned.

As Ellen held on to my hands, I hesitated. I am convinced now that there was something behind my hesitation—something I felt then only as a quality of silence, a fleeting twinge of utter isolation. "It's so safe," she said. "There's no traffic at all."

I explained that. "It's not a through street. It ends somewhere up in the hills."

She turned back to me again with her bright, questioning eyes. The happiness that had grown in her during our months of house-hunting seemed to have welled into near rapture.

"We'll call the number," I said, "but don't expect too much. It must have been sold long ago."

We walked slowly back to the car. The door handle burned to the touch. Down the canyon the rear end of a panel truck disappeared noiselessly around a bend.

"No," Ellen said, "I have a feeling about this place. I think it was meant to be ours."

And she was right, of course.

Mr. Carswell Deeves, who owned the land, was called upon to do very little except take my check for $1500 and hand over the deed to us, for by the time Ellen and I met him we had already sold ourselves. Mr. Deeves, as we had suspected from the unprofessional sign, was a private citizen. We found his house in a predominantly Mexican section of Santa Monica. He was a chubby, pink man of indeterminate age dressed in white ducks and soft, white shoes, as if he had had a tennis court hidden away among the squalid, asphalt-shingled houses and dry kitchen gardens of his neighbors.

"Going to live in Clay Canyon, are you?" he said. "Ros Russell lives up there, or used to." So, we discovered, did Joel McCrea, Jimmy Stewart and Paula Raymond, as well as a cross-section of producers, directors and character actors. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Deeves, "it's an address that will look extremely good on your stationery."

Ellen beamed and squeezed my hand.

Mr. Deeves turned out to know very little about the land other than that a house had been destroyed by fire there years ago and that the land had changed hands many times since. "I myself acquired it in what may strike you as a novel way," he said as we sat in his parlor—a dark, airless box which smelled faintly of camphor and whose walls were obscured with yellowing autographed photographs of movie stars. "I won it in a game of hearts from a makeup man on the set of *Quo Vadis*. Perhaps you remember me. I had a close-up in one of the crowd scenes."

"That was a number of years ago, Mr. Deeves," I said. "Have you been trying to sell it all this time?"

"I've nearly sold it dozens of times," he said, "but something always went wrong somehow."

"What kind of things?"

"Naturally, the fire-insurance rates up there put off a lot of people. I hope you're prepared to pay a high premium ——"

"I've already checked into that."

"Good. You'd be surprised how many people will let details like that go till the last minute."

"What other things have gone wrong?"

Ellen touched my arm to discourage my wasting any more time with foolish questions.

Mr. Deeves spread out the deed before me and smoothed it with his forearm. "Silly things, some of them. One couple found some dead doves. . . ."

"Dead doves?" I handed him the signed article. With one pink hand Mr. Deeves waved it back and forth to dry the ink. "Five of them, if I remember correctly. In my opinion they'd sat on a wire and were electrocuted somehow. The husband thought nothing of it, of course, but his wife became so hysterical that we had to call off the transaction."

I made a sign at Mr. Deeves to drop this line of conversation. Ellen loves animals and birds of all kinds with a devotion that turns the loss of a household pet into a major tragedy, which is why, since the death of our cocker spaniel, we have had no more pets. But Ellen appeared not to have heard; she was watching the paper in Mr. Deeves's hand fixedly, as if she were afraid it might vanish.

Mr. Deeves sprang suddenly to his feet. "Well!" he cried. "It's all yours now. I know you'll be happy there."

Ellen flushed with pleasure. "I'm sure we will," she said, and took his pudgy hand in both of hers.

"A prestige address," called Mr. Deeves from his porch as we drove away. "A real prestige address."

Ellen and I are modern people. Our talk in the evenings is generally on issues of the modern world. Ellen paints a little and I do some writing from time to time—mostly on technical subjects. The house that Ellen and I built mirrored our concern with present-day aesthetics. We worked closely with Jack Salmanson, the architect and a friend, who designed a steel module house, low and compact and private, which could be fitted into the irregularities of our patch of land for a maximum of space. The interior *décor* we left largely up to Ellen, who combed the home magazines and made sketches as if she were decorating a dozen homes.

I mention these things to show that there is nothing Gothic about my wife and me: We are as thankful for our common sense as for our sensibilities, and we flattered ourselves that the house we built achieved a balance between the aesthetic and the functional. Its lines were simple and clean; there were no dark corners, and it was surrounded on three sides by houses, none of which were more than eight years old.

There were, however, signs from the very beginning, ominous signs which can be read only in retrospect, though it seems to me now that there were others who suspected but said nothing. One was the Mexican who cut down the tree.

As a money-saving favor to us, Jack Salmanson agreed to supervise the building himself and hire small, independent contractors to do the labor, many of whom were Mexicans or Negroes with dilapidated equipment that appeared to run only by some mechanical miracle. The Mexican, a small, forlorn workman with a stringy moustache, had already burned out two chain-saw blades and still had not cut halfway through the tree. It was inexplicable. The tree, the same one on which Ellen and I had seen the original FOR SALE sign, had obviously been dead for years, and the branches that already lay scattered on the ground were rotted through.

"You must have run into a batch of knots," Jack said. "Try it again. If the saw gets too hot, quit and we'll pull it down with the bulldozer." As if answering to its name, the bulldozer turned at the back of the lot and lumbered toward us in a cloud of dust, the black shoulders of the Negro operator gleaming in the sun.

The Mexican need not have feared for his saw. He had scarcely touched it to the tree when it started to topple of its own accord. Startled, he backed away a few steps. The tree had begun to fall toward the back of the lot, in the direction of his cut, but now it appeared to arrest itself, its naked branches trembling as if in agitation; then with an awful rending sound it writhed upright and fell back on itself, gaining momentum and plunging directly at the bulldozer. My voice died in my throat, but Jack and the Mexican shouted, and the operator jumped and rolled on the ground just as the tree fell high on the hood, shattering the windshield to bits. The bulldozer, out of control and knocked off course, came directly at us, gears whining and gouging a deep trough in the earth. Jack and I jumped one way, the Mexican the other; the bulldozer lurched between us and ground on toward the street, the Negro sprinting after it.

"The car!" Jack shouted "The car!"

Parked in front of the house across the street was a car, a car which was certainly brand-new. The bulldozer headed straight for it, its blade striking clusters of sparks from the pavement. The Mexican waved his chain saw over his head like a toy and shouted in Spanish. I covered my eyes with my hands and heard Jack grunt softly, as if he had been struck in the midsection, just before the crash.

Two women stood on the porch of the house across the street and gaped. The car had caved in at the center, its steel roof wrinkled like tissue paper; its front and rear ends were folded around the bulldozer as if embracing it. Then, with a low whoosh, both vehicles were enveloped in creeping blue flame.

"Rotten luck," Jack muttered under his breath as we ran into the street. From the corner of my eye I caught the curious sight of the Mexican on the ground, praying, his chain saw lying by his knees.

In the evening Ellen and I paid a visit to the Sheffits', Sondra and Jeff, our neighbors across the canyon road, where we met the owner of the ruined car, Joyce Castle, a striking blonde in lemon-colored pants. The shock of the accident itself wore off with the passing of time and cocktails, and the three of them treated it as a tremendous joke.

Mrs. Castle was particularly hilarious. "I'm doing better," she rejoiced. "The Alfa-Romeo only lasted two days, but I held on to this one a whole six weeks. I even had the permanent plates on."

"But you mustn't be without a car, Mrs. Castle," Ellen said in her serious way. "We'd be glad to loan you our Plymouth until you can ——"

"I'm having a new car delivered tomorrow afternoon. Don't worry about me. A Daimler, Jeff, you'll be interested to know. I couldn't resist after riding in yours. What about the poor bulldozer man? Is he absolutely wiped out?"

"I think he'll survive," I said. "In any case he has two other 'dozers."

"Then you won't be held up," Jeff said.

"I wouldn't think so."

Sondra chuckled softly. "I just happened to look out the window," she said. "It was just like a Rube Goldberg cartoon. A chain reaction."

"And there was my poor old Cadillac at the end of it," Mrs. Castle sighed.

Suey, Mrs. Castle's dog, who had been lying on the floor beside his mistress glaring dourly at us between dozes, suddenly ran to the front door barking ferociously, his red mane standing straight up.

"Suey!" Mrs. Castle slapped her knee. "Suey! Come here!"

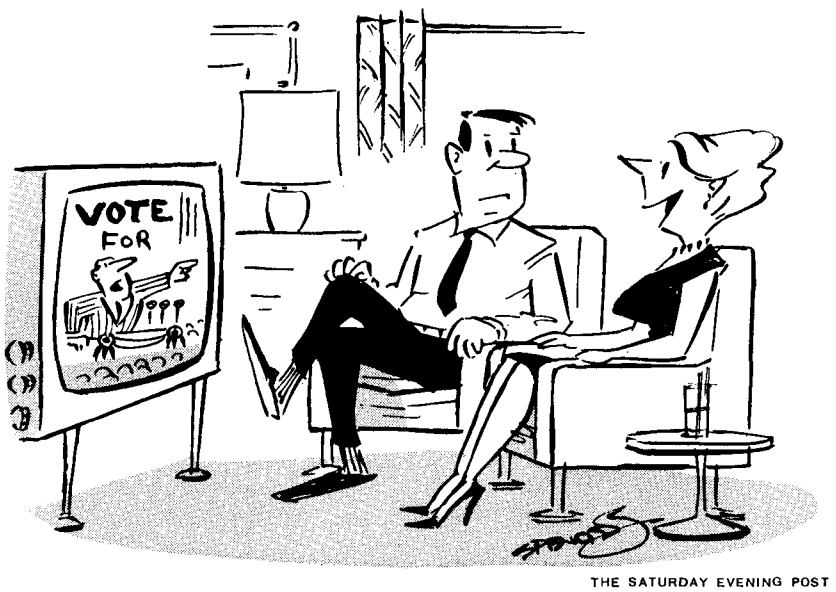
The dog merely flattened its ears and looked from his mistress toward the door again as if measuring a decision. He growled deep in his throat.

"It's the ghost," Sondra said lightly. "He's behind the whole thing." Sondra sat curled up in one corner of the sofa and tilted her head to one side as she spoke, like a very clever child.

Jeff laughed sharply. "Oh, they tell some very good stories."

With a sigh Mrs. Castle rose and dragged Suey back by his collar. "If I didn't feel so self-conscious about it I'd take him to an analyst," she said. "Sit, Suey! Here's a cashew nut for you."

"I'm very fond of ghost stories," I said, smiling.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think I prefer the Republicans for clichés, but the Democrats for platitudes."

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"Oh, well," Jeff murmured, mildly disparaging.

"Go ahead, Jeff," Sondra urged him over the rim of her glass. "They'd like to hear it."

Jeff was a literary agent, a tall, sallow man with dark oily hair that he was continually pushing out of his eyes with his fingers. As he spoke he smiled lopsidedly as if defending against the probability of being taken seriously. "All I know is that back in the late seventeenth century the Spanish used to have hangings here. The victims are supposed to float around at night and make noises."

"Criminals?" I asked.

"Of the worst sort," said Sondra. "What was the story Guy Relling told you, Joyce?" She smiled with a curious inward relish that suggested she knew the story perfectly well herself.

"Is that Guy Relling, the director?" I asked.

"Yes," Jeff said. "He owns those stables down the canyon."

"I've seen them," Ellen said. "Such lovely horses."

Joyce Castle hoisted her empty glass into the air. "Jeff, love, will you find me another?"

"We keep straying from the subject," said Sondra gently. "Fetch me another too, darling"—she handed her glass to Jeff as he went by—"like a good boy. . . . I didn't mean to interrupt, Joyce. Go on." She gestured toward us as the intended audience. Ellen stiffened slightly in her chair.

"It seems that there was one *hombre* of outstanding depravity," Joyce Castle said languidly. "I forget the name. He murdered, stole, raped . . . one of those endless Spanish names with a 'Luis' in it, a nobleman I think Guy said. A charming sort. Mad, of course, and completely unpredictable. They hanged him at last for some unsavory escapade in a nunnery. You two are moving into a neighborhood rich with tradition."

We all laughed.

"What about the noises?" Ellen asked Sondra. "Have you heard anything?"

"Of course," Sondra said, tipping her head prettily. Every inch of her skin was tanned to the color of coffee from afternoons by the pool. It was a form of leisure that her husband, with his bilious coloring and lank hair, apparently did not enjoy.

"Everywhere I've ever lived," he said, his grin growing crookeder and more apologetic, "there were noises in the night that you couldn't explain. Here there are all kinds of wildlife—foxes, coons, possums—even coyotes up on the ridge. They're all active after sundown."

Ellen's smile of pleasure at this news turned to distress as Sondra remarked in her offhand way, "We found our poor kitty-cat positively torn to pieces one morning. He was all blood. We never did find his head."

"A fox," Jeff put in quickly. Everything he said seemed hollow. Something came from him like a vapor. I thought it was grief.

Sondra gazed smugly into her lap as if hugging a secret to herself. She seemed enormously pleased. It occurred to me that Sondra was trying to frighten us. In a way it relieved me. She was enjoying herself too much, I thought, looking at her spoiled, brown face, to be frightened herself.

After the incident of the tree everything went well for some weeks. The house went up rapidly. Ellen and I visited it as often as we could, walking over the raw ground and making our home in our mind's eye. The fireplace would go here, the refrigerator here, our Picasso print there. "Ted," Ellen said timidly, "I've been thinking. Why don't we fix up the extra bedroom as a children's room?"

I waited.

"Now that we'll be living out here our friends will have to stay overnight more often. Most of them have young children. It would be nice for them."

I slipped my arm around her shoulders. She knew I understood. It was a delicate matter. She raised her face and I kissed her between her brows. Signal and countersignal, the keystones of our life together—a life of sensibility and tact.

"Hey, you two!" Sondra Sheffits called from across the street. She stood on her front porch in a pink bathing suit, her skin brown, her hair nearly white. "How about a swim?"

"No suits!"

"Come on, we've got plenty."

Ellen and I debated the question with a glance, settled it with a nod.

As I came out onto the patio in one of Jeff's suits, Sondra said, "Ted, you're pale as a ghost. Don't you get any sun where you are?" She lay in a chaise longue behind huge elliptical sunglasses encrusted with glass gems.

"I stay inside too much, writing articles," I said.

"You're welcome to come here any time you like"— she smiled suddenly, showing me a row of small, perfect teeth—"and swim."

Ellen appeared in her borrowed suit, a red one with a short, limp ruffle. She shaded her eyes as the sun, glittering metallically on the water, struck her full in the face.

Sondra ushered her forward as if to introduce my wife to me. "You look much better in that suit than I ever did." Her red nails flashed on Ellen's arm. Ellen smiled guardedly. The two women were about the same height, but Ellen was narrower in the shoulders, thicker through the waist and hips. As they came toward me it seemed to me that Ellen was the one I did not know. Her familiar body became strange. It looked out of proportion. Hairs that on Sondra were all but invisible except when the sun turned them to silver, lay flat and dark on Ellen's pallid arm.

As if sensing the sudden distance between us, Ellen took my hand. "Let's jump in together," she said gaily. "No hanging back."

Sondra retreated to the chaise longue to watch us, her eyes invisible behind her outrageous glasses, her head on one side.

Incidents began again and continued at intervals. Guy Relling, whom I never met but whose pronouncements on the supernatural reached me through others from time to time like messages from an oracle, claims that the existence of the living dead is a particularly excruciating one as they hover between two states of being. Their memories keep the passions of life forever fresh and sharp, but they are able to relieve them only at a monstrous expense of will and energy which leaves them literally helpless for months or sometimes even years afterward. This was why materializations and other forms of tangible action are relatively rare. There are of course exceptions, Sondra, our most frequent translator of Relling's theories, pointed out one evening with the odd joy that accompanied all of her remarks on the subject; some ghosts are terrifically active—particularly the insane ones who, ignorant of the limita-

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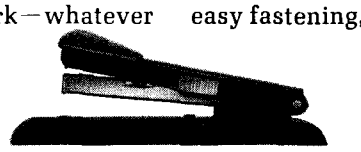

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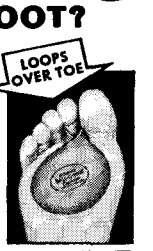

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tions of death as they were of the impossibilities of life, transcend them with the dynamism that is exclusively the property of madness. Generally, however, it was Relling's opinion that a ghost was more to be pitied than feared. Sondra quoted him as having said, "The notion of a haunted house is a misconception semantically. It is not the house but the soul itself that is haunted."

On Saturday, August 6, a workman laying pipe was blinded in one eye by an acetylene torch.

On Thursday, September 1, a rockslide on the hill behind us dumped four tons of dirt and rock on the half-finished house and halted work for two weeks.

On Sunday, October 9—my birthday, oddly enough—while visiting the house alone, I slipped on a stray screw and struck my head on a can of latex paint which opened up a gash requiring ten stitches. I rushed across to the Sheffits'. Sondra answered the door in her bathing suit and a magazine in her hand. "Ted?" She peered at me. "I scarcely recognized you through the blood. Come in, I'll call the doctor. Try not to drip on the furniture, will you?"

I told the doctor of the screw on the floor, the big can of paint. I did not tell him that my foot had slipped because I had turned too quickly and that I had turned too quickly because the sensation had grown on me that there was someone behind me, close enough to touch me, perhaps, because something hovered there, fetid and damp and cold and almost palpable in its nearness; I remember shivering violently as I turned, as if the sun of this burning summer's day had been replaced by a mysterious star without warmth. I did not tell the doctor this nor anyone else.

In November Los Angeles burns. After the long drought of summer the sap goes underground and the baked hills seem to gasp in pain for the merciful release of either life or death—rain or fire. Invariably fire comes first, spreading through the outlying parts of the country like an epidemic, till the sky is livid and starless at night and overhung with dun-colored smoke during the day.

There was a huge fire in Tujunga, north of us, the day Ellen and I moved into our new house—handsome, severe, aggressively new on its dry hillside—under a choked sky the color of earth and a muffled, flyspeck sun. Sondra and Jeff came over to help, and in the evening Joyce Castle stopped by with Suey and a magnum of champagne.

Ellen clasped her hands under her chin. "What a lovely surprise!"

"I hope it's cold enough. I've had it in my refrigerator since four o'clock. Welcome to the canyon. You're nice people. You remind me of my parents. God, it's hot. I've been weeping all day on account of the smoke. You'll have air conditioning I suppose?"

Jeff was sprawled in a chair with his long legs straight in front of him in the way a cripple might put aside a pair of crutches. "Joyce, you're an angel. Excuse me if I don't get up. I'm recuperating."

"You're excused, doll, you're excused."

"Ted," Ellen said softly. "Why don't you get some glasses?"

Jeff hauled in his legs. "Can I give you a hand?"

"Sit still, Jeff."

He sighed. "I hadn't realized I was so out of shape." He looked more cadaverous than ever after our afternoon of lifting and shoving. Sweat had collected in the hollows under his eyes.

"Shall I show you in the house, Joyce? While Ted is in the kitchen?"

"I love you, Ellen," Joyce said. "Take me on the whole tour."

Sondra followed me into the kitchen. She leaned against the wall and smoked, supporting her left elbow in the palm of her right hand. She didn't say a word. Through the open door I could see Jeff's outstretched legs from the calves down.

"Thanks for all the help today," I said to Sondra in a voice unaccountably close to a whisper. I could hear Joyce and Ellen as they moved from room to room, their voices swelling and dying: "It's all steel? You mean everything? Walls and all? Aren't you afraid of lightning?"

"Oh, we're all safely grounded, I think."

Jeff yawned noisily in the living room. Wordlessly Sondra put a tray on the kitchen table as I rummaged in an unpacked carton for the glasses. She watched me steadily and coolly, as if she expected me to entertain her. I wanted to say something further to break a silence which was becoming unnatural and oppressive. The sounds around us seemed only to isolate us in a ring of intimacy. With her head on one side Sondra smiled at me. I could hear her rapid breathing.

"What's this, a nursery? Ellen, love!"

"No, no! It's only for our friends' children."

Sondra's eyes were blue, the color of shallow water. She seemed faintly amused, as if we were sharing in a conspiracy—a conspiracy I was anxious to repudiate by making some prosaic remark in a loud voice for all to hear, but a kind of pain developed in my chest as the words seemed dammed there, and I only smiled at her foolishly. With every passing minute of silence, the more impossible it became to break through and the more I felt drawn in to the intrigue of which, though I was ignorant, I was surely guilty. Without so much as a touch she had made us lovers.

Ellen stood in the doorway, half turned away as if her first impulse had been to run. She appeared to be deep in thought, her eyes fixed on the steel, cream-colored doorjamb.

Sondra began to talk to Ellen in her dry, satirical voice. It was chatter of the idlest sort, but she was destroying, as I had wished to destroy, the absurd notion that there was something between us. I could see Ellen's confusion. She hung on Sondra's words, watching her lips attentively, as if this elegant, tanned woman, calmly smoking and talking of trifles, were her savior.

As for myself, I felt as if I had lost the power of speech entirely. If I joined in with Sondra's carefully innocent chatter I would only be joining in the deception against my wife; if I proclaimed the truth and ended everything by bringing it into the open. . . . but what truth? What was there in fact to bring into the open? What was there to end? A feeling in the air? An intimation? The answer was nothing, of course. I did not even like Sondra very much. There was something cold and unpleasant about her. There was nothing to proclaim because nothing had happened. "Where's Joyce?" I asked finally, out of a dry mouth. "Doesn't she want to see the kitchen?"

Ellen turned slowly toward me, as if it cost her a great effort. "She'll be here in a minute," she said tonelessly, and I became aware of Joyce's and Jeff's voices from the living room. Ellen studied my face, her pupils oddly dilated under the pinkish fluorescent light, as if she were trying to penetrate to the bottom of a great darkness that lay beneath my chance remark. Was it a code of some kind, a new signal for her that I would shortly make clear? What did it mean? I smiled at her and she responded with a smile of her own, a tentative and formal upturning of her mouth, as if I were a familiar face whose name escaped her for the moment.

Joyce came in behind Ellen. "I hate kitchens. I never go into mine." She looked from one to the other of us. "Am I interrupting something?"

At two o'clock in the morning I sat up in bed, wide awake. The bedroom was bathed in the dark red glow of the fire which had come closer in the night. A thin, autumnal veil of smoke hung in the room. Ellen lay on her side, asleep, one hand cupped on the pillow next to her face as if waiting for something to be put in it. I had no idea why I was so fully awake, but I threw off the covers and went to the window to check on the fire. I could see no flame, but the hills stood out blackly against a turgid sky that belled and sagged as the wind blew and relented.

Then I heard the sound.

I am a person who sets store by precision in the use of words—in the field of technical writing this is a necessity. But I can think of no word to describe that sound. The closest I can come with a word of my own invention is "vlump." It came erratically, neither loud nor soft. It was, rather, pervasive and without location. It was not a *solid* sound. There was something vague and whispering about it, and from time to time it began with the suggestion of a sigh—a shuffing dissipation in the air that seemed to take form and die in the same instant. In a way I cannot define, it was mindless, without will or reason, yet implacable. Because I could not explain it immediately I went to seek an explanation.

I stepped into the hall and switched on the light, pressing the noiseless button. The light came down out of a fixture set flush into the ceilings and diffused through a milky plastic like Japanese rice paper. The clean, indestructible walls rose perpendicularly around me. Through the slight haze of smoke came the smell of the newness, sweet and metallic—more like a car than a house. And still the sound went on. It seemed to be coming from the room at the end of the hall, the room we had designed for our friends' children. The door was open and I could see a gray patch that was a west window. Vlump . . . vlump . . . vlumpvlump. . . .

Fixing on the gray patch, I moved down the hall while my legs made themselves heavy as logs, and all the while I repeated to myself, "The house is settling. All new houses settle and make strange noises." And so lucid was I that I believed I was not afraid. I was walking down the bright new hall of my new steel house to investigate a noise, for the house might be settling unevenly, or an animal might be up to some mischief—raccoons regularly raided the garbage cans, I had been told. There might be something wrong with the plumbing or with the radiant-heating system that warmed our steel and vinyl floors. And now, like the responsible master of the house, I had located the apparent center of the sound and was going responsibly toward it. In a second or two, very likely, I would know. Vlump vlump. The gray of the window turned rosy as I came near enough to see the hillside beyond it: That black was underbrush and that pink the dusty swath cut by the bulldozer before it had run amok. I had watched the accident from just about the spot where I stood now, and the obliterated hole where the tree had been, laid firmly over with the prefabricated floor of the room whose darkness I would eradicate by touching with my right hand the light switch inside the door.

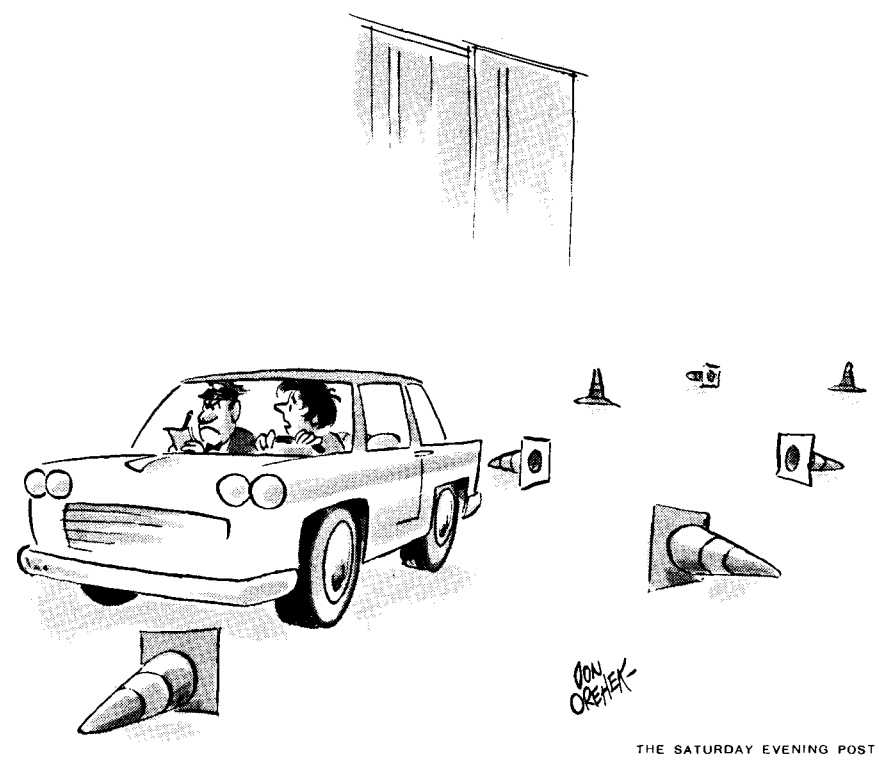
"Ted?"

Blood boomed in my ears. I had the impression that my heart had burst. I clutched at the wall for support. Yet of course I knew it was Ellen's voice, and I answered her calmly. "Yes, it's me."

"What's the matter?" I heard the bedclothes rustle.

"Don't get up, I'm coming right in." The noise had stopped. There was nothing. Only the almost inaudible hum of the refrigerator, the stirring of the wind.

Ellen was sitting up in bed. "I was just checking on the fire," I said. She patted



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"Does neatness count?"

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my side of the bed and in the instant before I turned out the hall light I saw her smile.

"I was just dreaming about you," she said softly, as I climbed under the sheets. She rolled against me. "Why, you're trembling."

"I should have worn my robe."

"You'll be warm in a minute." Her fragrant body lay against mine, but I remained rigid as stone and just as cold, staring at the ceiling, my mind a furious blank. After a moment she said, "Ted?" It was her signal, always hesitant, always tremulous, that meant I was to roll over and take her in my arms.

Instead I answered, "What?" just as if I had not understood.

For a few seconds I sensed her struggling against her reserve to give me a further sign that would pierce my peculiar distraction and tell me she wanted love. But it was too much for her—too alien. My coldness had created a vacuum she was too unpracticed to fill—a coldness sudden and inexplicable, unless. . . .

She withdrew slowly and pulled the covers up under her chin. Finally she asked, "Ted, is there something happening that I should know about?" She had remembered Sondra and the curious scene in the kitchen. It took, I knew, great courage for Ellen to ask that question, though she must have known my answer.

"No, I'm just tired. We've had a busy day. Good-night, dear." I kissed her on the cheek and sensed her eyes, in the shadow of the fire, searching mine, asking the question she could not give voice to. I turned away, somehow ashamed because I could not supply the answer that would fulfill her need. Because there was no answer at all.

The fire was brought under control after burning some eight hundred acres and several homes, and three weeks later the rains came. Jack Salmanson came out one Sunday to see how the house was holding up, checked the foundation, the roof and all the seams and pronounced it tight as a drum. We sat looking moodily out the glass doors onto the patio—a flatland of grayish mud which threatened to swamp with a thin ooze of silt and gravel the few flagstones I had set in the ground. Ellen was in the bedroom lying down; she had got into the habit of taking a nap after lunch, though it was I, not she, who lay stark awake night after night explaining away sounds that became more and more impossible to explain away. The gagging sound that sometimes accompanied the vlump and the strangled expulsion of air that followed it were surely the result of some disturbance in the water pipes; the footsteps that came slowly down the hall and stopped outside our closed door and then went away again with something like a low chuckle were merely the night contracting of our metal house after the heat of the day. Through all this Ellen slept as if in a stupor; she seemed to have become addicted to sleep. She went to bed at nine and got up at ten the next morning; she napped in the afternoon and moved about lethargically the rest of the time with a Mexican shawl around her shoulders, complaining of the cold. The doctor examined her for mononucleosis but found nothing. He said perhaps it was her sinuses and that she should rest as much as she wanted.

After a protracted silence Jack put aside his drink and stood up. "I guess I'll go along."

"I'll tell Ellen."

"What the hell for? Let her sleep. Tell her I hope she feels better." He turned to frown at the room of the house he had designed and built. "Are you happy here?" he asked suddenly.

"Happy?" I repeated the word awkwardly. "Of course we're happy. We love the house. It's . . . just a little noisy at night, that's all." I stammered it out, like the first words of a monstrous confession, but Jack seemed hardly to hear it. He waved a hand. "House settling." He squinted from one side of the room to the other. "I don't know. There's something about it. . . . It's not right. Maybe it's just the weather . . . the light. . . . It could be friendlier, you know what I mean? It seems cheerless."

I watched him with a kind of wild hope, as if he might magically fathom my terror—do for me what I could not do for myself, and permit it to be discussed calmly between two men of temperate mind. But Jack was not looking for the cause of the gloom but the cure for it. "Why don't you try putting down a couple of orange rugs in this room?" he said.

I stared at the floor as if two orange rugs were an infallible charm. "Yes," I said, "I think we'll try that."

Ellen scuffed in, pushing back her hair, her face puffy with sleep. "Jack," she said, "when the weather clears and I'm feeling livelier, you and Anne and the children must come and spend the night."

"We'd like that. After the noises die down," he added satirically to me.

"Noises? What noises?" A certain blankness came over Ellen's face when she looked at me now. The expression was the same, but what had been open in it before was now merely empty. She had put up her guard against me; she suspected me of keeping things from her.

"At night," I said. "The house is settling. You don't hear them."

When Jack had gone, Ellen sat with a cup of tea in the chair where Jack had sat, looking out at the mud. Her long purple shawl hung all the way to her knees and made her look armless. There seemed no explanation for the two white hands that curled around the teacup in her lap. "It's a sad thing," she said tonelessly. "I can't help but feel sorry for Sondra."

"Why is that?" I asked guardedly.

"Joyce was here yesterday. She told me that she and Jeff have been having an affair off and on for six years." She turned to see how I would receive this news.

"Well, that explains the way Joyce and Sondra behave toward each other," I said, with a pleasant glance straight into Ellen's eyes; there I encountered only the reflection of the glass doors, even to the rain trickling down them, and I had the eerie sensation of having been shown a picture of the truth, as if she were weeping secretly in the depths of a soul I could no longer touch. For Ellen did not believe in my innocence; I'm not sure I still believed in it myself; very likely Jeff and Joyce didn't either. It is impossible to say what Sondra believed. She behaved as if our infidelity were an accomplished fact. In its way it was a performance of genius, for Sondra never touched me except in the most accidental or impersonal way; even her glances, the foundation on which she built the myth of our liaison, had nothing soft in them; they were probing and sly and were always accompanied by a furtive smile, as if we merely shared some private joke. Yet there was something in the way she did it—in the tilt of her head perhaps—that plainly implied that the joke was at everyone else's expense. And she had taken to calling me "darling."

"Sondra and Jeff have a feebleminded child off in an institution somewhere," Ellen said. "That set them against each other, apparently."

"Joyce told you all this?"

"She just mentioned it casually as if it were the most natural thing in the world—she assumed we must have known. . . . But I don't want to know things like that about my friends."

"That's show biz, I guess. You and I are just provincials at heart."

"Sondra must be a very unhappy girl."

"It's hard to tell with Sondra."

"I wonder what she tries to do with her life. . . . If she looks for anything—outside."

I waited.

"Probably not," Ellen answered her own question. "She seems very self-contained. Almost cold. . . ."

I was treated to the spectacle of my wife fighting with herself to delay a wound that she was convinced would come home to her sooner or later. She did not want to believe in my infidelity. I might have comforted her with lies. I might have told her that Sondra and I rendezvoused downtown in a cafeteria and made love in a second-rate hotel on the evenings when I called to say that I was working late. Then the wound would be open and could be cleaned and cured. It would be painful of course, but I would have confided in her again and our old system would be restored. Watching Ellen torture herself with doubt, I was tempted to

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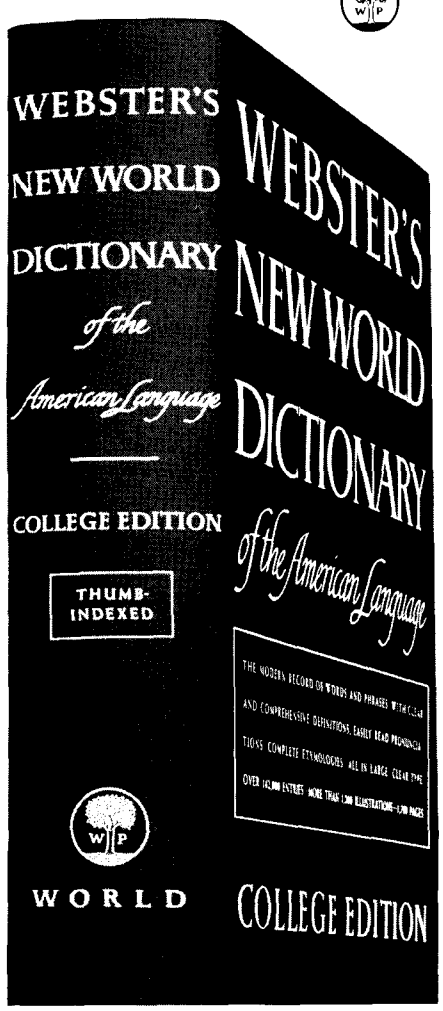

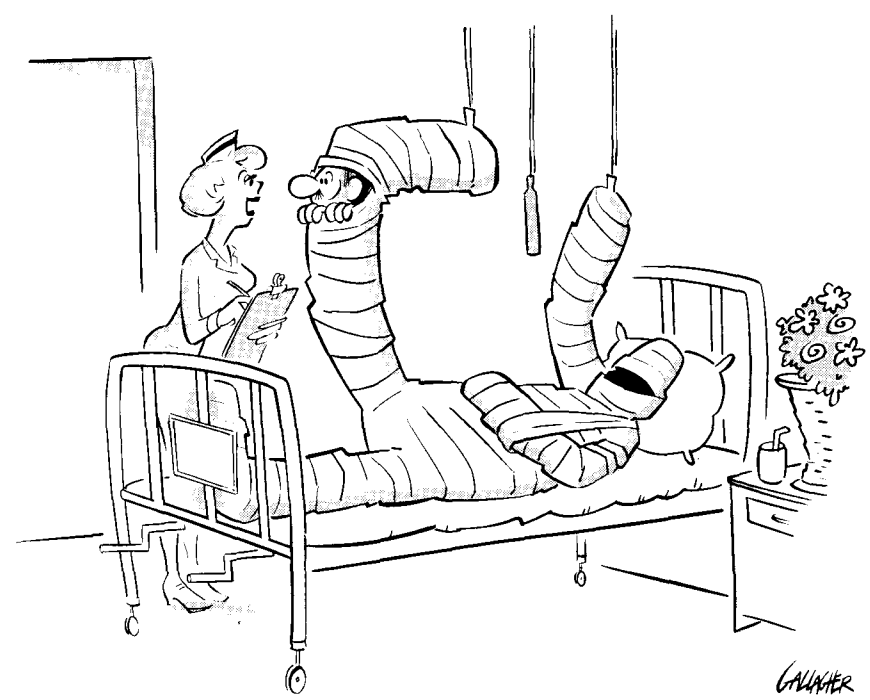

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Feeling better?"

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tell her those lies. The truth never tempted me: To have admitted that I knew what she was thinking would have been tantamount to an admission of guilt. How could I suspect such a thing unless it were true? And was I to explain my coldness by terrifying her with vague stories of indescribable sounds which she never heard?

And so the two of us sat on, dumb and chilled, in our watertight house as the daylight began to go. And then a sort of exultation seized me. What if my terror were no more real than Ellen's? What if both our ghosts were only ghosts of the mind which needed only a little common sense to drive them away? And I saw that if I could drive away my ghost, Ellen's would soon follow, for the secret that shut me away from her would be gone. It was a revelation, a triumph of reason.

"What's that up there?" Ellen pointed to something that looked like a leaf blowing at the top of the glass doors. "It's a tail, Ted. There must be some animal on the roof."

Only the bushy tip was visible. As I drew close to it I could see raindrops clinging as if by a geometrical system to each black hair. "It looks like a raccoon tail. What would a coon be doing out so early?" I put on a coat and went outside. The tail hung limply over the edge, ringed with white and swaying phlegmatically in the breeze. The animal itself was hidden behind the low parapet. Using the ship's ladder at the back of the house I climbed up to look at it.

The human mind, just like other parts of the anatomy, is an organ of habit. Its capabilities are bounded by the limits of precedent; it thinks what it is used to thinking. Faced with a phenomenon beyond its range it rebels, it rejects, sometimes it collapses. My mind, which for weeks had steadfastly refused to honor the evidence of my senses that there was Something Else living in the house with Ellen and me, something unearthly and evil, largely on the basis of insufficient evidence, was now forced to the subsequent denial by saying, as Jeff had said, "fox." It was, of course, ridiculous. The chances of a fox's winning a battle with a raccoon were very slight at best, let alone what had been done to this raccoon. The body lay on the far side of the roof. I didn't see the head at all until I had stumbled against it and it had rolled over and over to come to rest against the parapet where it pointed its masked, ferret face at me.

Only because my beleaguered mind kept repeating, like a voice, "Ellen mustn't know, Ellen mustn't know," was I able to take up the dismembered parts and hurl them with all my strength onto the hillside and answer when Ellen called out, "What is it, Ted?" "Must have been a coon. It's gone now," in a perfectly level voice before I went to the back of the roof and vomited.

I recalled Sondra's mention of their mutilated cat and phoned Jeff at his agency. "We will discuss it over lunch," I told myself. I had a great need to talk, an action impossible within my own home, where every day the silence became denser and more intractable. Once or twice Ellen ventured to ask, "What's the matter, Ted?" but I always answered, "Nothing." And there our talk ended. I could see it in her wary eyes: I was not the man she had married; I was cold, secretive. The children's room, furnished with double bunks and wallpaper figured with toys, stood like a rebuke. Ellen kept the door closed most of the time, though once or twice, in the late afternoon, I had found her in there moving about aimlessly, touching objects as if half in wonder that they should still linger on after so many long, sterile months; a foolish hope had failed. Neither did our friends bring their children to stay. They did not because we did not ask them. The silence had brought with it a profound and debilitating inertia. Ellen's face seemed perpetually swollen, the features cloudy and amorphous, the eyes dull; her whole body had become bloated, as if an enormous cache of pain had backed up inside her. We moved through the house in our orbits like two sleepwalkers, going about our business out of habit. Our friends called at first, puzzled, a little hurt, but soon stopped and left us to ourselves. Occasionally we saw the Sheffitses. Jeff was looking seedier and seedier, told bad jokes, drank too much and seemed always ill at ease. Sondra did most of the talking, chattering blandly on indifferent subjects and always hinting by gesture, word or glance at our underground affair.

Jeff and I had lunch at the Brown Derby on Vine Street under charcoal caricatures of show folk. At a table next to ours an agent was eulogizing an actor in a voice hoarse with trumped-up enthusiasm to a large, purple-faced man who was devoting his entire attention to a bowl of vichyssoise.

"It's a crazy business," Jeff said to me. "Be glad you're not in it."

"I see what you mean," I replied. Jeff had not the faintest idea of why I had brought him there, nor had I given him any clue. We were "breaking the ice." Jeff grinned at me with that crooked trick of his mouth, and I grinned back. "We are friends"—presumably that is the message we were grinning at each other. Was he my friend? Was I his friend? He lived across the street; our paths crossed perhaps once a week; we joked together; he sat always in the same chair in our living room twisting from one sprawl to another; there was a straight white chair in his living room that I preferred. Friendships have been founded on less, I suppose. Yet he had an idiot child locked off in an asylum somewhere and a wife who amused herself with infidelity by suggestion; I had a demon loose in my house and a wife gnawed with suspicion and growing remote and old because of it. And I had said, "I see what you mean." It seemed insufferable. I caught Jeff's eye. "You remember we talked once about a ghost?" My tone was bantering; perhaps I meant to make a joke.

"I remember."

"Sondra said something about a cat of yours that was killed."

"The one the fox got."

"That's what you said. That's not what Sondra said."

Jeff shrugged. "What about it?"

"I found a dead raccoon on our roof."

"Your roof!"

"Yes. It was pretty awful."

Jeff toyed with his fork. All pretense of levity was at an end. "No head?"

"Worse."

For a few moments he was silent. I felt him struggle with himself before he spoke. "Maybe you'd better move out, Ted," he said.

He was trying to help—I knew it. With a single swipe he had tried to push through the restraint that hung between us. He was my friend; he was putting out his hand to me. And I suppose I must have known what he'd suggest. But I could not accept it. It was not what I wanted to hear. "Jeff, I can't do that," I said tolerantly, as if he had missed my point. "We've only been living there five months. It cost me twenty-two thousand to build that place. We have to live in it at least a year under the GI loan."

"Well, you know best, Ted." The smile dipped at me again.

"I just wanted to talk," I said, irritated at the ease with which he had given in. "I wanted to find out what you knew about this ghost business."

"Not very much. Sondra knows more than I do."

"I doubt that you would advise me to leave a house I had just built for no reason at all."

"There seems to be some sort of jinx on the property, that's all. Whether there's a ghost or not I couldn't tell you," he replied, annoyed in his turn at the line the conversation was taking. "How does Ellen feel about this?"

"She doesn't know."

"About the raccoon?"

"About anything."

"You mean there's more?"

"There are noises—at night. . . ."

"I'd speak to Sondra if I were you. She's gone into this business much more deeply than I. When we first moved in, she used to hang around your land a good deal . . . just snooping . . . particularly after the cat was killed. . . ." He was having some difficulty with his words. It struck me that the conversation was causing him pain. He was showing his teeth now in a smiling grimace. Dangling an arm over the back of his chair he seemed loose to the point of collapse. We circled warily about his wife's name.

"Look, Jeff," I said, and took a breath, "about Sondra. . . ."

Jeff cut me off with a wave of his hand. "Don't worry, I know Sondra."

"Then you know there's nothing between us?"

"It's just her way of amusing herself. Sondra's a strange girl. She does the same thing with me. She flirts with me but we don't sleep together." He picked up his spoon and stared at it unseeingly. "It started when she became pregnant. After she had the boy, everything between us stopped. You knew we had a son? He's in a sanitarium in the Valley."

"Can't you do anything?"

"Sure. Joyce Castle. I don't know what I'd have done without her."

"I mean divorce."

"Sondra won't divorce me. And I can't divorce her. No grounds." He shrugged as if the whole thing were of no concern at all to him. "What could I say? I want to divorce my wife because of the way she looks at other men? She's scrupulously faithful."

"To whom, Jeff? To you? To whom?"

"I don't know—to herself, maybe," he mumbled.

Whether with encouragement he might have gone on I don't know, for I cut him off. I sensed that with this enigmatic remark he was giving me my cue and that if I had chosen to respond to it he would have told me what I had asked him to lunch to find out—and all at once I was terrified; I did not want to hear it; I did not want to hear it at all. And so I laughed in a quiet way and said, "Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," and pushed it behind the closed door of my mind where I had stored all the impossibilities of the last months—the footsteps, the sounds in the night, the mutilated rac-

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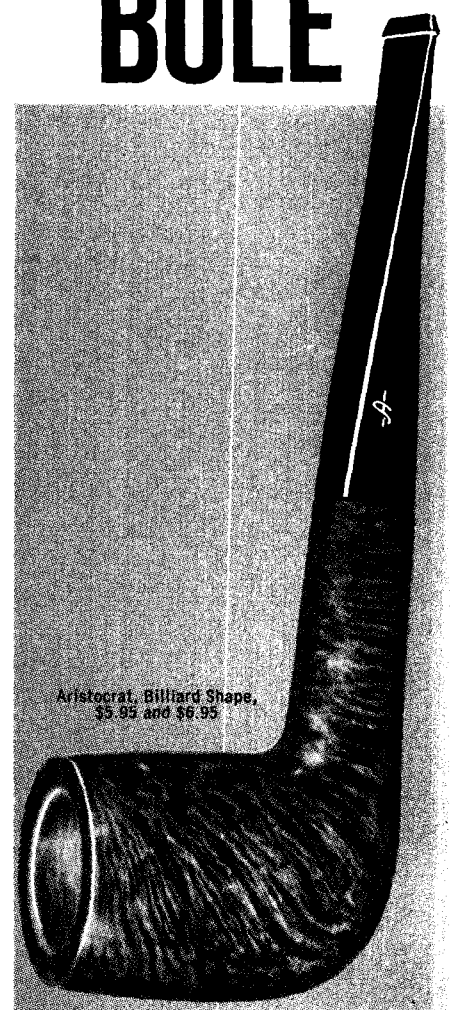

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coon—or else, by recognizing them, go mad.

Jeff suddenly looked me full in the face; his cheeks were flushed, his teeth clamped together. "Look, Ted," he said, "can you take the afternoon off? I've got to go to the sanitarium and sign some papers. They're going to transfer the boy. He has fits of violence and does . . . awful things. He's finally gotten out of hand."

"What about Sondra?"

"Sondra's signed already. She likes to go alone to visit him. She seems to like to have him to herself. I'd appreciate it, Ted—the moral support. . . . You don't have to come in. You can wait in the car. It's only about thirty miles from here, you'd be back by dinnertime. . . ." His voice shook, tears clouded the yellow-stained whites of his eyes. He looked like a man with fever. I noticed how shrunken his neck had become as it revolved in his collar, how his head caved in sharply at the temples. He fastened one hand on my arm, like a claw. "Of course I'll go, Jeff," I said. "I'll call the office. They can get along without me for one afternoon."

He collected himself in an instant. "I'd appreciate it, Ted. I promise you it won't be so bad."

The sanitarium was in the San Fernando Valley, a complex of new stucco buildings on a newly seeded lawn. Everywhere there were signs that read, PLEASE KEEP OFF, FOLKS. Midget saplings stood in discs of powdery earth along the cement walks angling white and hot through the grass. On these walks, faithfully observing the signs, the inmates strolled. Their traffic, as it flowed somnolently from one avenue to another, was controlled by attendants stationed at intersections, conspicuous in white uniforms and pith helmets.

After a time it became unbearably hot in the car, and I climbed out. Unless I wished to pace in the parking lot among the cars, I had no choice but to join the inmates and their visitors on the walks. I chose a nearly deserted walk and went slowly toward a building that had a yard attached to it surrounded by a wire fence. From the slide and the Junglegym in it I judged it to be for the children. Then I saw Jeff come into it. With him was a nurse pushing a kind of cart railed around like an oversized toddler. Strapped into it was "the boy."

He was human, I suppose, for he had all the equipment assigned to humans, yet I had the feeling that if it were not for the cart the creature would have crawled on his belly like an alligator. He had the eyes of an alligator too—sleepy, cold and soulless—set in a swarthy face and a head that seemed to run in a horizontal direction rather than the vertical, like an egg lying on its side. The features were devoid of any vestige of intelligence; the mouth hung open and the chin shone with saliva. While Jeff and the nurse talked, he sat under the sun inert and repulsive.

I turned on my heel and bolted, feeling that I had intruded on a disgrace. I imagined that I had been given a glimpse of a diseased universe, the mere existence of which constituted a threat to my life; the sight of that monstrous boy with his cold, bestial eyes made me feel as if, by stumbling on this shame I somehow shared in it with Jeff. Yet I told myself that the greatest service I could do him was to pretend that I had seen nothing, knew nothing, and not place on him the hardship of talking about something which obviously caused him pain.

He returned to the car pale and shaky and wanting a drink. We stopped first at a place called Joey's on Hollywood Way. After that it was the Cherry Lane on Vine Street, where a couple of girls propositioned us, and then a stop at the Brown Derby again, where I had left my car. Jeff downed the liquor in a joyless, businesslike way and talked to me in a rapid, confidential voice about a book he had just sold to Warner Brothers Studio for an exorbitant sum of money—trash in his opinion, but that was always the way—the parasites made it. Pretty soon there wouldn't be any good writers left: "There'll only be competent parasites and incompetent parasites." This was perhaps the third time we had had this conversation. Now Jeff repeated it mechanically, all the time looking down at the table where he was painstakingly breaking a red swizzle stick into ever tinier pieces.

When we left the restaurant, the sun had gone down, and the evening chill of the desert on which the city had been built had settled in. A faint pink glow from the vanished sun still lingered on the top of the Broadway Building. Jeff took a deep breath, then fell into a fit of coughing. "Goddam smog," he said. "Goddam city. I can't think of a single reason why I live here." He started toward his Daimler, tottering slightly.

"How about driving home with me?" I said. "You can pick your car up tomorrow."

He fumbled in the glove compartment and drew out a packet of small cigars. He stuck one between his teeth where it jutted unlit toward the end of his nose. "I'm not going home tonight, Ted friend," he said. "If you'll just drop me up the street at the Cherry Lane I'll remember you for life."

"Are you sure? I'll go with you if you want."

Jeff shook a forefinger at me archly. "Ted, you're a gentleman and a scholar. But my advice to you is to go home and take care of your wife. No, seriously. Take care of her, Ted. As for myself I shall go quietly to seed in the Cherry Lane Café." I had started toward my car when Jeff called out to me again. "I just want to tell you, Ted friend. . . . My wife was once just as nice as your wife. . . ."

I had gone no more than a mile when the last glimmer of light left the sky and night fell like a shutter. The sky above the neon of Sunset Boulevard turned jet black, and a sickly half-moon rose and was immediately obscured by thick fog that lowered itself steadily as I traveled west, till at the foot of Clay Canyon it began to pat my windshield with little smears of moisture.

The house was dark, and at first I thought Ellen must have gone out, but then seeing her old Plymouth in the driveway I felt the grip of a cold and unreasoning fear. The events of the day seemed to crowd around and hover at my head in the fog; and the commonplace sight of that car, together with the blackness and silence of the house, sent me into a panic as I ran for the door. I pushed at it with my shoulder as if expecting it to be locked, but it swung open easily and I found myself in the darkened living room with no light anywhere and the only sound the rhythm of my own short breathing. "Ellen!" I called in a high, querulous voice I hardly recognized. "Ellen!" I seemed to lose my balance; my head swam; it was as if this darkness and silence were the one last iota that the chamber of horrors in my mind could not hold, and the door snapped open a crack, emitting a cloudy light that stank of corruption, and I saw the landscape of my denial, like a tomb. It was the children's room. Rats nested in the double bunks, mold caked the red wallpaper, and in it an insane Spanish don hung by his neck from a dead tree, his heels vlumping against the wall, his foppish clothes rubbing as he revolved slowly in invisible currents of bad air. And as he swung toward me, I saw his familiar reptile eyes open and stare at me with loathing and contempt.

I conceded: It is here and It is evil, and I have left my wife alone in the house with It, and now she has been sucked into that cold eternity where the dumb shades store their plasms against an anguished centenary of speech—a single word issuing from the petrified throat, a scream or a sigh or a groan, syllables dredged up from a lifetime of eloquence to slake the bottomless thirst of living death.

And then a light went on over my head, and I found myself in the hall outside the children's room. Ellen was in her nightgown, smiling at me. "Ted? Why on earth are you standing here in the dark? I was just taking a nap. Do you want some dinner? Why don't you say something? Are you all right?" She came toward me; she seemed extraordinarily lovely; her eyes, a deeper blue than Sondra's, looked almost purple; she seemed young and slender again; her old serenity shone through like a restored beacon.

"I'm all right," I said hoarsely. "Are you sure you are?"

"Of course I am," she laughed. "Why shouldn't I be? I'm feeling much, much better." She took my hand and kissed it gaily. "I'll put on some clothes and then we'll have our dinner." She turned and went down the hall to our bedroom, leaving me with a clear view into the children's room. Though the room itself was dark, I could see by the hall light that the covers on the lower bunk had been turned back and that the bed had been slept in. "Ellen," I said. "Ellen, were you sleeping in the children's room?"

"Yes," she said, and I heard the rustle of a dress as she carried it from the closet. "I was in there mooning around, waiting for you to come home. I got sleepy and lay down on the bunk. What were *you* doing, by the way? Working late?"

"And nothing happened?"

"Why? What should have happened?"

I could not answer; my head throbbed with joy. It was over—whatever it was, it was over. All unknowing Ellen had faced the very heart of the evil and had slept through it like a child, and now she was herself again without having been tainted by the knowledge of what she had defeated; I had protected her by my silence, by my refusal to share my terror with this woman whom I loved. I reached inside and touched the light button; there was the brave red wallpaper scattered over with toys, the red-and-white curtains, the blue-and-red bedspreads. It was a fine room. A fine, gay room fit for children.

Ellen came down the hall in her slip. "Is anything wrong, Ted? You seem so distraught. Is everything all right at the office?"

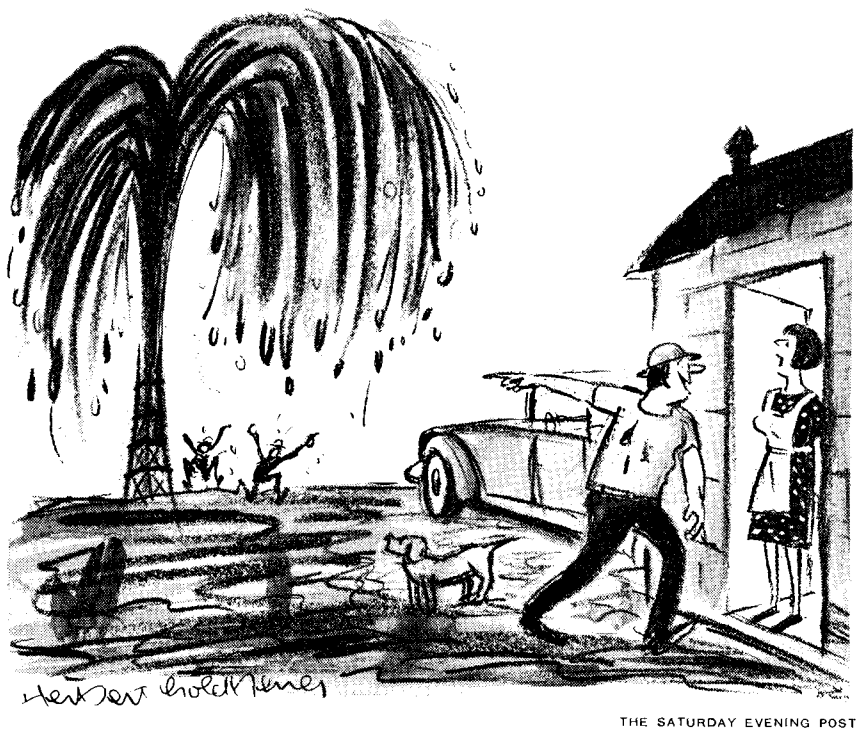
"Yes, yes," I said. "I was with Jeff Sheffits. We went to see his boy in the asylum. Poor Jeff; he leads a rotten life." I told Ellen the whole story of our afternoon, speaking freely in my house for the first time since we had moved there. Ellen listened carefully as she always did, and wanted to know, when I had finished, what the boy was like.

"Like an alligator," I said with disgust. "Just like an alligator."

Ellen's face took on an unaccountable expression of private glee. She seemed to be looking past me into the children's room, as if the source of her amusement lay there. At the same moment I shivered in a breath of profound cold, the same clammy draft that might have warned me on my last birthday had I been other than what I am. I had a sense of sudden dehydration, as if all the blood had vanished from my veins. I felt as if I were shrinking. When I spoke, my voice seemed to come from a throat rusty and dry with disuse. "Is that funny?" I whispered.

And my wife replied, "Funny? Oh, no, it's just that I'm feeling so much better. I think I'm pregnant, Ted." She tipped her head to one side and smiled at me.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's nice, dear. Wipe your feet."

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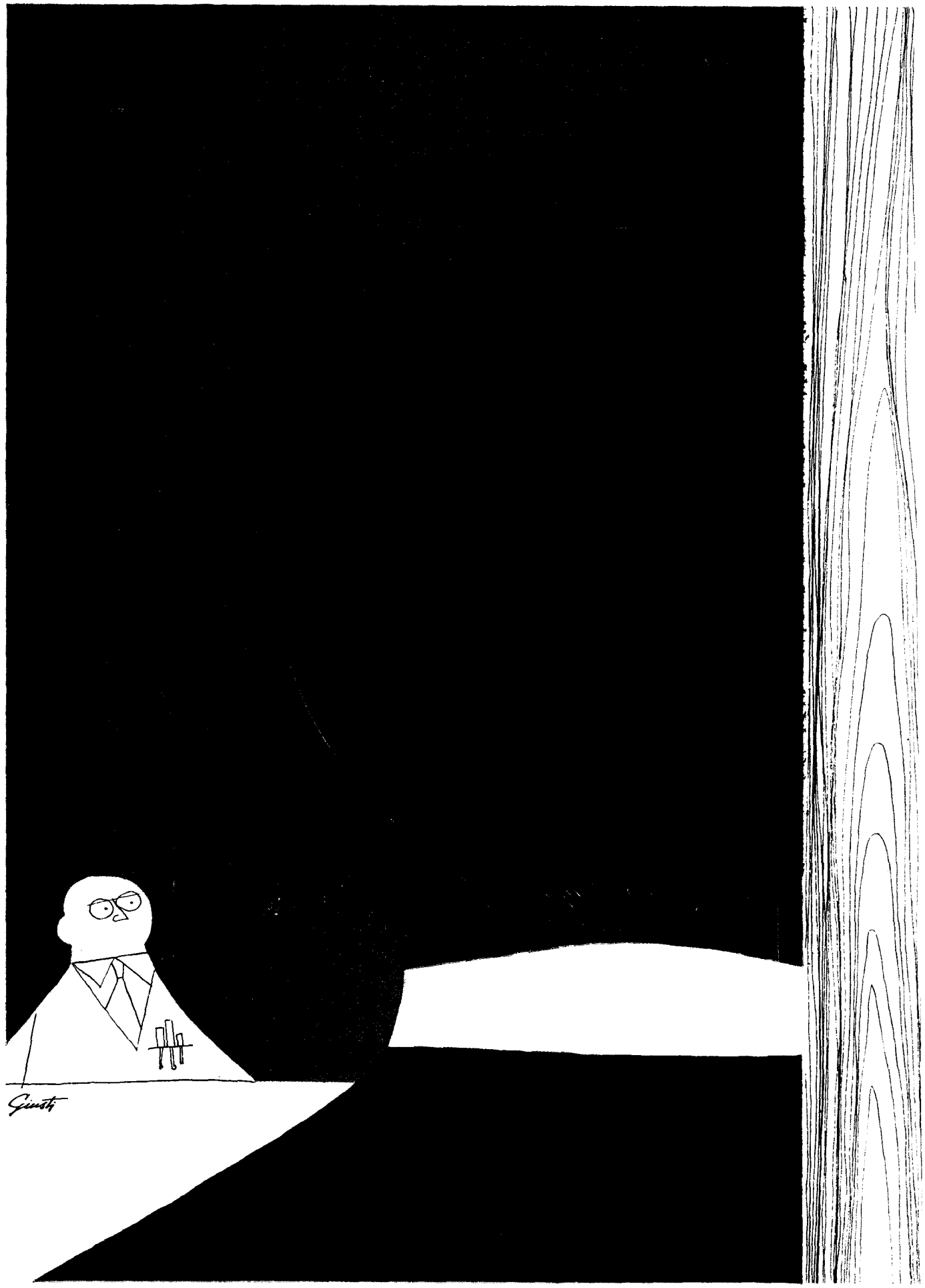
You can tell a man he's more trouble than he's worth; but if he's worth anything at all, he still won't lower the price on himself.

BLESS CHARLIE



Our university-style buildings are visible from the Schuylkill Expressway exit. Discreet metal letters fastened to one of the sand-colored walls announce the product name. No "company." No "incorporated." It's enough to explain that we manufacture computers. My little bailiwick, the customer-service-education division, prepares brochures and handbooks for the training classes offered to employees of our customers and our prospective customers. As long as I don't exceed the authorized division budget, I can hire as many people as I wish, which means practically nobody, except to fill a vacancy.

All this is by way of prologue to the appearance early one afternoon in my office of Charles Robertson Faunce, complete with glossy hair dyed as black as a Sioux brave's, a clip-on red bow tie with yellow horizontal stripes, a pair of rings on his fingers—one Masonic, the other a pawnshop-style diamond which might have been his reserve against emergencies—and a lapel watch on a thick gold chain that disappeared behind the handkerchief stuffed into his breast pocket. He reminded me of a package that had been rewrapped to look as if it had just come off the shelf. I smiled and asked him to make himself comfortable while I examined his employment application, which, like a recruit's gear laid out for inspection, was designed to reveal everything.

"I see you've got lots of experience as a draftsman," I said, in a kindly voice because he depressed me.

"Twenty-four years, all told," he said, as if my observation had eased his plight, and I thought to myself what an old-fashioned expression "all told" was.

We don't discuss salary for draftsmen's jobs; they are marked like fair-traded items. His knowledge of this fact seemed to define for me the melancholy chronicle of his life to this moment as he stood there now, excessively natty, plump, florid, and resplendent with all that jewelry. I offered him my hand. It wasn't much, even with the job thrown in, but he obviously thought it was. I thought for a second of mentioning conversationally that I knew the town he lived in, that I had come from there not so very long ago. But the thought that he might become neighborly loomed up like a sudden ordeal I could easily avoid with silence. I let him go, saying that he'd be working for Mr. Jackson and that he should stop by and introduce himself to Jackson on the way back to the personnel office.

I felt that kind of nagging guilt people have when they do something out of pity. I had done him a favor. I had put him back among the employed. Now he could stand as an equal among those Saturday-morning car washers and professional-football fans whose wives took sides in the annual Miss America contest and passed judgment on the morality of movie

By Morton Fineman

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Illustrated by George Giusti

actresses and whose daughters wore bouffant hairdos, mascara, eye shadow and toreador pants. Now he could take his family to Wildwood, N.J., for the weekend with all the rest of them.

In the town where he lived, and which I knew so well, the streets intersected like lines on a sheet of graph paper. The red-brick row houses had narrow concrete patios with L-shaped wrought-iron railings, colored aluminum-strip awnings over the front doors and first-floor windows, and lawns running down to the sidewalk, with another swatch of lawn along the curb. We'd had a hollow-cast, livid-pink flamingo on the lawn, and eventually, when my mother despaired of preventing the pigeons and starlings from messing it up, it had been removed to the garage behind the house. I was wondering whether Faunce's wife had a flamingo or a deer on the lawn, when Jackson's telephone call interrupted me.

"That new man just came by. He looks a little old," Jackson said. "But he wants me to call him Charlie."

"Charlie's a name," I said.

Jackson laughed carefully, ready to maneuver with me. "That's a beautiful hair job. If you think he'll work out, that's fine with me."

"After a few days you probably won't even remember he's around unless you want him," I said. "That kind blends with the filing cabinets. Tonight, he'll probably take the family out for a deluxe platter at a Hot Shoppe to celebrate and tell them all about you, and the whole family will go to bed thinking what a great guy you are. How often does that ever happen to you?"

Jackson backed off, a little puzzled; anything slightly unorthodox or new brought him quickly to a point of caution. At that moment I disliked him intensely for deciding that it was safe to be amused by the color of a man's hair when he talked to me.

One afternoon about two weeks later Charlie came skipping back into range in the lobby as I was going home. He offered me a ride into town, and I accepted because my car was in the garage again for repairs; it has one of those high-strung nervous systems that need constant attention. Charlie escorted me to a new Pontiac sitting on the parking lot like a wedding cake with all the trimmings. "A week old," he said proudly.

"I see you didn't miss any of the optional items."

Charlie smiled at me. His smile, I suddenly realized, had an uncommon effect; it was like a great watershed of self-satisfaction, and just when you were on the verge of being amused by him, it seemed to change and you were belatedly aware that all along he had been yearning to have you share everything equally with him. His jowly face was radiant with pleasure simply because he was with me. Even our moments of sitting in silence as he drove, grandly yielding the right-of-way to both motorists and pedestrians, exuded an atmosphere of festivity and good-fellowship: Charlie and I beckoning to the world beyond the safety glass around us. And they would see us in a moment because Charlie was a piper who never failed; his song spoke only of coming into his arms.

I resisted the desire to ask him whether his wife had a flamingo or a deer on the lawn until the lure of hearing his answer became too strong. He almost laughed his way through a red light. "Now, that's a funny thing to ask. You must know that neighborhood. As a matter of fact, she went out to the garden mart at Sears a week or so after we moved in and bought herself a deer. 'What the hell is that monstrosity?' I asked her, and she said, 'It's a statue.' 'A statue! If you call that sad-looking thing a statue, you don't know one when you see it. A statue means something and has a little dignity because of that simple fact. If you keep that damned thing out on the lawn ——' The Faunce house is the only one on the block without a piece of junk on the lawn."

"Jackson tells me you've got a regular Charlie Faunce fan club in the cafeteria."

"Oh, the boys like a funny story or two and I guess I've heard enough of them to keep me in business for a while. Talking too much and too loud is an old weakness of mine. Are you giving me a hint that I ought to turn the gas down a little?"

"No," I said.

"I guess you wouldn't, at that. You'd do it through Jackson."

"That would be the proper thing."

"Oh, we've got to keep the chain of command from getting tangled or those poor little boys would never know what was proper for the occasion. Well, you know, I've joined the credit union, the Boosters and the Toastmasters, and I've made sundry other affiliations, but I told them, 'Boys, I draw the line at bowling. I'm too old and too fat and I haven't got the disposition for competing unless it comes down to putting a dollar or two on a horse or matching my wits and luck with you in a few small hands of poker. I'll tell you confidentially, the thought of something like bowling gives me a large pain. Now, poker and a session at a friendly bar exchanging thoughts, they're gentlemanly habits. Bowling—well, now, I think of it as something you do without wearing a necktie.' But they're nice boys and all they want is to get their names in the company paper. They think they're all alike—I mean they want to think it; they want to hide what's different in them. Now, you take that little Pete Reslow, the fellow who writes all those technical things—well, one day I drove him home and he said, 'Come in for a drink,' and I ended up staying for dinner, and before the night was over that little Pete and his wife had their guitars out and were singing me sweet songs in Spanish and French and telling me all about this Segovia, who, I gather from what they said, is the great granddaddy of all guitar players. 'Pete,' I said to him with genuine admiration, 'I am amazed. The only Spaniards I ever heard about were Ferdinand and Isabella and that funny little man Franco that's in the papers now and again.' You should have seen it. The two of them singing away like nightingales and gazing at each other as if I wasn't even in the house. We must have polished off a fifth of Old Grand-Dad, and when I got home my wife said to me, 'I thought you promised me to stay away from the Elks during the week,' and I told her what I'd been doing and what I'd learned about guitar playing, and all she could say was, 'If you go to the Elks, why don't you admit it like a man instead of making up such a ridiculous story?' 'Loretta Mae,' I said, 'if you don't know anything about guitar playing, don't knock it, because it's a clear sign of your ignorance,' and I went to bed a happier man because I had found out something I didn't have any idea about. A man has a true moment of glory when he learns something, to my way of thinking. My, oh, my," he said, laughing, "what was that you started out asking me? Did we have a deer on the lawn? You interested in buying a slightly used deer?"

"No," I said, and laughed with him.

There are days when I forgo lunch, pleading too much work because I cannot eat alone, as I would like; and because we are fifteen miles from town, I cannot go out for lunch without making it a project. Sometimes, at the end of the day, as I come through the prairie-sized lobby, I want to shriek at the top of my voice: Let's burn this damned temple down. I dream of centaurs roaming the half mile of green, rolling "campus" outside the buildings, and the raping of women, and giant goatskins heavy with wine, and hands and beards and lips gummy with it. I dream of an orgy of drunkenness, and of destruction to equal that of Carthage, as tenderly as a pregnant woman dreams of that first child within her. I understand again the grammar of loneliness, and I know how to interpret the acts and gestures and the secret pantomimes of all the forsaken who are the phantom brothers resident in all our hearts.

Eventually I came to understand clearly that Jackson was determined not to let me evade the responsibility for burdening him with Charlie. In all fairness I am forced to concede that Jackson sensed things I did not; some quality about Charlie that signified he was not, at heart, a true believer. Like a trained sentry, Jackson recognized immediately that a stranger, perhaps a hostile one, had joined us.

Jackson is one of the lanky, slow-moving kind, complete with a resonant, pompous bass voice; the earnest expression on his face is as permanent as a piece of built-in furniture. I am certain that he inspects the most innocuous remark of mine for Machiavellian intent. Charlie flouted his authority and Jackson made it plain to me by his tone of voice that I ought to consider that an offense worthy of excommunication.

"In what way?" I asked him.

"Well, I can't quite put my finger on it. That makes it worse, in a way."

"What kind of job does he do?"

"I'm not complaining about his work. That's what is so damned insidious about him."

"When you put your finger on it, do something about it. If he's giving you any lip, you ought to know how to handle that."

"It's not a question of giving me any lip. Hell, he's a Santa Claus with a bag of toys around the office."

Jackson was always precise, accurate and humorless, and now all of these attributes were failing him. He sat near my desk looking morose and uncomfortable. I tried not to dislike him. I needed Jackson; I needed the qualities about him I disliked. I thought of him carrying out the priestly labors of office as I knew they were prescribed. He had been designed to work, to accept his rewards and minor perquisites as they were periodically allotted. But then it occurred to me that Jackson could be hired and fired or sent off with his pension-plan payments, but he always returned in the same guise: only the name changed. And we were powerless to change anything else now, despite our elaborate structure of power and our façade of sovereignty.

"Let me give you an example of what I mean," Jackson said. "Charlie knows shorthand and every now and then he sends over a note to my secretary and she sits there laughing as if it's some kind of big, private joke. I can't very well ask her what the note was about without looking like a fool."

"Maybe he's trying to make time with a pretty girl."

"He's married and he's got three kids."

"Most of us are."

"And he's old enough to be her grandfather."

"That might slow him down, but it shouldn't stop him."

"Maybe you've got something there. Women phone him all the time."

"Listen," I said to him, "you might as well tell me whatever else is bothering you."

"I'd like to ask you something off the record first."

I nodded.

"Are you interested in him? What I mean, is he around because somebody

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put out the word? That happens once in a while."

"No," I said. "He's on his own, so you don't have to worry about that."

"It helps," Jackson said.

"What's the rest of the indictment?"

When Jackson told me, I had to laugh, and he stared at me, his face wrenched with dismay. Charlie, it seemed, was receiving impassioned love letters from one of the older, unmarried telephone operators and reading them aloud to his admirers during lunch.

"Now, just what do you think you or I can do about that?"

"I don't know," Jackson said. "But there's another thing I don't like. He's put the bite on practically everybody in the office."

"Are you getting any complaints?"

"They all like him. You'd think it was a pleasure to lend him money. He's a real con artist," Jackson said. "He's always got a place to send you to buy something wholesale. He's helping Pete Reslow put together a hi-fi at home. He's a regular father confessor to all the girls with boyfriend troubles. He's an oracle and expert on practically anything you can mention. He does everything he's supposed to do, as if making you happy is the only damned thing he cares about. But I always have the feeling he really thinks it's all a running gag and that he's sorry for me; it's almost as if he's trying to tell me it's too bad but there's still time for me if I'll just stop awhile to listen to him. Maybe you think all this sounds crazy. It sure does to me when I say it out loud."

"Well, it doesn't sound like you."

"Nevertheless," Jackson said stubbornly, "I wish I could stop feeling as if he's treating me like some underprivileged child. Hell, he's no idol. A draftsman at his age! I mean, when you come right down to it, who the hell is he to think we're playing games around here? Who is he to criticize?" Jackson frowned angrily and lit a cigarette, debating with himself whether he was stepping out of line with me. "You see," he said apologetically, "I really can't tell you anything specific." He smiled. I remained patient and noncommittal; I didn't want to show Jackson that I was enjoying his discomfort. "The funny thing is, I find myself liking him too, until I get that feeling that he wants me to be different." Jackson sighed and gathered up his papers. "I've taken up enough of your time," he said. "And probably sounded like a fool."

When Jackson left, I lit a cigar and walked over to the window, looking out at our campus. The heat and serenity of summer were out there; the sprinklers fed the thick, rolling lawns. The centaurs and all the orgiastic creatures appeared again, beckoning to me. I was quite calm. I recognized them—old friends—and I wished them well. It's the least you can do if you don't want to go to the bacchanal yourself. Their garden was outside; mine was inside. Then I thought how our Charlie, Jackson's and mine, beckoned too, as if he knew some answers we didn't know. I wasn't worried about Charlie; his footwork was fancy enough and his heart was pure. I felt a little sorry for Jackson, and for myself too.

Later that day Jackson called and asked to see me. "I'd like to bring Pete Reslow along."

"Sure," I said. "What's it about?"

"I'd rather talk about it in your office."

"Not Charlie, for God's sake?"

"Yes," Jackson said grimly. "This time you won't think I'm sucking air."

Pete Reslow was a small, balding man, mild, gentle and completely manageable, with far more ability than ambition. Jackson told him to sit in the armchair alongside my desk. He obeyed meekly. Jackson stood beside him protectively. "I found him arguing with Charlie in the corridor," Jackson said. "Now I want him to tell you what he told me. . . . Go ahead. You don't have to feel embarrassed. Everything we say here is confidential."

"Charlie owes me some money," Pete said reluctantly. "I was just trying to collect it."

"It wasn't ten or twenty bucks, though, was it, Pete?" Jackson said.

"How much was it, Pete?" I asked.

"Pete, don't stare at the carpet. Answer the man," Jackson said roughly.

Pete looked up at me. "Five hundred bucks. Listen, I know Charlie will pay it back. The only problem is I've got to have it by Monday."

"Don't stop there, Pete. Tell him why," Jackson said.

"Well," Pete said, "we have a settlement for the new house scheduled on Monday. Nora's pregnant again, so we needed a larger place. I told Charlie I absolutely had to have the money back. Nora doesn't even know about it. All she's been talking about for weeks is the day we make settlement. That five hundred was part of the money I was going to use for the settlement costs. You know how it is when you buy a new house. Everything gets figured out to the last dime. I've just got to come up with five hundred by two o'clock on Monday or I can't make settlement. It's been three months since I gave Charlie the five hundred and I was sure he'd pay it back. He promised me absolutely."

"Just exactly what did he say?" I asked Pete.

Jackson laughed. "Go ahead, Pete. Tell the man."

"He said he didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of getting the five hundred by Monday. The best he could do was let me have fifty by then."

Jackson looked at me portentously. "All this is definitely not good. I depend on Pete and I don't see how he can do a good job for me with something like this on his mind."

"If it weren't for the house, I wouldn't care if Charlie paid it back ten bucks at a time," Pete said.

"The point is," Jackson said, "Charlie knew exactly what Pete was planning to do with the money. So it's just irresponsibility on his part."

"I guess when you put it that way, it is," Pete said.

"How the hell would *you* put it?" Jackson asked him, but he was really talking to me.

"I've never done anything like this without telling Nora," Pete said. "What worries me more than anything is the way she's going to feel."

"Pete," I said, "I'm not buying a house and I don't have a wife to worry about, so I guess I can shell out five hundred as a loan to help you out."

"Hey, that's nice of you," Pete said in a soft, relieved voice. "I don't know what else to say."

"What about Charlie?" Jackson asked me.

"You can pay me back any way that's convenient, Pete."

Pete shook his head and smiled at me gratefully.

"I'd like to find out what you think about Charlie now," Jackson said insistently.

"And I'd like you to stop yapping at me, Jackson." I was very tired of listening to him. "I'll take care of Charlie."

"That's all I want," Jackson said angrily. "I feel I've made my point."

"Yes, you have."

I sent for Charlie and he came in with that special smile of his turned on like an emergency flare burning on a dark road. I sat down, motioning him to do the same. With a ceremonious little tilt of his head, he asked me whether he could smoke.

"Charlie, stop playing games with me."

"I wasn't sure of the spirit in which this meeting would be conducted."

"Oh, light your damn cigar, Charlie."

The smile opened a notch wider. He worked the band off the cigar, and broke the cellophane with his thumb and peeled it down. He brought out a cigar clipper, put it to work, and inspected the results of his surgery. Satisfied, he brought out his lighter and worked the flame around the end until the cigar was drawing exactly the way he wanted. He pulled one of my ashtrays within reach, leaned back, and with a nod of his head announced that he was fully prepared to negotiate with me.

"I won't buy a grease job, Charlie," I said.

The smile remained, but his manner became reproachful. I knew Charlie well enough to understand that he was still probing to determine how much leeway he had. "I was only going to explain that I wouldn't want to upset Pete for the world. Mind you, I had the best of intentions. If I'd had any idea Pete would get himself into this kind of a situation just because I couldn't square our little debt—not because I didn't want to, mind you—I would have said, 'Thank you, no, Pete. Don't offer to do a man a favor if it means getting yourself into a bind. The thought itself is as heartwarming as the deed, Pete.' That's what I would have said to him."

"That's very touching, Charlie. Have you ever thought of having your wife put all your little sentiments into fancy needlework so you could frame them?" He chuckled; but it was only a feint; he was still out of range and he intended to stay there. I said, "Pete told you that he needed the money back by a certain date, didn't he?"

"He did," Charlie said. "I'm beginning to see a bit of light here. This is all a simple misconception. A misunderstanding among honest men. Pete most certainly did tell me just that. But I also said to him, 'Now Pete, are you sure you can spare it?' And he gave me that assurance. He didn't give me to understand it would actually prevent him from signing a set of mortgage papers. Now, as far as Pete is concerned, Charlie Faunce never welshed on a bet or forgot a nickel he ever owed a man. And that is a statement of fact as plain as I can make it."

"Charlie," I said, "you're good to have around, but I'm beginning to wonder how much it's going to cost us."

He gazed at me shrewdly, the smile up like a fighter's guard. He began to say something, then paused, and I had the feeling that I'd moved in closer than he'd expected. His mood shifted; it became noticeably more wary, and he decided to devote himself to his cigar for the moment.

"Charlie, do you mind if we put this on a personal basis?"

"By no means, though it seems to be on a personal basis right now." His voice was magnanimous, but his eyes were watchful.

"This job is important to you, isn't it?"

"It puts meat and potatoes on the table."

"Jackson wants me to fire you. I have to admit he's got a good enough reason, Charlie."

"That doesn't surprise me. He's a self-righteous, bloodthirsty young man."

"I want to be sure you understand the seriousness of this situation." I stopped because I was sounding pompous; that gave Charlie too much of an edge.

Charlie waited for me to continue, but his smile brightened. Finally he said in a low, almost affectionate voice, "You have a better idea."

"I think so, and I wish you'd listen to me. I've got a pretty good notion you don't have two dimes to rub together. But you've got a wife, three kids, a mortgage, and car payments."

"I concede the accuracy of that statement," Charlie said.

"If I interest you, Charlie, we can go on talking about this."

"I'm downright curious," he said, but I had the distinct impression that somehow I was disappointing him.

"You're peddling something pretty special, Charlie, but you'll have to lower the price. Considering everything, you ought to be willing to do that."

He sat there and laughed at me. Given another second of hearing him, I would have laughed too, because I had this sudden crazy sensation that he was treating me the way the mean old sheriff of Nottingham was treated by Errol Flynn in that movie years ago. For a long time after I saw *Robin Hood*, and wanted to show genuine scorn for anybody, I laughed the way Errol Flynn did at the sheriff of Nottingham.

"I like that," Charlie said, and his words saved me from joining him in laughter as I had that first time when he drove me into town and told me about Loretta Mae and the deer on the lawn.

No, Jackson had him pegged. Charlie roamed among us like a bandit. The cigar rotated slowly between his fingers; the beckoning, inviolate smile reappeared on his lips. I had the feeling that I couldn't hide anything from him and that he knew I had wanted to laugh and had drawn back from him. If I joined him now, I would have to go with him, and I didn't know where he would take me.

"A couple weeks ago," Charlie said, "my wife told me she wanted to see those famous gardens down near Wilmington, so I could just forget the Sunday doubleheader and be a dutiful husband for a change. The boys were old enough to go to the ball game without me. So, to get down to the nub of the story, we got out there, along with maybe five hundred other garden lovers, to walk through I don't know how many acres of flowers and hedges. She was prancing along, flushed with the sun, saying how beautiful this was, and did I ever see anything like that, every ten or fifteen yards; and it was too bad I didn't have a camera like everybody else to take color pictures. Mind you, I'm not a man who'd vote against the beauties of nature, but I said to her, 'This place isn't for me.' 'Not for you!' she said. 'Here's a man who's spent maybe a million dollars or more in his lifetime to make this beautiful place, and thousands of people come out here just for the privilege of seeing it. What's for you, Charlie Faunce, besides drinking

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at the Elks and feeling superior to anything everybody likes?' 'Lots of things,' I told her. 'But everything here looks made of plastic and measured off with a ruler before it's put in the ground.' 'My God,' she said, 'you're fifty-seven years old and isn't it time you started liking what people like?' 'Enjoy yourself, Loretta Mae,' I told her, 'and I'll meet you back at the car.' She looked at me like she suddenly realized after all these years that the wrong man had been wearing the bridegroom's coat. Any second I was expecting her to say to me, 'Why can't you be like Pat O'Brien is toward women?' Every now and again, you know, she'll see old Pat himself on the *Late Show* being a major in the Marines, or an understanding priest with a heart of gold and fists of iron, and she'll turn to me and say, 'There's the kind of man a woman should marry.' So right then and there in the hot sun I started laughing at the thought of how happy she'd be walking around here with Pat O'Brien and watching him take color pictures. 'What a price I pay, Charlie Faunce,' she said, just shaking her head and looking at me and getting ready to cry. 'Loretta Mae,' I said, because I didn't mean to make a fool of her, 'there's not one of us ever fixed the price for anything. It's done for us.'" He stopped talking and gazed at me. Then he said, "Considering everything, there's no way I could lower that price you're talking about, is there?"

"You don't have a lot to bargain with. Not with those three kids to feed and that car to pay off."

"Hell, they've always eaten and I've turned cars back to the finance company before," Charlie said. "I'm satisfied to be who I am. Mind you, I don't bear you or Jackson any malice. Every man's got one tune that darkens his heart when he hears it, no matter who is singing it outside his window. It's the tune, not the singer."

"Charlie," I said, "don't sit there as if you're trying to help me."

"That's a funny thing for you to say," Charlie murmured. "Especially when you're all steamed up about pounding common sense into my head. Sure, Jackson would like it if you fired me. But he'd like it more if I sat out at that drafting table and felt scared every time I heard the song he sings."

"Charlie, that hair job may not work someplace else. And I don't mean it as a dirty crack about your age." I moved my chair away from the desk so it was not a barrier between us, and so that we could face each other freely.

As if he knew what I was about to say, he gestured with the hand that held the cigar; the smile on his face became sad, not because I had disappointed him but because I was lost to him forever. "I'm fifty-seven years old and I've been Charlie Faunce for every one of those years," he said, and his eyes looked out at me gently and indomitably. "Tell Jackson one little thing for me. Tell him when they are waiting for both of you in that toll booth at the other end of the bridge, Charlie Faunce will be away free and clear."

"Damn it," I said. "Don't you understand what I'm trying to tell you? Look at the calendar to see what year it is. Nobody can do what you want to do, for God's sake. I'm talking to you this way because I like you. It's no skin off my nose if I fire you or if you quit. All I have to do is call the personnel office and they'll have the names of a dozen people who want your lousy job, Charlie. What makes you think you'll get away free and clear?" I shouted. "Any place you walk into, Jackson will be there waiting for you."

Charlie stood up and looked down at me. "I would appreciate it if you'd tell Jackson for me that Charlie Faunce said he could go to hell." He touched me on the shoulder. "I wouldn't say that to you. You're different from Jackson. You gave little Pete that hand up when it mattered. But you're not different enough."

As Charlie walked out of my office, I looked through the window, and the creatures of my rage and despair cavorted across the lawns, beckoning to me again, not from a distance, but close to the window this time, closer than they had ever been. Silently, I wished Charlie a blessed voyage through the damp green terror of the rain forest, the desert of the city, and the cold, uncharted sea. THE END

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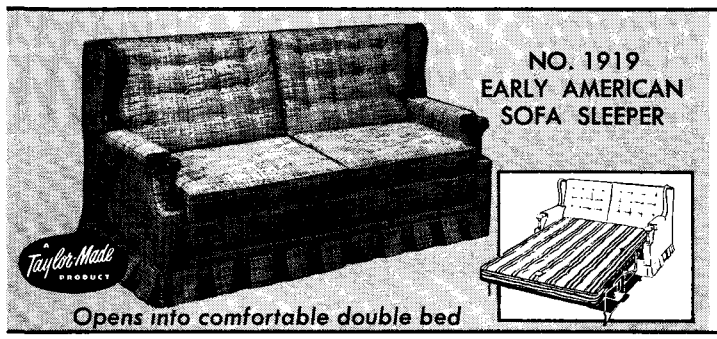

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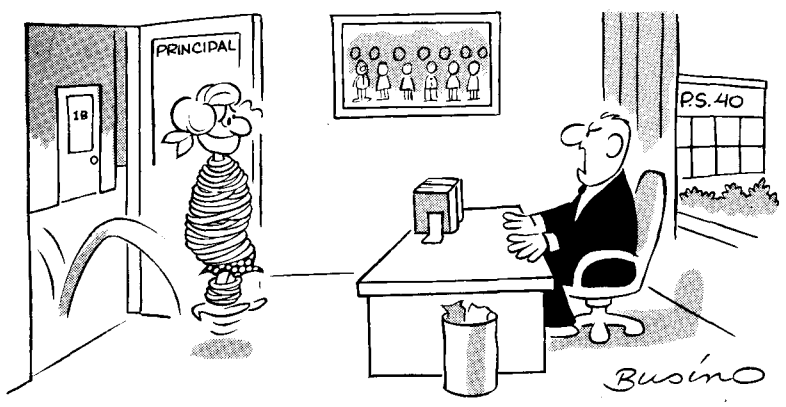
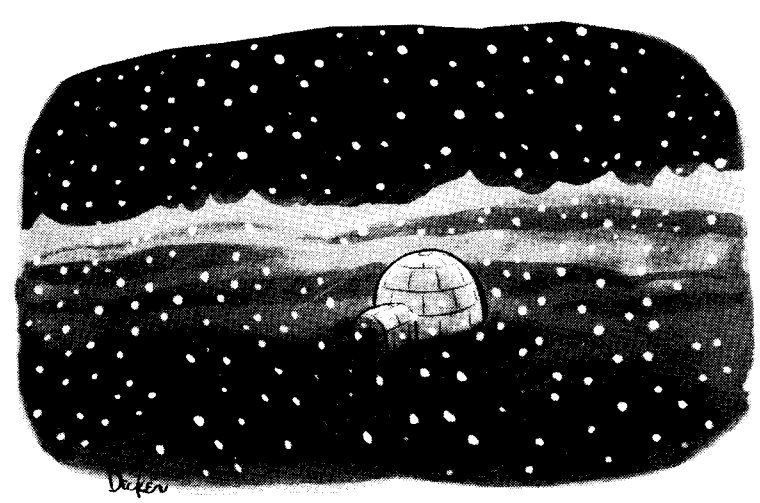


"Oh no, Miss Barrett! Not another complaint about your afternoon kindergarten class!"



"Four o'clock already! Where do the days go?"

"Helen, have you been drinking from my Thermos?"

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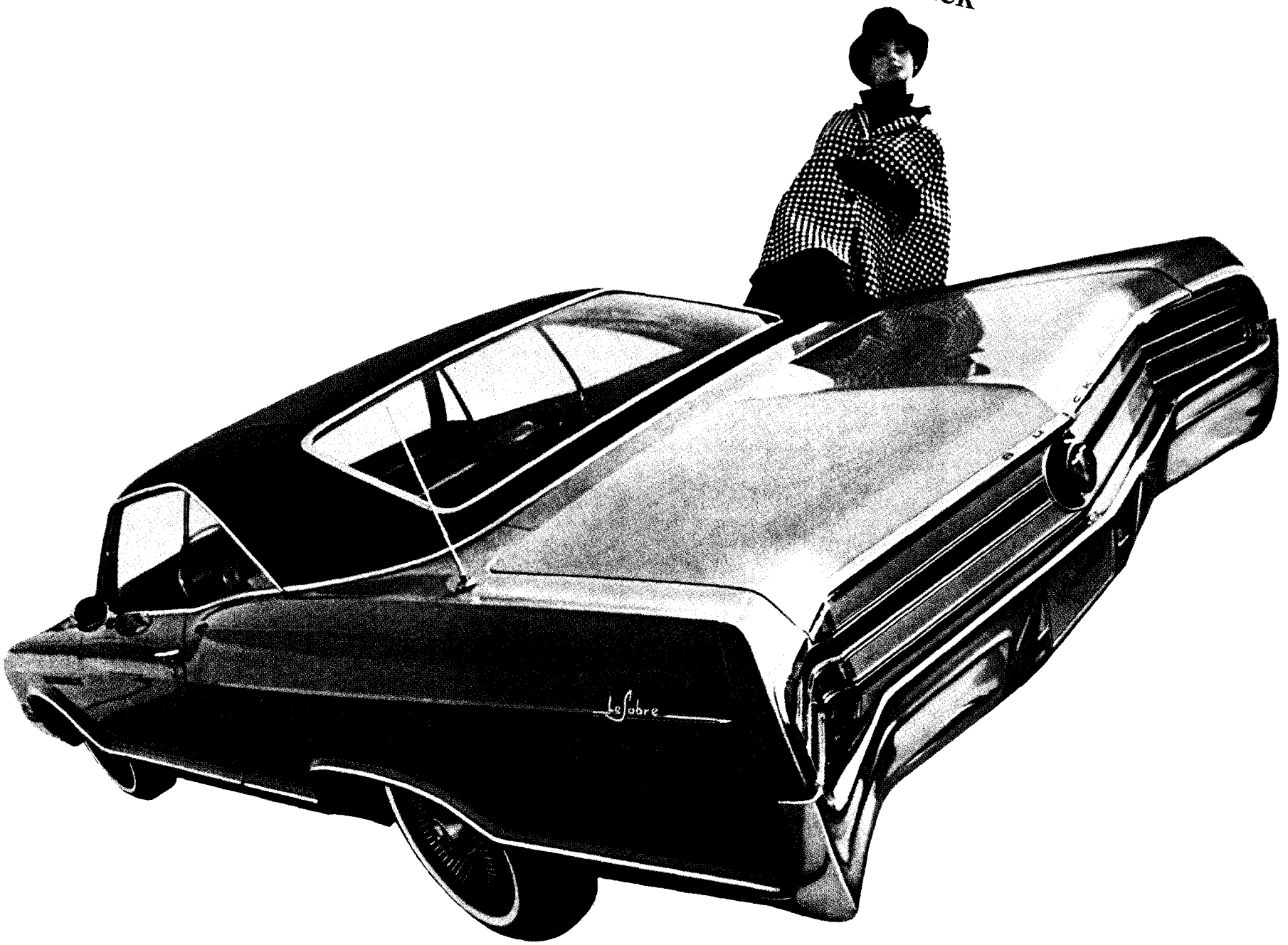
Buick
'65
Buick



Surprise!

Bet you think this '65 Buick beauty is above and beyond your new-car budget.
Wrong. Chances are it's within range of what you may lavish on something less.
On a car without the rich Body by Fisher design that means Buick.
And without the custom-look interior and the extra quality that means Buick.
Like finned brake drums. Tuned suspension. Insulation that breeds quiet.
And you should know what Buick engineering means. Find out firsthand.
Drive the LeSabre pictured. Or Wildcat, Electra 225, Riviera, Skylark, Special.
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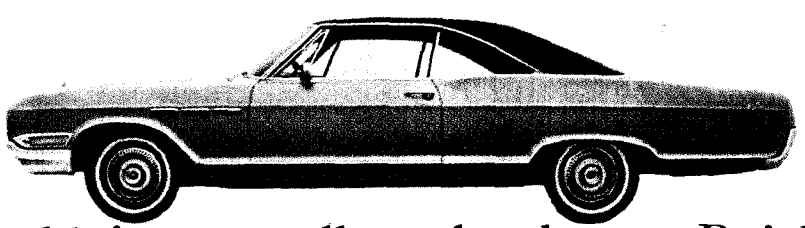

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

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For a sense of well-being: helmet and wig.

Look fast–think pink

Even racing against men, Donna Mae Mims is a champion sports-car drive

"I think it's marvelous that you can put some evil-smelling liquid into a car and wind up with the back wheels turning," Donna Mae Mims said, "and that will give you some idea of how much *I* know about it."

Donna Mae Mims is a race driver, the first woman to win a Sports Car Club of America championship. This does not mean she is the kind of driver who will be running soon at Indianapolis or Daytona, but it's a serious beginning: There were 31 men competing in Mrs. Mims's class this year, and they must concede, like it or not, that the pretty blonde in the bright-pink sports car is their leader. She is boss of what is called the Class H production category for imported two-seaters with engines about one fifth the size of the average U. S. passenger car. Donna Mae won with an Austin Healey Sprite. It was her first car. She paid $600 for it and she was its fifth owner.

In straight-up, no-nonsense lettering on the back of her car, where all who are passed may read, is Donna Mae's message to the world: THINK PINK. Her helmet is pink. Her self-tailored, size 8, gold-brocaded coveralls are pink. Her hair is pink-blonde and she wears a pink wig when she feels like it, which is often. Her apartment in Pittsburgh is pink. Her constant companion is a long-haired Mexican Chihuahua dog, called Pédro-Gonzalez-Gonzalez-The-Mexican-Road-Rat. Pédro was born mostly white, but he is sometimes pink via Tintex.

"People ask me if all this pink talk is a gag, a publicity stunt," Mrs. Mims says. "Absolutely not. I just happen to like pink. I *feel* pink. It's a girl color, and I feel like a girl. Maybe because the thing that interests me most in life right now is competition in a sport that is almost completely male, maybe that makes me *want* to feel feminine. I don't know about that. What I *do* know is that I feel pink and I want to *be* pink."

Her inclination to pink aside, there is nothing exotic about Donna Mae Mims's life history. She was born in Pittsburgh and has lived in the city or a suburb of it all her life. She has been married twice and twice divorced and doesn't care to talk much about it; she works as a secretary, and until motor racing came into her life she had no interest in a career. She lives alone and likes it.

Donna Mae Mims is five feet three, weighs 120 pounds before a race, is 30-something years old and unusually pretty. She makes a definite impression: She is, you are sure, warm and kind and good. Men are much moved by her. They want to protect her. "The girl's a doll," says James Pinkston, a public-relations man for British Motor Corporation, who accompanies Mrs. Mims to many races. "One'd have to be very curious about anyone who didn't like Donna Mae."

She seems alone and shy in a hostile world. But she never travels without her well-used cable exerciser, and after she'd driven in her first 12-hour race she said, "I felt fine. I wasn't a bit tired. I was gung-ho all the way." Her closest competitor for the championship last year, Paul Hill of Ft. Worth, complained after their last race that Donna Mae had hit his car from behind and spun him. "I could have put the brakes on and avoided him," she said, "but I just wasn't about to, that's all."

Race driving, if one's serious, is a competitive endeavor, and Mrs. Mims knows this well. It is also a sport which requires extraordinary sacrifices.

"I haven't seen a new dress or a pair of shoes in quite a little while," Donna Mae says. "I spend every cent on racing.

"When I first began driving, in 1958, I was still married. This husband and I had a Corvette and we both drove it. I drove it faster than he did, which was part of the trouble, I'm afraid. I hated the color of the thing, it was black, but he wouldn't let me change it, so I painted THINK PINK on it instead. When we parted I kept his name, Mims—I was tired of changing names—and I kept the Corvette too. But it was just too much automobile for me."

Donna Mae traded for the fifth-hand Sprite. She drove in 10 races to win the championship, races run on circuits scattered around the map from Kansas to Maryland to Connecticut. Most of the 40-odd sports-car courses built in the United States since the war have been expertly laid out to provide uphill and downhill going with all kinds of bends and curves, the root idea being to simulate real roadway. They are usually two or three miles to the lap, and races can be anything from 50 to 350 miles long—a test of anyone's endurance.

The executive to whom Donna Mae Mims is secretary—E.A. Myers, president of the Pittsburgh firm of that name—is sympathetic to her constant traveling. "He's understanding," Donna Mae says.

Donna Mae Mims races her new MG-B sports car. Racing, she says, "is the delight of controlling the car, the plain sensuous thrill of movement, t

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By Ken W. Purdy

But, because she is all girl, she wears all pink.

"After all, he races a Sting Ray himself." Since most sports-car races are weekend events, Donna Mae can leave the office at 5:30 on Friday afternoon and be back at work at nine Monday morning. She won't have had much sleep, but she doesn't mind that.

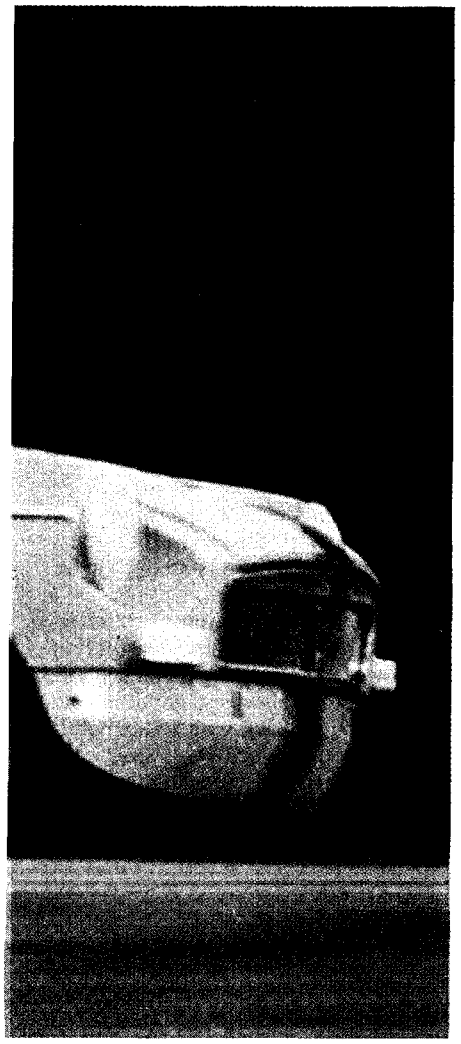
"Life is so short," she says, "you can't mark time. You have to *go*. That's one of the things I like about racing. Everything is urgent. Everything is on the bitter edge of *go*—mind, body, machinery. Racing is living a lot in a short time. That's one of the things it is. Then there's the delight of controlling the car, the plain sensuous thrill of movement, the same delight as in dancing or skating or skiing, but so much sharper."

And the night after a race, a winning race, let's say? What does the think-pink girl do for a celebration?

"Nothing," Mrs. Mims says. "I drive home. And is it dull! It's like coming off dope, driving home on the road after a race. Because, you know, the two things have nothing in common, driving in a race, and driving on the road. They're not remotely the same thing. No, I have to get home. I'm too tired to celebrate.

"My idea of luxury and reward is a hot bath and a lot of cheese dip and potato chips to eat. After that, to bed. I sleep with all the lights on so that no one can get me. One of my girl friends (I have two) can't sleep with the lights on, so whenever she stays overnight, she sleeps in the other bedroom and closes the door, because I leave the living-room lights on too. I like feeling secure. I like high-necked dresses, long-sleeved, belted, for the same reason."

same delight as in skiing or dancing. . . ."

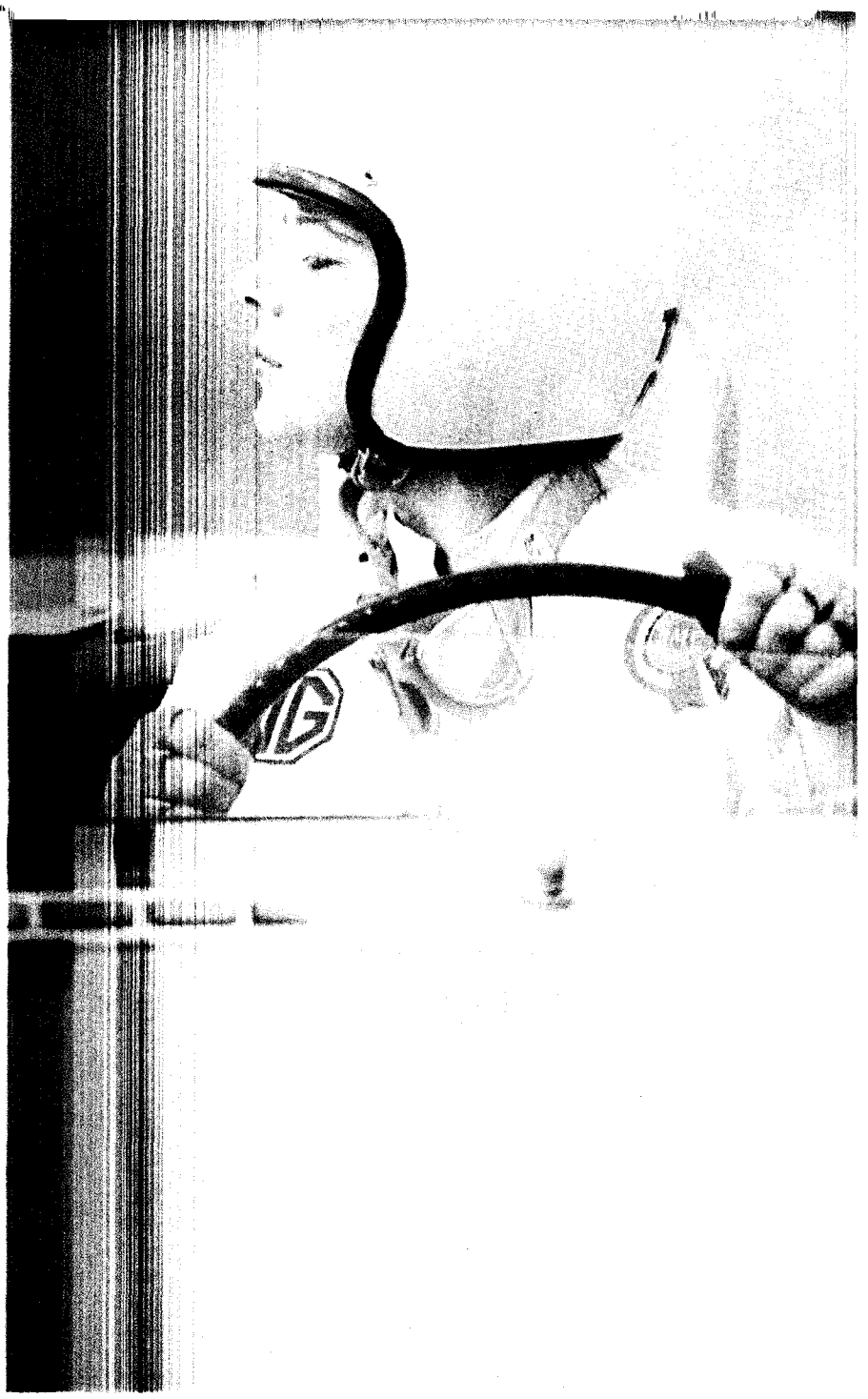


Absolute security is hard to find on a race course too. Things break often in racing cars. Donna Mae has had all the standard troubles: She ran out of brakes in the middle of a race, got hit 20 times, luckily without serious consequence; she had to spend hours driving at high speed testing tires, trying to find the best tread, the best air pressure for her car; her style of driving on this course or that one; she had carburetor trouble and differential trouble, she was even denounced by another driver for "ungentlemanly conduct."

"He couldn't make it stick, though," she says. "He said I had hit him, run into him, but actually I hadn't, and fortunately there were two other drivers who knew who *had* hit him. But he had come into the paddock and shouted at me before we got the thing straightened out. Actually, *he* was ungentlemanly if anybody was. I really always do try to be the perfect gentleman on the course. I never get angry.

"I love my enemy. I hate to fight, to argue. If I argue I get emotionally all shook up, upset, and I don't want that. When people double-cross me or do something shady, something treacherous, I don't let it stay uppermost in my mind. I never forget, but . . . I just say to myself, someday I'll kill him, maybe ten years from now I'll kill him, and won't *he* be surprised!

"At Bridgehampton last year, one of the three times my car was really running well, I was in first place and no one was behind me when this white car appeared in my mirror. My mechanic didn't give me any signal, and he was standing out there at the edge of the track when I came by, so I assumed it was not an H-class car, that it was in another class, and I let it by. Then, as he passed, there was this big H on the side of his car! Oh, I was furious! So I went after him and passed him and I got about three seconds of a lead on him, and then going into a corner in the last lap he decided to try to out-brake me, to wait longer than I did, and so when I braked he came whamming into me; he knocked me off the course and I was 12 seconds getting back. I finished second. When I came in, my mechanic yelled at me that I should have had first. I very nearly hit him, honestly.



Pretty girl in a man's sport: On the track, Donna Mae asks no quarter and gives none.

"I like men, to be sure. I like being in an activity, a sport, like racing, where I can learn from men. Maybe because I had two marriages that failed, or that I failed in two marriages, I want to do something really well, and not fail at it. I like driving because I'm good at it. I have more to learn than I can imagine, but I'm not *bad*. I don't get in people's way, and I won't do something dumb and unpredictable when I get in trouble. I'm not the best driver in my class, I'm sure, even though I'm the champion."

Some male drivers admit to being a little bit put off by Donna Mae's flamboyant entrances, but they concede that she is all business once the flag falls. A racing reporter, James Crow, said, "You can't expect men drivers not to resent her, all that pink—and then getting beat too."

"It's mad, seeing somebody in a race car wearing pink coveralls and silver nail polish," a British spectator said the other day, watching Donna Mae climb into the new, pink MG-B that she is driving this season. "She looks such a dear little thing, one hates to think of her getting hurt."

"I never think about it," Donna Mae says. "I don't *avoid* thinking about getting hurt, it's just not a natural thought I have. We all know we *can* be hurt, of course. Someone said to me, 'I think for you it would be worse, not because you're a woman, only, but because you're a very pretty woman, and it must have occurred to you that if you got hurt you might not *be* pretty anymore.' I thought it was sweet of him to say I was very pretty, but I told him no, I didn't think about it, in the middle of the night or any other time. What I worry about the most is when I take my helmet off, how awful I look with my hair flattened out. I make a grab for my wig!"

To look well for herself, for envious women hovering in the middle distance, or for men?

"I don't know," Mrs. Mims said. "I guess for myself. Not that I'm putting up any fences. But romance and racing don't mix too well. Still, I have had three proposals this year. And I proposed to one man myself. But I wasn't serious, and I'm not sure the other three were, either! But I have lots of good men friends. And most men, all but a tiny minority, want to be helpful and kind, I think. Some will go to any amount of trouble.

"Sometimes when I'm at a race, very late at night, they'll knock on the door of my motel, you know, midnight or one in the morning. No doubt they want to continue some discussion about gear ratios or whatever—but I'm a very sound sleeper." THE END

Photographs by Larry Fried

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Marshal Sarit seized power in 1957 and declared, "I hate corruption." He then became a multimillionaire in six years.

WHERE DID ALL THAT MONEY COME FROM?

Thailand's Prime Minister Sarit had a rare talent for blending girls and gold.

By Stanley Karnow

The gaudy Bangkok temple, with its serpentine eaves and ornate spires, was drenched in the heavy fragrance of incense and jasmine, and atop a carved catafalque sat the gilded urn enclosing the crouched corpse of Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, Thailand's late prime minister. Day after day saffron-robed Buddhist monks chanted dirges as princes and peasants filed past to leave offerings of rice or flowers. And on the 100th day came the cremation. Escorted by prancing horsemen and the Supreme Buddhist Patriarch beneath his five-tiered golden parasol, the urn rode slowly upon a caisson to its resplendent pyre. Solemnly King Bhumibol Adulyadej kindled the pile with joss sticks, and up went Marshal Sarit in a roaring blaze of glory.

"Your nation has suffered a great loss, which we as your friends and allies share with you," President Johnson cabled to the king when Sarit died. Despite its banality, the message reflected real regret. For in six years as Thailand's strongman, Sarit had made his country an anti-Communist stronghold in Southeast Asia. He streamlined its army and launched economic programs to counter subversion. Most important, he ruled his 30 million people with seignorial skill that was popular in a land where democracy is as alien as snow. He was quite simply an efficient despot, and a prominent U.S. diplomat recently said, "What we need in Vietnam is a Sarit."

A chunky, exuberant, salty-tongued man with a battered face, and a cirrhotic liver which finally killed him, Sarit built schools, roads, hospitals and dams, and, in La Guardia fashion, he raced to fires and nagged garbage collectors. Through a mixture of fear, respect and gratitude, he so commanded loyalty that during his entire tenure only two of his cabinet members quit him. One, an agriculture minister, departed awkwardly: A jealous mistress shot him dead. It was, as Sarit soberly remarked at the time, "the kind of thing that could happen to anyone."

It was the kind of danger Sarit himself courted, since his own life was a tangle of wives, ex-wives, accredited concubines, casual dalliances and, consequently, countless children. Unlike the minister's mistress, they attacked him only after his death, but since then his reputation has been murdered many times over.

The Pandora who unleashed the storm was Sarit's last legal wife, Vichitra, a handsome, crass, childless woman in her mid-40's. On a balmy afternoon last December, while Sarit was expiring in a Bangkok hospital, Vichitra sent her police-colonel brother and a squad of men to her husband's private cottage at army headquarters. The raiders unlocked his safe and removed its contents: jewelry, a pistol, a batch of documents and a modest million dollars or so in petty cash. During the next week Vichitra carted away everything except the plumbing. After all, she was the prime minister's widow and, as she later stated, "He let me manage everything."

But in her aggressive haste, Vichitra ignored Sarit's other relations. Fearful that Vichitra would grab the marshal's whole estate, his assorted wives, children and mistresses struck back with indictments, suits and countersuits. Lawyers, cabdrivers, editorialists, housewives and other kibitzers joined in. The postmortem publicity has exposed nearly everything

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about Sarit, from his secret policies to his sexual practices. And it also has revealed that, on a salary of $500 per month, he managed to amass about $140 million.

"Oh, where could all that money have come from?" sighed the new prime minister, Gen. Thanom Kittikachorn, when he heard the figure. Not a nickel was stolen from the annual U.S.-aid allocation of $30 million, American officials insist nervously. If so, that was virtually the only till Sarit overlooked. Through the agency of a Bangkok banker, he took a slice of Thailand's gold imports. Acting through another confederate, he siphoned off a percentage of the receipts from the state-owned national lottery.

There were few Bangkok businesses in which Sarit didn't have a hand. His wife's construction firm received lucrative government contracts. Sarit had interests in shipping lines, insurance companies, resort hotels, mines, the Sura Mahakhun whiskey distillery, a couple of match factories, Cholpratan cement and the Rajdamnoen Stadium, which features high-kicking Thai boxing. Kickbacks, bribes, phony accounting and pure larceny—all moneymaking methods were acceptable. After the Fine Arts Department budgeted $750,000 for a national theater, for example, the project mysteriously shifted to the prime minister's office, and its cost swelled to $2,650,000. When the decision to build a new Bangkok airport was announced last year, five contract-seeking foreign firms shelled out $5 million to influence-peddlers. Since Sarit's death the plan has been shelved. "I'm stuck for $400,000," a European contractor mourned. "All I can do is console myself with all the money I've already made."

If shocking by Western standards, Sarit's thievery fit into the traditional Thai pattern. Until recently, for example, the governor of a province received no budget: He ran his administration on what he squeezed out of the people, and kept the surplus for himself. Old-school Thai that he was, Sarit adapted the same principle to a national scale. As a dictator governing under martial law, Sarit didn't fuss about votes, and money was important for maintaining power. Sarit simply bought support where it counted most, in the army. He buttered up his soldiers with pensions, houses, education for their kids. He subsidized a factory to manufacture transistor radios for the troops, and he financed a company to sell them TV sets on credit. More significantly, he purchased the goodwill of generals, and the generals distributed largess to their colonels, majors and captains to assure solidarity down the line.

Besides buying domestic fidelity, Sarit underwrote covert operations in several neighboring states. He was particularly sensitive about Laos, the primitive, landlocked buffer between Red China and Thailand. Sarit feared that a Communist, or even neutralist, Laos would endanger Thailand's security. He therefore paid volunteer Thai police, radio operators, pilots and NCO's to bolster the Laotian forces under Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, who was both anti-Communist and a second cousin. Despite outside help, Phoumi's army could not shake off its lethargy, but Sarit's investment in Laos was not entirely unproductive. Laos—unlike Thailand—did not subscribe to the International Monetary Fund's restrictions on trading in gold, which was imported by Phoumi's bank. The gold then followed a secret route from Laos to Thailand where, oddly enough, one of Sarit's agents ran the gold syndicate. In much the same way, and under similar auspices, opium also traveled south. "Follow the gold-and-opium trade," says a Thai businessman, "and you understand Asian politics."

But there was also sex. One of Sarit's few noncommercial ventures was a private bunny club with a flexible membership of 70 lovely concubines, most of them outfitted with houses, servants, jewelry, monthly allowances and cars—since he was also part owner of an automobile agency. While Sarit worked late at night, six or seven damsels might flit like bored butterflies around his private den. Many never shared his mat on the floor, yet he liked their presence. He scanned newspapers and magazines for beauty-contest winners, then dispatched procuresses to entice them into his harem.

In Bangkok I recently visited a little pink house on a back street not far from the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. There, in a living room furnished mainly with a large refrigerator, I talked with Marini Veriya, 19 years old and looking precisely her age. She was dressed in a simple blue-cotton dress, and we drank orange pop as she shyly recounted life in Sarit's seraglio.

In spirited balloting early last year, Marini had been elected beauty queen of Saraburi, her hometown north of Bangkok. By and by, her parents were invited to visit the prime minister. "From now on, your child need not worry," Sarit assured them. "This is her chance to go on to better things."

Accepting a fat check, her parents concurred. As a dowry, Sarit gave Marini $25,000, a five-carat diamond ring and the house I visited. Soldiers were her servants and guards, and every month an officer delivered her $250 allowance. About once a week, she said, Sarit summoned her to his cottage. Like most of the girls, she found him polite, gentle and, if not exactly fatherly, at least paternal—"a real gentleman," as she put it.

Vichitra, the late prime minister's "major wife," turned Thailand upside-down by claiming property of husband's concubines.

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Most of Sarit's girls found him polite, gentle and, if not fatherly, at least paternal.

When pictures of beauty-contest winners such as Sophisuda Prangtong (left) and Un Dun (center) appeared in Bangkok newspapers, Sarit tried to entice the girls into his harem. Marini Veriya (right) accepted $25,000 to become Sarit's concubine.

Thailand's Gold and Girls

Sarit almost always made a favorable impression. As a young officer commanding a regiment in northern Thailand back in 1945, Sarit organized a modest opium-smuggling network to raise cash to pay his men special allowances. His soldiers were grateful, and an opium dealer who was an associate of those days recently recalled that Sarit was "an honest smuggler."

Sarit's rugged courage was unusual for the peaceable Thai army, and in the postwar years he rose rapidly. In 1949, for instance, a rebel group attempting to overthrow Prime Minister Pibul Songgram's regime occupied the royal palace. Escorted by four tanks, Sarit smashed down the gates, walked in, and the insurgents fled. Overnight he became deputy commander-in-chief of the army; a couple of years later he was vice-minister of defense.

For the money to keep the army loyal, Sarit relied on receipts from contraband opium. He was troubled, however, by a rival smuggler, Gen. Phao Sriyanon, the chief of police. Phao had certain advantages: His father-in-law commanded the army. Sarit and Phao engaged in a running competition for opium profits, hijacking each other's narcotics and sometimes even skirmishing, until the Thai chiefs finally abandoned open racketeering for more gainful respectability.

Their guides into relative righteousness were the Chinese merchants of Bangkok, who persuaded them that large-scale commerce would build a firmer economic base for their political power. What the Thais didn't know—or didn't care about as long as the money poured in—was that many of their Chinese advisers were Communist agents. The long-range objective was to increase Thailand's commercial ties with Red China and, in the process, to fortify the Chinese Communist position in Bangkok. It was, paradoxically, Communist infiltration through capitalism.

Sarit and Phao split the take until September, 1957, when Sarit swung the entire army to his side and exiled Pibul and Phao. "I hate corruption," he declared, "and I will suppress corruption."

According to a will he scribbled soon after he became dictator, Sarit's assets then amounted to about $500,000. How he increased them 300-fold will probably never be fully elucidated. Along with his cremated body, the tale of Sarit's plunder might well have gone up in smoke had it not been for his widow Vichitra. When she sifted the contents of Sarit's safe, Vichitra found title deeds to the houses her husband had given his concubines. Some were still in the late prime minister's name, others ascribed to the aides he had delegated to care for the girls. They were, therefore, part of the estate, and Vichitra wasted no time. She had the property frozen, changed the locks on several houses, and even had some of the courtesans' cars driven off.

The girls howled, appealing to the government for justice. One cabinet minister promised that he "wouldn't let them be bullied," and several girls banded behind Lt. Pao Vaykuna, a former comptroller of Sarit's pleasure-domes. With much acrimonious fanfare, Lieutenant Pao filed charges against Vichitra to recover the concubinal domains, and the Siamese cat crept out of the bag.

The juridical snarl that followed was a lawyer's dream. Demanding a share of the estate, Sarit's two sons by his first marriage—both young army officers—sued Vichitra. She retaliated with a counterclaim, whereupon the marshal's first wife, whom he wedded in 1929, dived in to contend that their marriage was never dissolved. Simultaneously five illegitimate children joined the two sons in a fresh litigation for the inheritance. Altogether nine separate cases were initiated, and one attorney cheerfully said, "We'll be busy for years."

Against Bangkok's garish scenery, the staid courtroom has a sideshow aspect. Too small to contain more than 100 spectators, its once-weekly proceedings are piped outside by a loudspeaker to inquisitive crowds, and noodle peddlers hawk their wares at scalpers' prices.

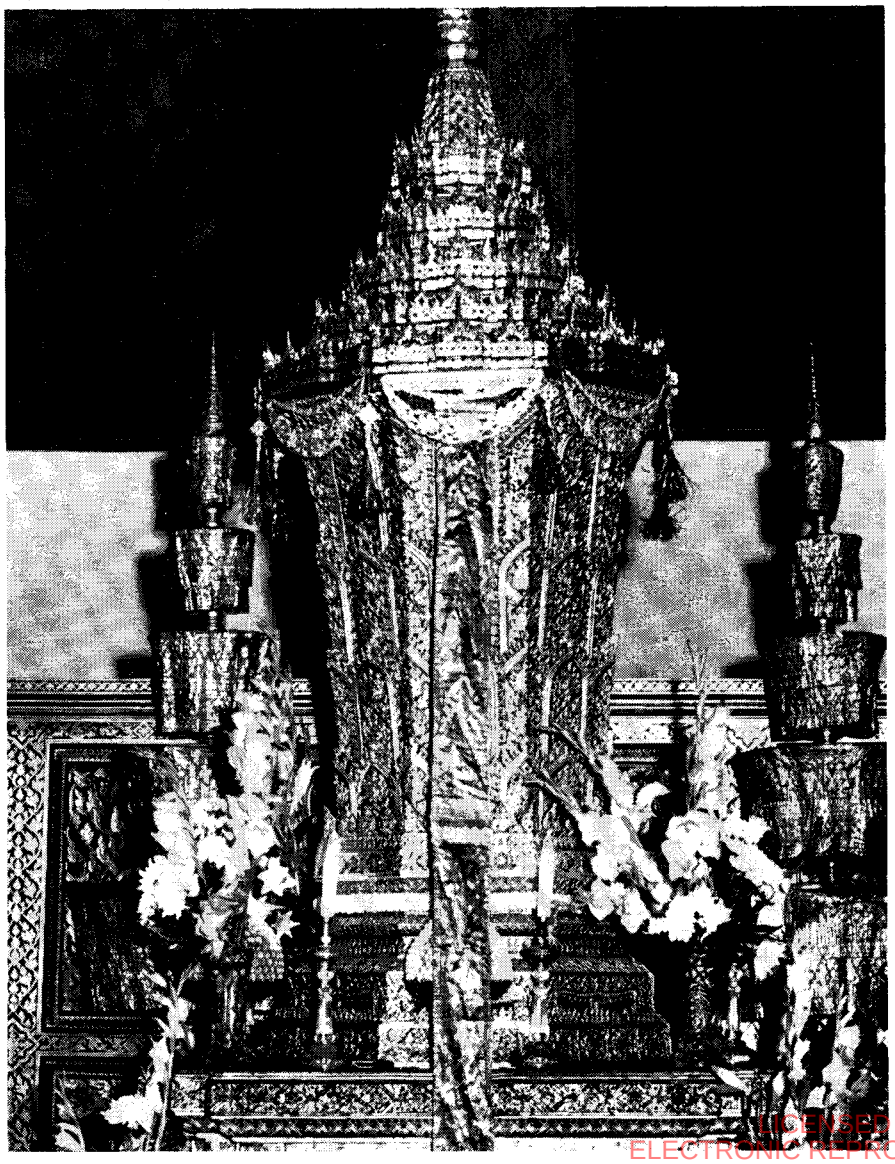
In his mild manner, Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn vainly urged the warring factions to negotiate, but finally he froze Sarit's estate pending investigation by five eminent jurists. Clearly embarrassed, Prime Minister Thanom confessed, "I didn't want this kind of thing to happen at all."

But other Thai politicians have found the scandal expedient. Some officials seem anxious to divert attention from their own dubious conduct. Minister of Interior Gen. Praphat Charusathien, who is also commander-in-chief of the armed forces, is a man in the Sarit mold. Among other enterprises, he controls banks, shipping and the lucrative Bangkok pork trade. As the nation's principal security official, he has been strangely casual in his associations. One of his key Chinese brokers, arrested by the British in Hong Kong three years ago, admitted to operating in Bangkok as a Communist agent. Released after interrogation, he settled in Cambodia, and quiet efforts are now being made to bring him back to Thailand.

At the same time, more than 80 Communist suspects have been sprung from Thai jails by the present government. The same spokesman who once called their arrest "a safeguard to security" now praises their release as evidence of "our new liberal policy."

It may be, as several diplomats in Bangkok claim, that key Thai factions are shifting slightly left, perhaps to adjust to increasing Communist inroads into Southeast Asia. It could also be that, without a strong hand at its helm, the present Thai regime is foundering. For Thailand has been shaken less by the tales of Sarit's villainy than by his absence. In his feudal manner, he imposed a unity now likely to fragment under the strain of internal rivalries. Until the Thais find a system more efficient than payola, corruption will continue. But effective government may not. "Under Sarit," says a Thai businessman, "we at least got something for our money." THE END

Before vanishing in a blaze of glory, Sarit's body spent 100 days in this funeral urn.



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DOOMED TO AN EARLY DEATH

This couple, losing one child from a strange hereditary disease, was faced with an agonizing decision.

By James Atwater

Jonathan, at the age of seven months, looked healthy, but Tay-Sachs disease had already stopped his development.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Martell, with their daughters Madeline, four, and Erica, nine. Madeline was born a month before Jonathan died.

Jonathan was a fat, happy baby with great, round cheeks and pink skin so pure it seemed translucent. If he was a bit slow in learning how to roll over, his parents were not particularly worried. "We'd make excuses for him," says Ray Martell, the boy's father. "We'd say he was just lazy."

On the day Jonathan finally rolled over by himself, Ray had just left for work. His wife Ruth excitedly called him back, and they stood by the crib and smiled down at their son. But he never rolled over again. He never sat up. He never spoke. Ray can recall one day when Jonathan actually played a little game with him, reaching for a ring dangled over his head. "That's about the most he ever did," says Ray.

At six months Jonathan stopped developing altogether. It was apparent that a strange and as yet unnamed disaster had struck. "But you don't think of a disaster hitting your own child," Ray Martell remarks. And for a time he and his wife wavered between admitting it and denying it. There was the matter of Gesell's famous book on child development. When the Martells' older child, Erica, was a baby, they had taken pride in thumbing through Gesell to see how advanced she was. Now, with Jonathan, they put the book out of sight. Yet they stubbornly told each other that Jonathan was all right—he was a boy, and everyone knows that boys develop more slowly than girls.

Then their pediatrician, examining Jonathan at his 11-month checkup, suddenly told Ruth that the child's development was six months behind schedule. He referred them, for further examination, to the chief of pediatrics at a large metropolitan hospital.

Seven days had to pass before the Martells could get an appointment. "We were numb for that week," Ruth remembers. "Anything would have been better than the uncertainty." Ray pulled out an old college text on abnormal psychology, but could find no hint of what was wrong with their son.

By the time of the appointment the Martells were so anxious that they can remember every detail of their visit to the Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals in Manhattan. It was a sunny, clear day in May. The first stirring of spring was in the air, but it was still so cool that Ruth

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pulled Jonathan's yellow knitted cap down over his ears. She drove him to the hospital, where she met Ray, who had taken time off from his job as a copywriter in a large advertising agency. The Martells remember how the specialist carefully examined Jonathan and said, after a while, that he seemed to have a mild case of cerebral palsy.

"I was suddenly relieved," says Ruth, "but then I felt it was all too easy somehow. I told the doctor that Jonathan was going backward, that I didn't have to strap him to the bassinet anymore—he just didn't move around. Then the doctor began to look at Jonathan again. 'By the way,' he said, 'you're not Jewish, are you?' We told him we were, but we couldn't see what that had to do with it."

This physician called in other doctors, including an eye specialist, who bent over Jonathan and squinted into his eyes through an ophthalmoscope. Little groups of residents and interns slipped into the examining room to stare at the boy. Ray went up to one resident and asked him what was wrong. "I'm so sorry," the young doctor said, and turned away without telling him.

Finally the specialist asked if they had other children. They told him about Erica, who was four. "She should be all right," the doctor said. Then he told them bluntly, almost brutally, that Jonathan had a degenerative sickness known as Tay-Sachs disease. "He won't live beyond 18 months or two years," he said.

Tay-Sachs disease is rare. But the Martells faced problems familiar to thousands of couples who have given birth to children impaired in mind or body—or both—by some developmental disorder. "There's a vast, invisible, miserable world out there you don't see and you find out about only when something like Tay-Sachs hits you," says Ray. "Then you discover that just about everyone has been hit over the head by something. No one is immune. You were living in a fool's paradise."

Not all parents will agree with every decision Ray and Ruth Martell made in grappling with the physical and emotional burdens of Tay-Sachs. But no one can help admiring their courage through the long periods of agony and suspense.

The Martells remember that they were dry-eyed when they went home from the hospital the day the diagnosis was made. "We told each other we were in shock," says Ruth. Only later did they learn to accept the fact that their baby would never develop any further. Then, as Ray put it, "We were determined not to let this thing destroy us. We tried to see how much of ourselves we could salvage as a family." It was not easy.

The mysterious Tay-Sachs disease is named for the men who first identified it in the 1880's—a British ophthalmologist named Warren Tay, who detected the telltale red spot on the retina of the victim's eye, and a New York neurologist, Dr. Bernard Sachs, who gave the first clinical description of the disease. It is caused by an abnormal gene carried by adults who are perfectly healthy and who usually have no idea what they are harboring until their child is afflicted. In fact, generations of men and women can carry the disease with no ill effects whatever. Carriers can marry noncarriers without producing affected children, for this is a recessive trait and only the marriage of two carriers sets up the possibility that their children may get the disease.

One of the most puzzling aspects of Tay-Sachs is its genetic distribution. Although many non-Jewish persons carry the gene, the disease appears primarily among Jewish people of eastern European origin. Even more mysterious is the fact that most of those affected in the United States have ancestors who, like Ray's and Ruth's, came from the provinces of Grodno, Suwalki and Kovno, along the former Lithuanian-Polish-Russian borders. There are an estimated half-million carriers of the gene in the United States, and among New York City's Jews about one in every 28 is a carrier, the highest rate in the world. Ten to 15 of the city's children develop the disease every year—about 10 percent of the estimated national total.

No one is sure just how the defective gene causes the disease. The doctors only know that when the child is about six months old something goes wrong with the intricate metabolism of the cells in his brain and spinal cord. There is an abnormal accumulation of fatty material which slowly destroys the cells, and as they deteriorate the child starts to regress. He always dies, usually before reaching the age of 30 months.

But the strain on Tay-Sachs parents only begins with the knowledge that they must watch their child fade away. They also know there is one chance in four that every subsequent child they have will sicken and die. These are the odds fixed by the genetic nature of Tay-Sachs. Watching one child die while debating whether to have another has driven many Tay-Sachs parents to a psychiatrist.

Ruth and Ray Martell were no more prepared to cope with Tay-Sachs than any couple ever is. Ray's mother and both of Ruth's parents had come from the Russian-Polish border, but the disease had never occurred in either of the families.

Ruth was born in Germany and came with her parents to the Bronx when she was nine. Ray was born and raised in Queens. Ruth is a willowy girl with large blue eyes, and her initial shyness hides for a while her main quality—an extraordinary store of tough-minded willpower. She and Ray met while students at Brooklyn College, right after World War II. It was there that Ruth began to exhibit the stamina and tenacity that were to help her so much in later years. During one 18-month period she took an hour-and-a-quarter subway ride each morning from the Bronx to her morning classes in Brooklyn, shuttled over to Manhattan for an afternoon job in a nursery school, returned to Brooklyn for evening piano lessons and then finished the day with another 70-minute subway ride home to the Bronx. Somewhere along the line she found time to do her homework and win a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Ray Martell is an earnest, dark-haired man with much the same determination as Ruth, although he is more relaxed. They were married in 1950. For five years Ray took evening courses in advertising and graphic arts while working at his daytime job with the agency. There is little of the Madison Avenue tinsel about him; he does not talk, for example, about running ideas up flagpoles to see who salutes. He and Ruth live simply in a two-bedroom apartment in Queens. Over the black upright piano in the living room hangs a crayon drawing of a duck pond, done by Erica when she was five.

When Erica began to show signs of her skill, Ray promptly bought her a small kiln, and he and she began turning out pins and trinkets. The Martells are that kind of closely knit family. On Saturdays they like to climb on their bicycles and pedal off along a path that meanders around the shore of Little Neck Bay.

Jonathan Martell was born on May 20, 1958. After his illness was diagnosed, the Martells tried to adjust to the fact that his development was halted. "He was frozen right there," says Ray. "We knew that from that time on he'd be going backward." To preserve what they had, Ray borrowed his brother's movie camera and shot pictures of Jonathan while he was still active.

Week by week the Martells watched Jonathan fade. His smile gradually became less broad. He began to ignore his cradle gym. Soon he could not even play with his rattle. He had trouble swallowing. Ruth would have to spend an hour at each meal helping him to get food down. He required long hours of rocking before he would fall asleep. Ray worked out a pulley system so that he could read in the living room while tugging a rope that rocked the cradle.

Slowly, Jonathan began to go blind. The strain started to tell on Ruth. One night she dreamed vividly that Jonathan suddenly climbed out of his crib and walked over to her and spoke. "It became terribly hard for me to look at children who were seven or eight months old," Ruth says, "the ones who were sitting up—a stage he'd never get to."

The Martells tried to find what relief they could. On the day of the diagnosis, Ray had gone out and bought their first television set—they had refused to have one in the house before—and they used it as an opiate, watching anything that happened to come on, sitting up for hours to see the late and the late, late movies. Since they could not leave Jonathan alone with a sitter, they began to work on a variety of projects around the house. They developed the best garden on the block, and

Steven Weinstein, fifteen months, is cared for at Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital, Brooklyn, in special ward for Tay-Sachs babies.

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Ray turned into an expert cabinetmaker.

They were helped greatly by the fact that Erica was a healthy, bright child. "If this had happened to my first baby, it would have devastated me," says Ruth. And they were helped most of all by an organization set up to fight the disease, the National Tay-Sachs Association, 139 East 57th Street, New York City. Started in Philadelphia around 1955 by a half-dozen families, the association is small as medical foundations go. It has fewer than 1,000 members, about 500 of whom are in the New York chapter, which acts as the national office. It was research sponsored by the association that resulted in 1963 in a blood test to detect Tay-Sachs carriers. The president of the association is Mrs. Samuel Dunkell, whose husband, a New York psychiatrist, is chairman of the association's medical board.

The Martells plunged into the association's work. "You couldn't do anything for your child," says Ray, "but maybe you could do something against the disease." When they began attending meetings, the Martells were first surprised and then vastly relieved to find that other parents who had been through the same ordeal could sit around talking and laughing like any other group. "They were still alive," says Ray, "that was the thing. They had been through all this and they were still alive."

Ray began writing and editing the organization's pamphlets, and Ruth, who generally shrinks from asking anyone for donations, turned into an arm-twisting fund raiser.

The experience of watching Jonathan gradually regress did not embitter the Martells against the world or God. But watching their son slowly die confronted them with the question of whether or not they should have another child and take the risk, one chance in four, of having to sit by and watch that baby fade away too.

They would talk about it for hours late at night while Ruth waited for Jonathan to stir out of his fitful doze and start to cry again. "I really didn't know if I could survive it happening a second time," says Ruth. "And even if it did work out all right in the end, there was all that time before you knew—the nine months of being pregnant and then the six months of watching for a symptom to appear. It's like knowing that there is a chance you're going to be shot at dawn, only dawn is fifteen months away."

Though they desperately wanted another child, the Martells never considered adopting a baby. "I didn't want just another child," says Ruth. "It had to be mine." Finally, the Martells decided to take the risk. Their reasons were all wound up together in a confusion of logic and emotion. There was the scientific fact, based on the genetic nature of the disease, that the odds were three to one against another case of Tay-Sachs. But sometimes, late at night, the odds seemed all too narrow. "You had to be a gambler to decide to try again," says Ray, "a gambler and an optimist."

Perhaps the main factor was the strong sense of possession that drives Ruth. "Ruth is willing to discard things," says Ray, "but she is not willing to have them taken from her." A child had been taken from Ruth, and she was fiercely determined to have another.

Ruth was four-months pregnant when the Martells finally put Jonathan into the hospital. He was 25 months old and completely blind. Ruth had steadfastly refused to let him go earlier. "As long as he recognized me, I wanted to keep him," she says. "I didn't think anyone could care for him as well as I could. I knew what every little cry meant." Her decision to hospitalize him was reached after a psychiatric counselor at Manhattan's Child Study Association of America convinced her that it would be better not only for the family but for Jonathan.

The boy was placed in the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital, where doctors and scientists of the Isaac Albert Research Institute have been conducting studies on the disease and allied disorders since 1952. The institute, which is seeking the cause of the disease and hoping to find an eventual cure, receives support from the Tay-Sachs Association. The hospital's 17-bed ward for Tay-Sachs children is by far the best facility of its kind in the world.

A stranger walking into this ward immediately senses something is terribly wrong without at first knowing why. Then he realizes that the ward with the cheerful blue walls and the white cribs separated by glass partitions is almost completely silent except for the occasional cry that is characteristic of the Tay-Sachs child—a random, unrhythmic, high-pitched wail.

Miss Kathryn Fitzsimmons, the ward's head nurse, stopped at the crib of an 11-month-old boy named Jackie. He was lying flat on his back, as all Tay-Sachs children lie, with his legs drawn up slightly on either side in a frog-like position. Jackie was in the first stage of the disease, which makes all Tay-Sachs children look like first cousins. They all are plump and pink, and all have long eyelashes and that incredible glowing skin.

"Come on, Jackie," said the nurse, "try to sit up." Jackie smiled and tried, but he could only raise himself slightly off his pillow. He could still see, though, and he twisted around to watch the nurse's hand as she reached for a blue plastic toy safety pin tied to the top of the crib.

Miss Fitzsimmons explained that the nurses try to establish ways of communicating with the babies that can be employed after they go blind—the tinkle of a music box, the sound of their voices, even the feeling of breath on the child's cheeks.

Just across from Jackie was 19-month-old Jimmy, in the second stage of Tay-Sachs disease. As the nurse approached, he turned his head, but only because he had heard her voice. He was blind. She played a music box beside his ear, and he began to smile.

Jimmy still looked so healthy that it seemed impossible that he could not get up and run around the ward. Not until the children enter the third stage of the illness at about 25 months do they start to lose weight. The third-stage children in the ward were almost completely immobile, and their eyes were dull.

One of the symptoms of the disease is an inability to control the startle reflex—the reaction to a sudden sound. From time to time an aide would let down the side of a crib with too much of a clang, and all across the ward the children would jerk up off their pillows in an exaggerated way and then slump back.

Working with the children, the nurses and attendants try to get close without getting too close. "You build up a relationship with each child," said Miss Fitzsimmons. "You have to—it's the only way to work with them. But you can't afford to get too attached to any one child because you could become emotionally crippled when he died. You never get used to seeing them die, but you try to live with it. If you can't, you can't help the others."

Ruth went to the ward twice a week to feed Jonathan, but finally he began having so much trouble swallowing that they had to give him his meals through a tube. "The day they put the tube in was a tremendous jolt," she says. "It meant I could no longer do anything for him. I could just stand and look at him." Twice a week Ruth's father made the one-and-a-half-hour trip by subway and bus from the Bronx to stand by the crib for 20 minutes and stare at his grandson.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Jim De Wolf, Dockie Groff, Peter Lawrence, Dick Stevens, Ken Hoadley, Mike Madia. . ."

All the time that Jonathan was in the ward Ruth knew that she was pregnant with a child who someday might have to go through the same ordeal. "Sometimes at night I cried for Jonathan," she says. "Sometimes I cried for the baby that wasn't born, and sometimes I just cried."

One day, after Jonathan had been in the hospital for five months, the Martells received a phone call saying they had better come down that night. Tay-Sachs parents say that their child dies three times—when the disease is diagnosed, when he enters the hospital, and the final time. Jonathan died for the third time two days after his parents' last visit. The date was December 23, 1960, just a month after Madeline Martell was born.

Ruth is frank to admit that she deliberately shut herself off from her new baby, waiting to see if she and Ray had won their gamble, trying to protect herself from being hurt again if they lost. "I hired a nurse for the first time. I didn't want to feed or diaper that child. I didn't even want to look at her."

In the family album, which Ray arranged and Ruth lettered, is a snapshot of Ruth holding Madeline as stiffly as if the baby were a strange doll that someone had pressed on her at a party.

But when the nurse left after several weeks she told Ray that Madeline was perfectly healthy. The Martells, too, thought the signs were good—Madeline was kicking vigorously, and Jonathan had never really kicked at all—but they still refused to believe they had won.

Every morning they would wake up fearing that sometime during the day something might change about Madeline, that her eyes might turn blank or that she might be unable to grasp the rattle she had been banging the day before. Ruth was afraid to test her, but Ray tried several things. He would sneak up behind the baby and drop an armful of books to see whether her startle reflex was exaggerated. "She'd jump normally enough," he says, "but the fact that she jumped at all scared the hell out of me."

They fretted that Madeline seemed to be lagging behind in development, but when they dug out Gesell again they found she was keeping right up with the charts. Ruth was also reassured when Madeline started turning her head at three months to watch people walk down the street—something Jonathan had never done. Still, the baby had to be taken to the pediatrician every few weeks for the scientific tests, and Ray and Ruth watched apprehensively as the doctor slowly adjusted his ophthalmoscope and peered into Madeline's eyes for the first sign of the dreaded red spot. He waited until the baby was nine months old—and no red spot had appeared—before he pronounced her normal.

Madeline is now a lovely blond child with an apparently inexhaustible supply of energy. Erica, quieter and more thoughtful than her sister, is now nine. Almost four years have passed since Jonathan died and Madeline was born, but the strain of those long months is just beginning to slacken. Ruth only now is able to sleep through the night without starting awake three or four times.

If they were to have another child, the Martells would still have the odds three to one in their favor. But they have no plans to test their luck again. Neither Ray nor Ruth ever wanted more than two children. They had the courage to reach their goal. "We lost a child," says Ruth, "and with God's help we replaced a child."

THE END

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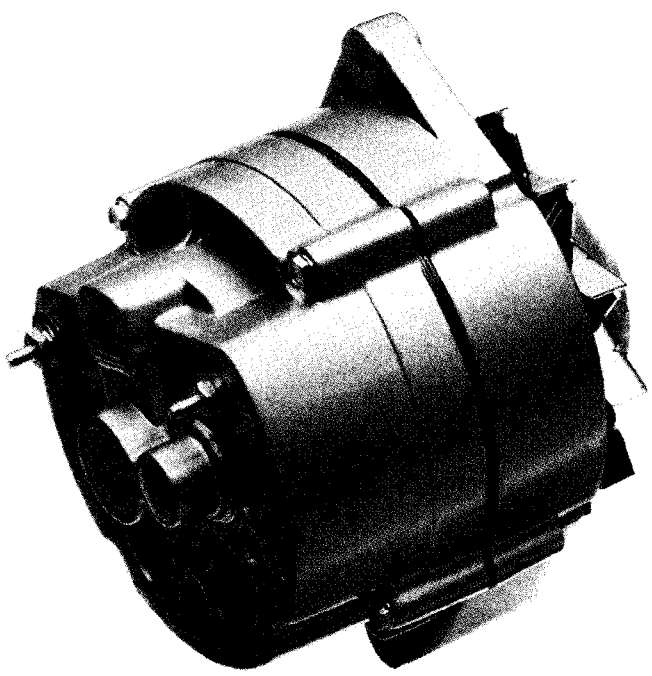

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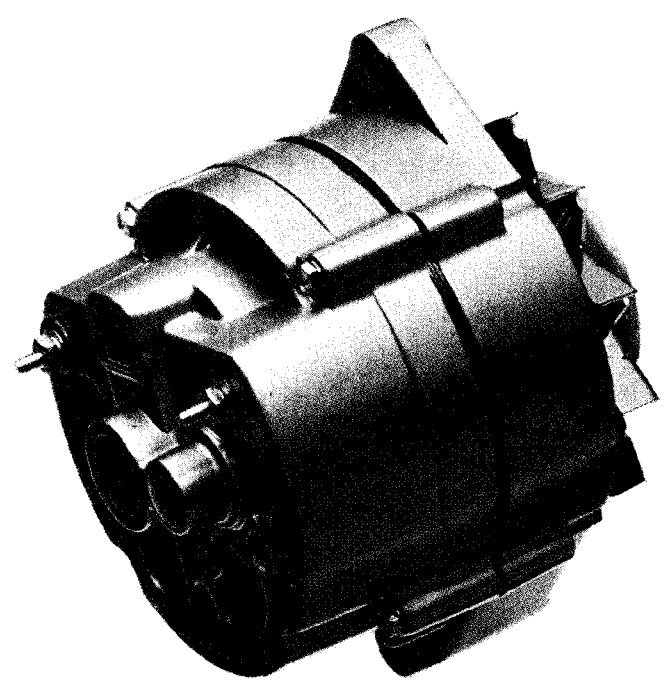

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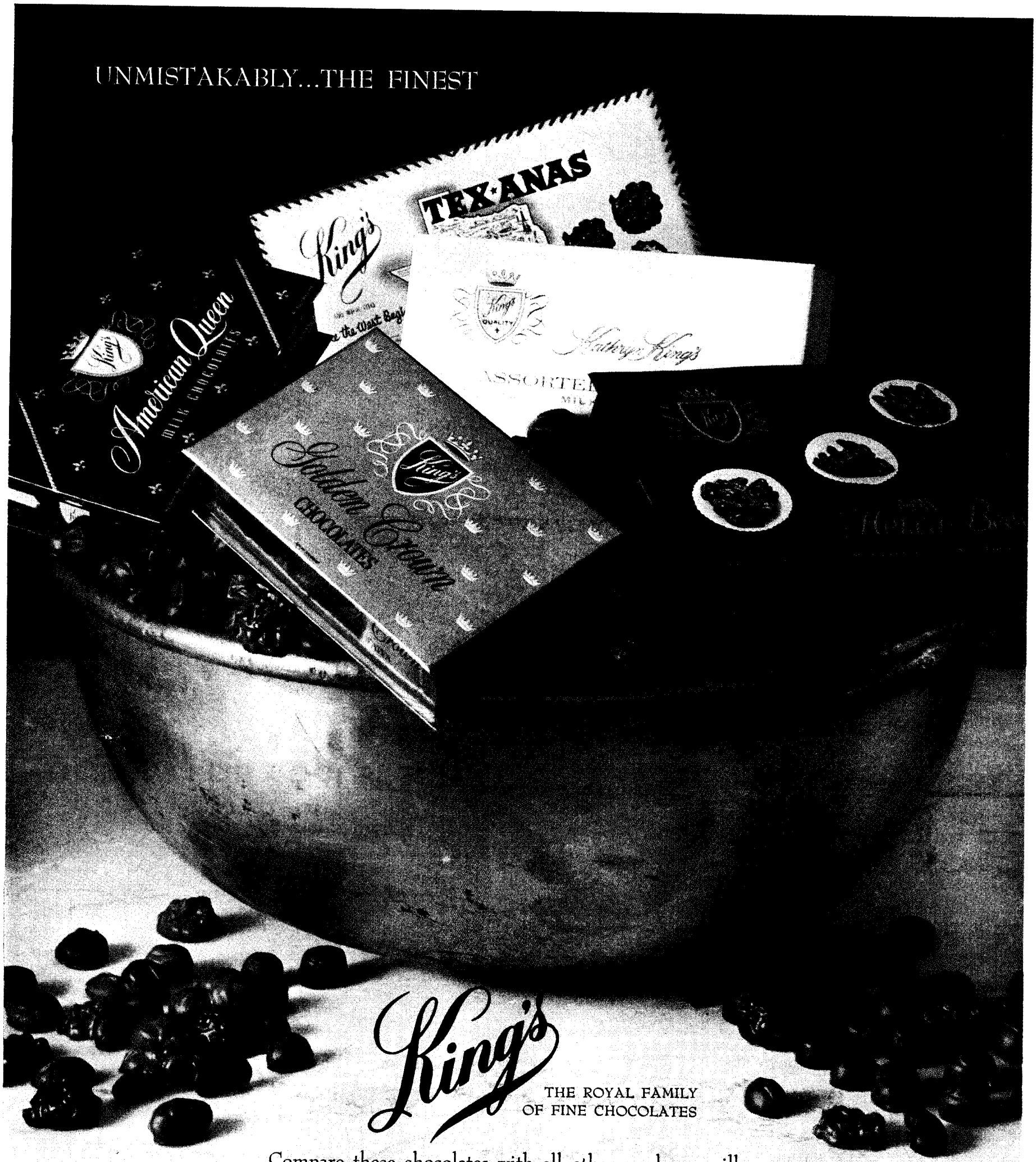

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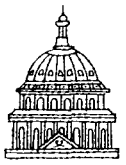

THE CAMPAIGN: What does it all add up to?

As the battle for the Presidency roars into its final week, the Post's Washington editor takes a final look at the men, the tactics and the issues—or nonissues—involved in this year's increasingly bitter and damaging political warfare.

By STEWART ALSOP

This has been, by common consent, a dreadful campaign.

The campaign has hurt everybody. It has hurt President Lyndon Johnson, and it may have hurt him very badly, even if he wins by a landslide. It has hurt Sen. Barry Goldwater, and it may have destroyed him politically.

It has hurt the Goldwater Republicans, and it may have hurt the moderate Republicans almost as much. It may turn out to have hurt the Democrats, too, for they are likely to emerge after the campaign as a big mushy coalition, subject to the kind of internal disintegration the party suffered after Franklin Roosevelt's great victory in 1936.

Finally, the campaign has hurt the United States. As Sen. Karl Mundt said, it has "soiled and stained" the reputation of this country abroad. More than that, the outcome seems almost certain to weaken the two-party system, and to alter the traditional political structure in a way that may bear bitter fruit in the future.

This sounds like an exaggerated catalogue of damage. Logically, it should be impossible for everybody to suffer in a political campaign, if only because somebody has to win in the end. And, of course, if Senator Goldwater wins in the end, he will not be hurt—he and his supporters will be riding high.

Before October 14, when the tragic story broke of the arrest of presidential aide Walter Jenkins on a morals charge, no one at all, even in the Goldwater camp, would maintain in private with a straight face that Goldwater could win. It still seems unlikely that we will read headlines on November 4: GOLDWATER NEXT PRESIDENT. But the Jenkins tragedy has certainly hurt the President and thus helped Goldwater. What seemed impossible before October 14 is now certainly conceivable—that Goldwater will run a respectably close race. If he had made a different sort of campaign, he might now be an even bet to win. But by any responsible standard—the Jenkins bombshell to one side—Barry Goldwater has waged a disastrous campaign. The kind of man Goldwater is has had a lot to do with the kind of campaign he has waged.

Like many reporters who have covered him, this reporter has a certain weakness for Barry Goldwater as a human being. Before what he used to call "this President thing" got so serious, Goldwater was fun to cover. I remember with a certain nostalgia a couple of days in Arizona last year, "pooping about" (another Goldwater phrase) with the Senator, as he piloted his rickety plane, landing in cow pastures; making small speeches, fiddling with his beloved electronic gadgets, slapping down an occasional double Martini, laughing at his own gags, and providing marvelous copy—to a reporter, a lovable trait in any politician.

Yet it may be that the very qualities that used to make Goldwater one of the best-liked men in the Senate are the same qualities which will prevent him from ever occupying the White House. As I wrote after the Arizona expedition, "The fact that he has never quite grown up is one secret of the Goldwater charm." Like many men who have never quite grown up, Barry Goldwater has a good deal in common with James Thurber's imperishable dreamer of dreams, Walter Mitty.

Goldwater's Mitty-like qualities go a long way toward explaining both the main phases of his campaign. There are two decidedly Mitty-like pictures of Goldwater, which depict him in two of his favorite roles. One is the picture, much used in campaign posters, of Air Force Major General Goldwater in his gadget-festooned flying suit, climbing into the cockpit of a jet plane. The other is the picture of Westerner Goldwater in his ten-gallon hat, riding his palomino, Sunny, and looking the very image of the honest sheriff in a TV Western.

In the first phase of his campaign, Senator Goldwater was General Goldwater. This was the phase of what his unhappy campaign advisers call "the nuclear thing." Long before the campaign started, the more politically sophisticated members of his entourage, like campaign manager Denison Kitchel and old-pro Clifton White, were pleading with the Senator almost tearfully to expunge the very word "nuclear" from his vocabulary.

Instead, Goldwater talked about nuclear weapons almost compulsively, like someone scratching an itch. Often he sounded as though he were chatting in the mess with his fellow Air Force officers, complaining about the soft-minded, interfering civilians or displaying nuclear expertise—as in his disastrous, and sometimes unfairly reported, pre-campaign remark about the nuclear "defoliation" of the Southeast Asian jungles.

Just what Goldwater has said, or has said but did not mean to say, about the use and control of nuclear weapons has been endlessly hashed over, and it will not be rehashed here. The point is that he has said a lot, and almost everything he has said has scared the liver and lights out of millions of voters. The phase of "the nuclear thing," in short, was politically disastrous, as Goldwater's own campaign strategists are the first to acknowledge.

In the second phase of his campaign, which began in late September Goldwater was Sheriff Goldwater from the Golden West, challenging the Bad Man from Texas to a duel at high noon. In this second phase, as Charles Mohr of *The New York Times* reported, Goldwater "conducted an extremely tough campaign. He has suggested that President Johnson is a liar, is 'soft on Communism' . . . and totally willing to sacri-

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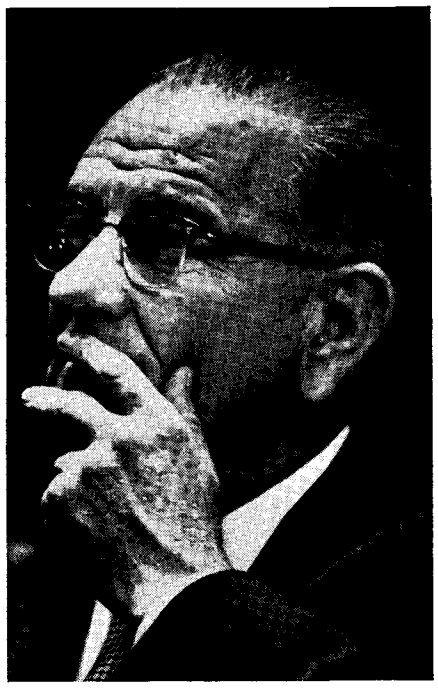

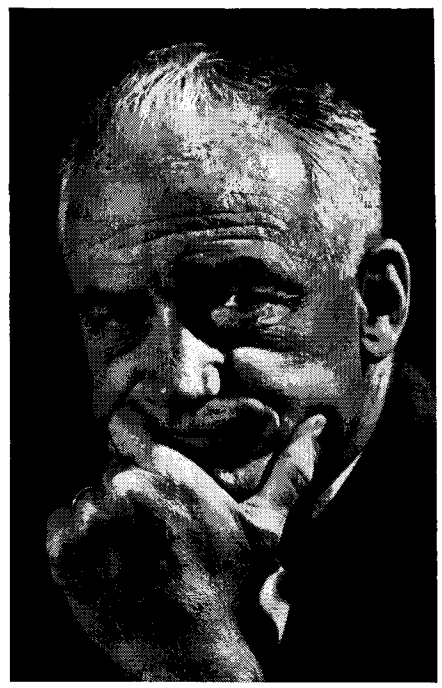

fice the national interest 'to buy votes.'"

Again, as in the first, or nuclear, phase, Goldwater in this second phase disregarded the advice of his more politically sophisticated strategists. All his advisers agreed that it was necessary to "deflate the image of Lyndon Johnson." But Clifton White, among others, strongly urged that Barry Goldwater should not take on the job of presidential deflation himself. The job should be done by a carefully organized Republican chorus, demanding "answers" on Bobby Baker, the stereo set, the insurance "kickback," the Austin television monopoly, and so on. If Goldwater himself attacked the President frontally and personally, White warned, he would seem to many voters to be conducting a "low-level" or "mudslinging" campaign, with politically disastrous results.

But Goldwater plunged right in, pistols blazing. The President's purpose, he said, and said again, was to "lie and lie, elect and elect"; and in speech after speech, he impugned the personal integrity of the President of the United States. The effects, almost all observers agree, were precisely what White had predicted, and that remains true despite the Walter Jenkins episode.

Again the explanation of Goldwater's course lies in the Goldwater character. Senator Goldwater is certainly a brave man, but he seems to have a compulsion to prove it. He has said that "there isn't anything worse" than being called a coward, and to prove that he is not a coward, he keeps rushing in where angels—angels with any political sense, at least—fear to tread.

For example, he chose to denounce Medicare in Orlando, Fla., the Mecca of the aged; the poverty program in Charleston, W. Va., the heart of impoverished Appalachia; and TVA in Tennessee. "I guess Barry just had to prove that he isn't chicken," a supporter said sadly.

In this and in other ways, there has been a strain of Mittyism throughout the Goldwater campaign. But Walter Mitty is not an ideal presidential candidate. Oliver Quayle, the President's pollster, has reported to the White House that Goldwater's "political profile" is made up in part of a "trigger-happy shooter from the hip" (General Goldwater) and in part a "mudslinger," who is "too rough" and "too wild" (Sheriff Goldwater). The combination, in a candidate for the Presidency, could hardly be anything but disastrous.

The fact is that Barry Goldwater has been an ideal presidential candidate from one point of view only—President Johnson's. Goldwater had a lot going for him when the campaign started. There was the famous "white backlash," which gave him a chance to pick up normally Democratic votes. There was a widespread feeling, which Goldwater correctly sensed, of disgruntlement and frustration. Above all, the mood of this prosperous country is basically conservative. In appearance, in manner, and in other ways, Barry Goldwater might have seemed just the man to exploit this mood.

He has not done so. Instead, because he has no really coherent alternative program to offer, his campaign has been full of inherent contradictions, like his demand for immensely costly new weapons systems and his demand for a 25 percent tax cut.

But such subtleties are lost on most voters. The heart of Goldwater's trouble is that, thanks to his Mitty-like tendencies, he has impressed a great many people as a "radical," not a conservative—as an impulsive and frightening fellow, capable of calling the President of the U.S. a liar one day, and dropping atomic bombs all over the place the next.

Goldwater's campaign, in short, has given the President just the opportunity he always seeks, to relegate his opponent to the "fringes" and himself embrace the "consensus of the middle," as "President of all the people." To be sure, Lyndon Johnson would have been a hard man for any Republican to beat—even a Nelson Rockefeller who had never met the charming Happy.

Before the campaign started, there were two big questions about Lyndon Johnson as a campaigner for the Presidency. First, how would he go over in the Northern industrial states, which own most of the votes in the electoral college? How would the Northerners react to the whole style of the man—the accent, the hominess, the compulsion to "press the flesh," the indelible Texan-ness? Second, was it possible that Johnson might beat Johnson—that he might make some fatal slip, perhaps a televised display of the black Johnsonian wrath, which could lead to his defeat? Both questions are now answered.

The answer to the first question is "They lap it up." Any reporter who has accompanied Johnson on his campaign forays into the North—for example, his amazing one-day invasion of New England early in the campaign—would subscribe to that answer. On the New England tour the crowds were hard to believe—bigger, according to local politicos, than any crowds they had ever seen. And Johnson does not disappoint the crowds.

A lot of people come out to see the President just because he *is* President, which suggests one reason why an incumbent President is so rarely beaten. People are often disappointed in a President because he looks like people—"he's smaller than I thought" is the remark any reporter who has covered Presidents has often heard. It is not heard about Johnson. He towers massively above the people, instantly identifiable at a distance, as big as an outsized presidential statue.

In the North especially, a lot of people come to see Johnson out of simple curiosity, as they might go to the county fair to see the two-headed calf. Again Johnson is undisappointing—he is a very satisfactory two-headed calf. Northerners expect the big man from Texas to be somehow bizarre, exotic, unordinary—and through Northern eyes, that is just what Johnson is.

Visualize a huge man perched on a limousine, towering over a sea of people, pressing the flesh with both hands, shouting orders to the cops, yelling homey platitudes through a bullhorn, and inviting "all you good folks to come to the White House for the inauguration." A Northern politician who behaved in the same way might be laughed off the hustings. But when Johnson behaves this way, the crowds love it. His very strangeness, his Texan-ness, instead of being a drawback, give him a sort of glamour, a star quality, in the North.

Moreover, as one old pro remarked, as he watched the President at work on one of his Northern forays, "Lyndon's so damn smart." And so he is.

A politician, Goldwater has often said, should "go hunting where the ducks are." It is only necessary to attend a few Goldwater rallies to see that Goldwater is shooting the decoys. He preaches to the already converted. The Goldwater meetings have been big and enthusiastic, but

Many people feel that Goldwater is not a conservative but a 'radical.'

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those present are already so fanatically pro-Goldwater that they would cheer him to the echo if he came out strong against motherhood.

Lyndon Johnson *really* hunts where the ducks are. His ducks are Republicans, and he hunts them with a fervor to put to shame the most ardent duck hunter. This reporter witnessed a Johnson Republican hunt in Hartford, Conn., and it was particularly impressive because Hartford is my native heath, and I knew a good many of the Republican target ducks.

A few dozen "business leaders of Hartford" had been convened to meet the President in a roped-off plaza in the newly reconstructed center of the town. Johnson was, as always, behind schedule. ("A dollar short and an hour late—that's the way it's been all my life," Johnson says.) On this occasion Johnson was more than two hours late, and the "business leaders" were hungry and out of sorts when he loped up the steps onto the plaza.

Johnson's first act was to order a startled policeman to remove the rope barriers, and "let the people in." After the rabble had joyfully joined the élite, the President delivered a little homily about the essential role of the "capitalists" (a word no other politician to the right of the Trotskyites uses). To illustrate his point, he waved his long arms at the handsome new skyscrapers around him. After the cockles of every capitalist heart present had been thoroughly warmed, Johnson told a little story, about how the late Sam Rayburn had been invited to a millionaires' banquet in the New Deal days.

Rayburn had told the assembled moguls that he came for two reasons—because he "hoped some of those millions might rub off on a leetle dirt farmer from the red, sandy land country of Texas," and to "show ya Ah ain't ascared of ya." Johnson grinned his Foxy Grandpa grin and said, "Ah ain't ascared of ya either." Rabble and élite roared in common delight.

Nine out of 10 of the "business leaders" were Republicans. After talking to a few of them, my guess is that more than half will vote for Lyndon Johnson.

Lyndon Johnson has been "damn smart" in other ways too. Every President exploits the powers of the Presidency to his own political advantage, but none has done so more astutely than Johnson. Does Barry Goldwater accuse the Johnson Administration of "unilateral disarmament"? By the sheerest chance, Johnson schedules an ostentatious and reassuring "briefing" at the great SAC base in Omaha. Does Goldwater complain that the President is not doing enough to control "violence in the streets"? By a strange coincidence, the White House releases an FBI report on the causes and cures of street riots. And so on.

But Lyndon Johnson has been smart in one way above all. Recently pollster Quayle was summoned to the White House bedroom of the President to discuss his findings. As Quayle was leaving, the pajamaed President asked him if he had any advice to give him. Quayle asked a question.

"Mr. President, can you keep your temper?"

"Yes, *sir*," said the President.

"Then you have nothing to worry about," said Quayle.

When nominee Goldwater chose William Miller as his running mate, he explained his odd choice by saying that "Bill Miller drives Johnson nuts." Both Goldwater and Miller have been trying harder and harder to achieve this end, but Johnson—so far—refuses to be driven. "Sure, I get angry about little things," the President remarked recently to an aide. "You ought to know. But when the bullets are whizzing close to my ears, that's when I'm cool."

Johnson has made one bad slip, when he called Goldwater a "ranting, raving demagogue." Otherwise he has remained cool, as the bullets have whizzed closer and closer to his large ears.

And yet—although Barry Goldwater may have been hurt as badly—the President has been very badly hurt during this campaign. The President's reputation for judgment and integrity has been tarnished, and to some extent irremediably, whatever happens on November 3. "I do wonder about all that money," is a phrase the inquiring reporter often hears from the voters, and "I don't like that Baker business" is another. Since October 14, there is still another—"I don't like that Jenkins business."

Johnson once remarked to this reporter that his chief characteristic was "pride." The other side of the coin of Johnson's pride is his reluctance to acknowledge the human propensity to err, and this has made him more vulnerable to the big doubt than the facts really warrant.

The matter of "all that money" might have been laid to rest if Johnson had sold the family television interests and put the money into government bonds. Johnson's legal adviser, Abe Fortas, urged him to do just that when he became President, but Johnson brushed the suggestion aside. Similarly, Johnson might have acknowledged that Bobby Baker—like Walter Jenkins—had once been a trusted underling, but that he had misjudged his man, as humans are prone to do. Instead, he once denied that Baker had ever been his protégé, which caused a muffled horse laugh to reverberate through knowledgeable Washington.

In any case, the seeds of the big doubt about the President's personal integrity have been planted in this campaign. To the extent that the seeds flourish, the President's political authority and personal prestige will be hurtfully diminished.

The campaign has been hurtful in other ways too. Henry Adams once observed that "practical politics consists in ignoring facts." The Adams rule has rarely been more scrupulously observed. A presidential campaign is never the "elevated dialogue" of which Adlai Stevenson used to dream. But at least a campaign can serve to illuminate certain basic national issues—that happened in 1960, for example. This campaign has illuminated nothing.

To be fair, Goldwater has asked some questions which need to be asked. What *is* our policy in Vietnam, after all? And just who *would* push the retaliatory button if the President and the whole American political leadership were destroyed in a first nuclear strike? The President, for his part—notably in his Seattle speech on the nuclear issue—has tried to talk sensibly about serious issues. But as one presidential speechwriter said sadly, "I don't know why, but nobody seems to be listening."

The fact is that in politics as in economics, bad money drives out good. Such nonissues as whether Goldwater is "psychologically unfit," and whether Johnson is a crook and a protector of immorality, have driven out the real and serious issues. It is no wonder that former President Eisenhower remarked sadly in midcampaign that "something's wrong. It's confusing. I just can't define the issues." And it is no wonder that the campaign has "soiled and stained" the reputation of the United States abroad.

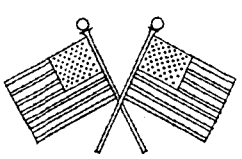
But if current forecasts of the outcome prove correct, the worst damage may be to the traditional political-power balance in the United States. For Lyndon Johnson may find himself presiding over a huge and internally divided majority coalition, faced by an enfeebled and embittered opposition. If Johnson wins by the majority forecast as this is written, the moderate Republicans will be hurt almost as badly as the Goldwaterites. The Republican Party will then be a mere rump.

If Goldwater is badly beaten, a ferocious and embittering struggle for control of the Republican Party is absolutely predictable. The struggle could tear the party in two, and thus destroy the Republican Party as we have known it. At the San Francisco convention, a youngish, historically minded lieutenant of the beaten moderates was standing beside this reporter at the moment of Barry Goldwater's triumph.

"I took my doctorate in political science with a paper on the disintegration of the Whigs," he said. "The parallels are positively eerie."

The parallels are there, all right, and they are even more eerie now, on the eve of the election. No doubt it is possible to exaggerate the dreadful qualities of the campaign that is now ending—no doubt our political system will survive the campaign, as it has survived many rude shocks. But, to paraphrase King Pyrrhus of Epirus, "One more such campaign, and we are undone." THE END

Seeds of doubt about the President's personal integrity have been planted.



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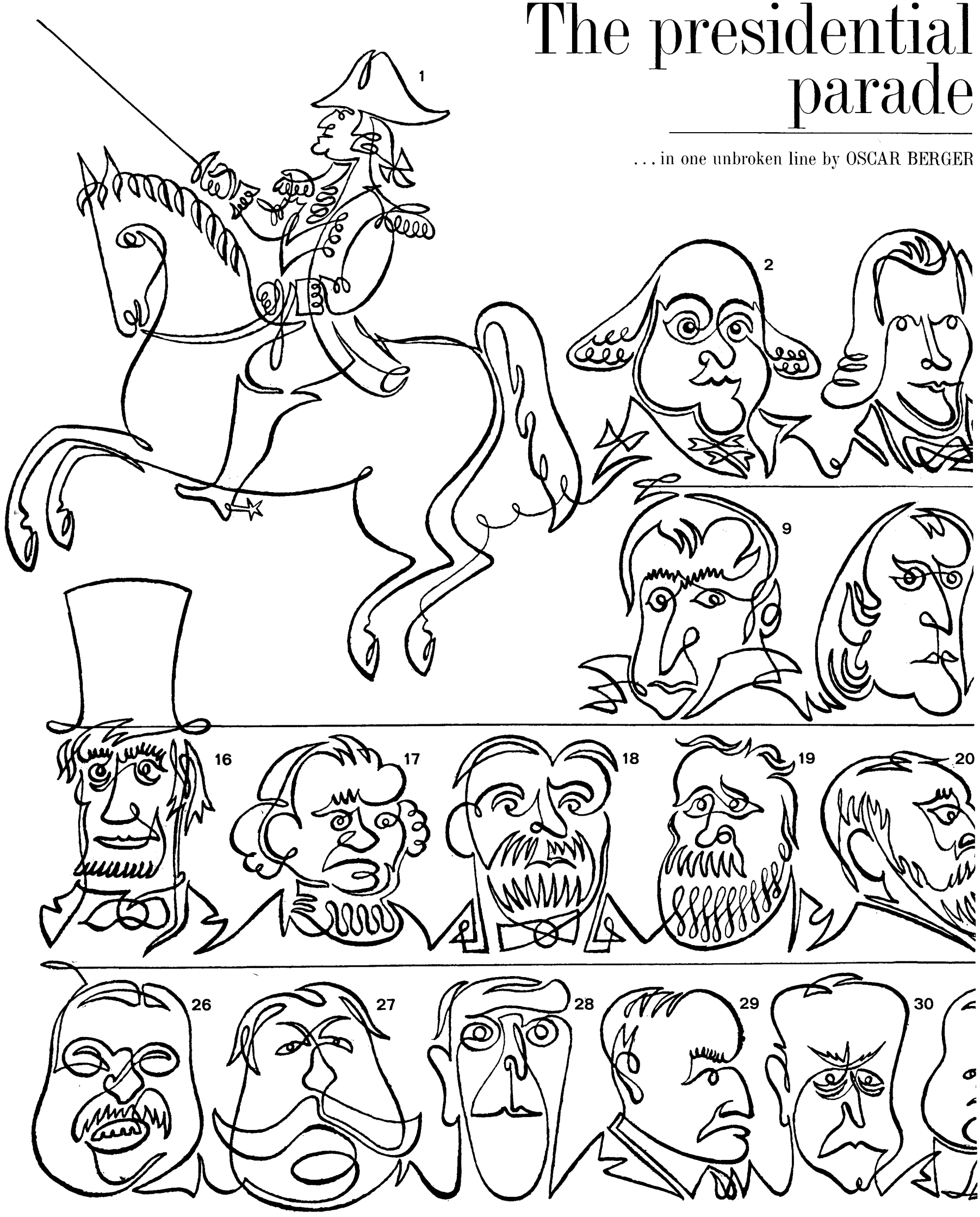
The presidential parade

. . . in one unbroken line by OSCAR BERGER



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Running continuously from the tip of George Washington's sword to the tip of Lyndon Johnson's necktie, Oscar Berger's nimble squiggle is symbolic: The Presidency goes on without interruption, despite the astounding variety of chief executives. Through the bearded and the clean-jowled, the somber and the sly, the able and the not-so-able, the line flows along, endlessly witnessing to the persistence of the American consensus. Next week, on Election Day, the line will flutter once again like a nation's electroencephalograph, transforming the passions and judgments of a people into the caricature that is history.

1. Washington **2.** John Adams **3.** Jefferson **4.** Madison **5.** Monroe **6.** John Quincy Adams **7.** Jackson **8.** Van Buren **9.** William Henry Harrison **10.** Tyler **11.** Polk **12.** Taylor **13.** Fillmore **14.** Pierce **15.** Buchanan **16.** Lincoln **17.** Andrew Johnson **18.** Grant **19.** Hayes **20.** Garfield **21.** Arthur **22.** Cleveland **23.** Benjamin Harrison **24.** Cleveland **25.** McKinley **26.** Theodore Roosevelt **27.** Taft **28.** Wilson **29.** Harding **30.** Coolidge **31.** Hoover **32.** Franklin Delano Roosevelt **33.** Truman **34.** Eisenhower **35.** Kennedy **36.** Lyndon B. Johnson

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The great issues

In every election campaign a lot of time is wasted on arguments about relatively minor issues. The major question that confronts every voter in the privacy of the polling booth next Tuesday is which candidate can best serve the American people on three fundamental issues: Peace, prosperity and progress.

Obviously, nobody is campaigning against peace, prosperity and progress. Indeed, the American people already enjoy a good measure of all three. Except for the ugly guerrilla struggle in Vietnam, the country is at peace. It is prosperous beyond the fondest dreams of even a decade ago and it is making good progress in many areas—civil rights, chronic poverty, education, space exploration—which need attention.

Any President who can claim credit for such a happy state of affairs may normally count on re-election, and all the signs point to the likelihood that President Johnson will indeed be so elected. We have already stated why we think he should be. Herewith we take a final look at the three chief issues in more detail.

Peace

Without peace there can be neither prosperity nor progress. In a thermonuclear age, the awesome responsibility of the President in the sole control of nuclear weapons is a matter of overwhelming concern to every citizen. Particularly at a time of change and uncertainty in Moscow, it is essential that the President of the United States be alert but restrained. He cannot be responsible some of the time and irresponsible at other times; he cannot be sometimes prudent and sometimes imprudent; careful now and careless then. It must not be necessary for him to think twice to say what he means, or discover if what he really said was what he really meant. In this supreme test, no man can be proven infallible, but we believe the thoughtful voter will find President Johnson more worthy of his confidence than Senator Goldwater.

Prosperity

The tremendous prosperity which the country enjoys is based upon private enterprise aided and stimulated, when necessary, by federal funds. We are in the midst of a technological revolution, which has grown, in unpredictable ways, out of the original government decision to unlock the atom—a project too vast for private industry to undertake. And while only the Federal Treasury can finance so vast a project as going to the moon, few can doubt that this great enterprise will create as many new industries and products as did nuclear research. Faced with the clear benefits of such industry-government partnership, the role of a President is not to bar the Government from its role in the economy but to see that the Government initiates only those things which it alone can afford, and stimulates private industry to carry on the task from there. Here, too, we believe President Johnson deserves the support he has won from business as well as from labor.

Progress

There can be no genuine or healthy progress for our people as a whole so long as large numbers are denied equal opportunity for the "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which was America's whole promise. It is still a scandal that, in the Year of our Lord 1964, millions of Negroes who pay equal taxes still do not have equal votes—and taxation without representation *is* tyranny. It is a scandal that millions do not have a fair chance to earn a good living and to give their children a good education. America will never move forward with confidence, will never be true to its own birthright, until *all* Americans—North and South—have joined wholeheartedly in making these disgraces a thing of the past. The Civil Rights Bill of 1964 was the very least which could be done in that direction. We believe the voters should remember that Lyndon Johnson signed that bill into law after Barry Goldwater sided with a small minority in voting against it.

If Goldwater is defeated as smashingly as the polls predict, the first task facing the Republicans will be the rebuilding of their party. The arch-conservative zealots who managed to steam-roll the nomination of a man opposed by millions of rank-and-file Republicans should be stripped of the organizational power they seized in the wake of the nomination. The obvious architects of the future job of reconstruction are the well-known party moderates whom the Goldwater Republicans have pushed into the background—Lodge, Scott of Pennsylvania, Hatfield of Oregon, Romney of Michigan, Keating of New York, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, and others like them. They must provide the leadership for the Republican moderates of the House—Tupper of Maine, Stafford of Vermont, Bell of California, Lindsay and Reid of New York, Mosher of Ohio, Cahill of New Jersey and Schneebeli of Pennsylvania—who have already formed a "Wednesday Group" for weekly discussion. All these men and all others who think as they do should start now to form "Committees of Correspondence," as did Samuel Adams and the Revolutionists of old, to strike new blows for liberty and drive out the small and petty men who have physically captured and morally betrayed their Grand Old Party.

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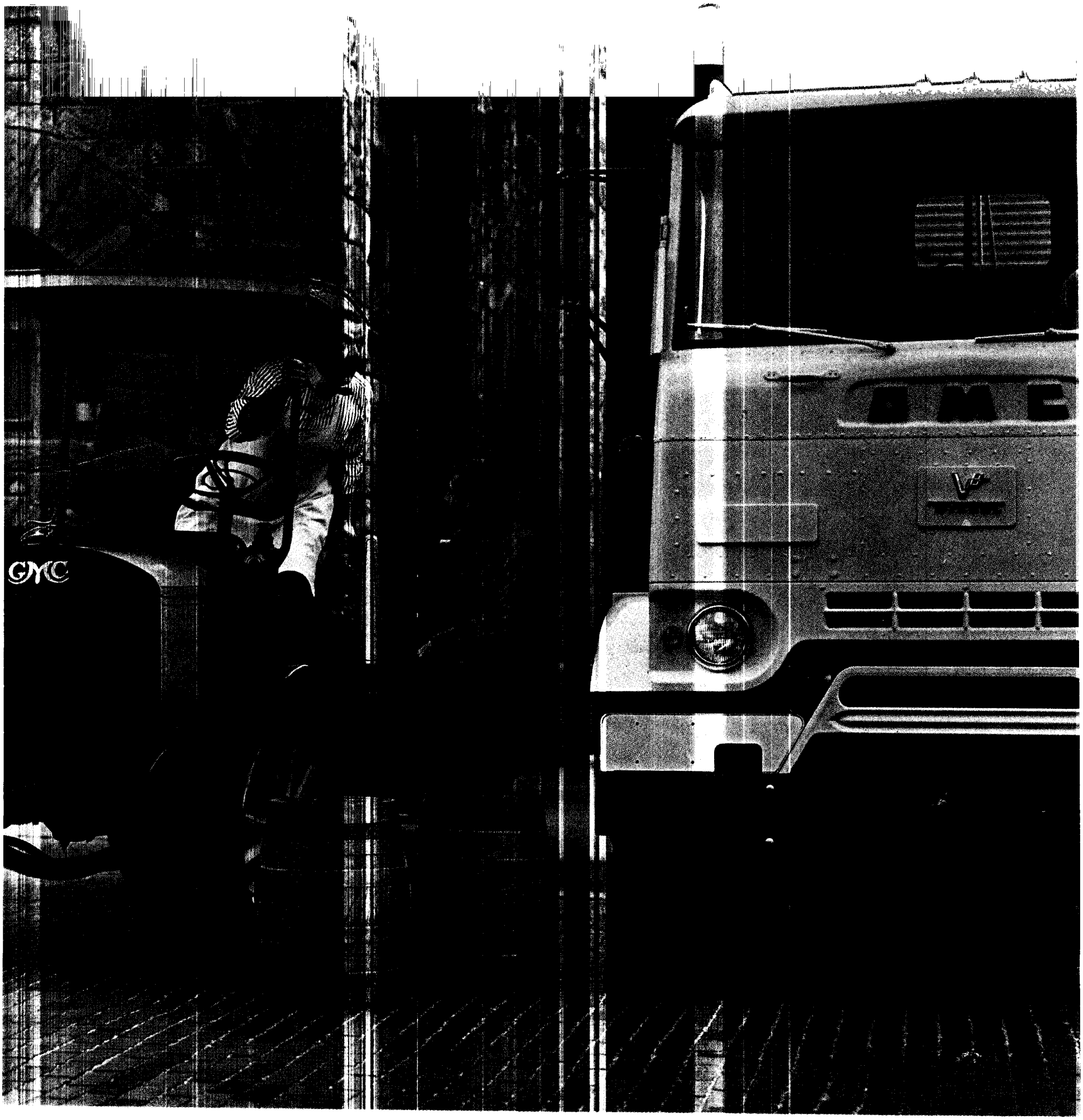

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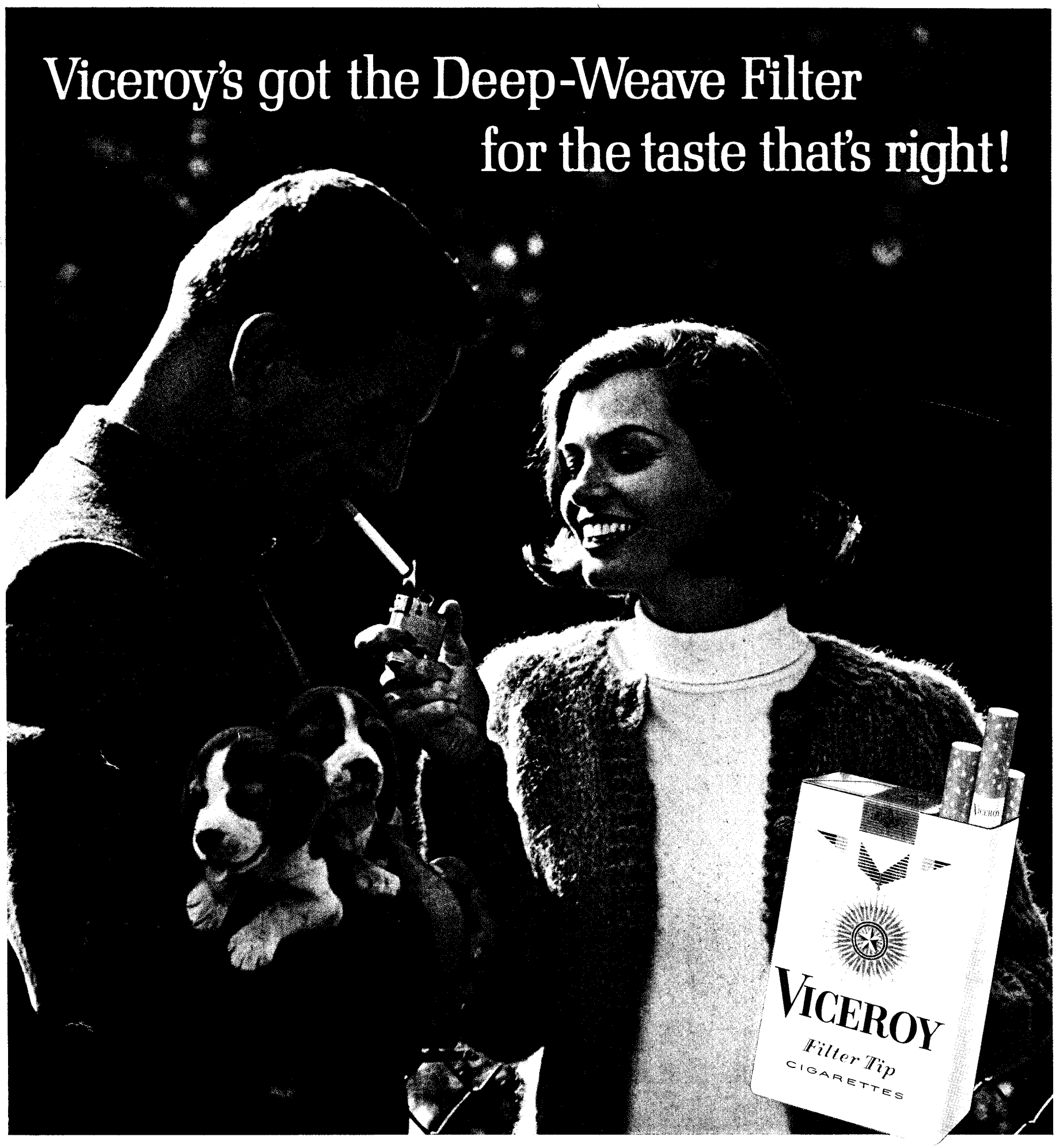

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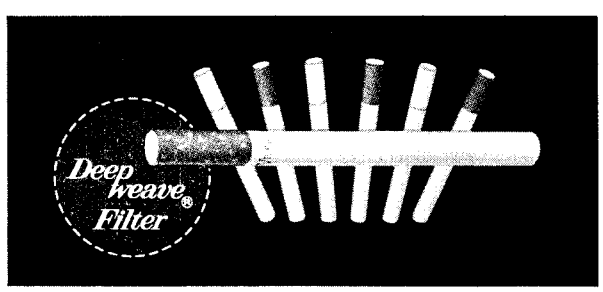

SMOKE ALL 7

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